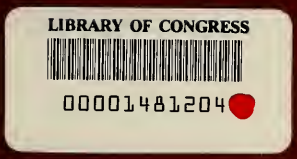
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TO

HON. CHARLES M. MILROY

MAYOR OF TOLEDO

PREFACE

WHETHER one is in search of alluring and romantic history, is interested in great natural resources, or is attracted by its mere "bigness," Texas offers an inviting field. The Spanish conquest, with its early missions, has left a deep imprint. The great explorer, La Salle, whose adventures surpass the chimeras of the most imaginative novelist, ended his earthly career on the plains of the Tejas. After a couple of centuries of the rule of Spain, during which the booted and mailed cavaliers of that kingdom misruled the country, followed by a few years as a province of Mexico, there came the Republic of Texas. This Republic is one of the most unique examples of national sovereignty that the world has ever witnessed, for a province of thirty thousand people won independence from a nation of several millions. But these thirty thousand were, for the most part, men of sturdy Anglo-American stock.

Interesting and fascinating as is the history of the Republic of Texas, a nation in an almost undeveloped wilderness, that of the succeeding State of Texas is no less worthy of our consideration. After almost ten years of independence, the Texans voluntarily gave up their sovereignty to become one of the galaxy of States under the glorious banner of the United States. This action is also almost without precedent; but the change from independence to interdependence was accomplished with little friction. Then came the sanguinary struggle to wrest the soil from the aborigines, as well as from the lawless whites and Mexicans, who made it their home.

All of these changes and struggles, and their accompanying influences, have developed the Texans into a people differing somewhat from those of the other States; and these characteristics make the study of Texas and the Texans still more fascinating.

Few persons, unless they have had a visual demonstration, fully appreciate the almost unprecedented development that is now taking place in Texas. The primeval sword is disappearing before the onslaughts of the tractor, with its dozen ploughs. The million-acre ranch is still there, but these princely domains are disintegrating into smaller holdings, a change which is followed by a more intensive cultivation. The semi-arid prairie is in many places yielding to the influence of irrigation. Furthermore, this marvellous State of illimitable distances, which is primarily an agricultural domain, is becoming a commonwealth with great and progressive cities. There seems to be no limits to the Texas of the future. But while we look forward to the possibilities of the years to come, we should also look backwards to the romance of the past.

This State, which has been under six flags, representing as many different sovereignties, is worthy our study and attention. There is scarcely a grove, a canyon, a river, or a valley that has not been the scene of some romantic or daring incident. In fact, we will not thoroughly comprehend the United States, and especially the great Southwest, until we know and understand Texas—the greatest State in the greatest republic of the whole world.

Nevin O. Winter.

Toledo, Ohio.

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TEXAS,
THE MARVELLOUS

CHAPTER I

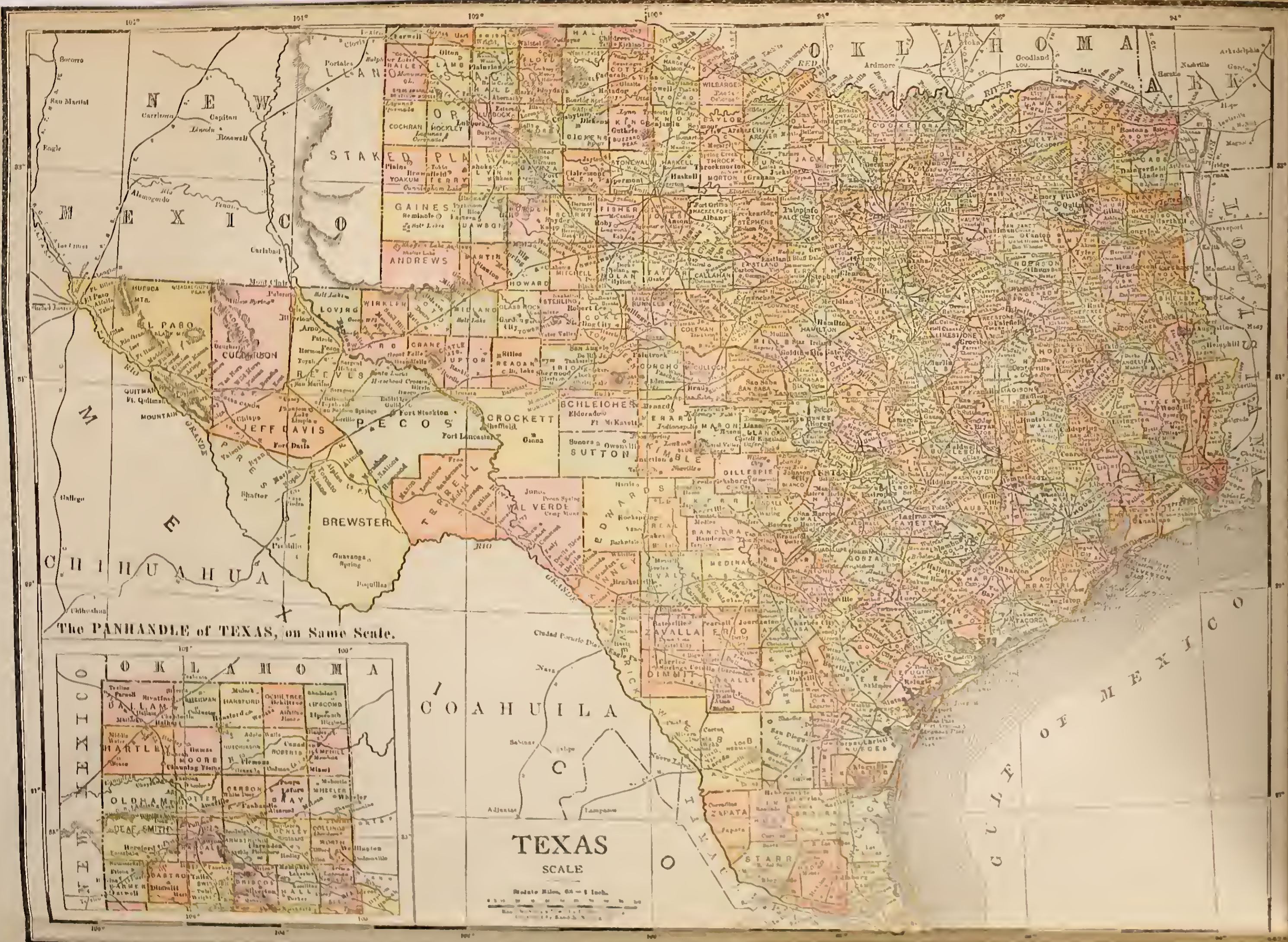
THE LAND AND THE PEOPLE

My Covenant: I agree to STUDY Texas, to TALK Texas, and to WORK for the upbuilding of my State.

This is a characteristic motto that one will stumble upon in many places in the great Lone Star State. It is indicative likewise of the character of the average Texan. He is a natural born, dyed-in-the-wool, unblushing, and indefatigable booster for his State. And well may he be. The man who lives in a State whose area equals all New England and New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey and Virginia and Delaware and North Carolina—nearly as many square miles as the original Thirteen Colonies—has something to boast about. It is greater in expansion than Germany and the British Isles together.

I mention these comparisons because every Texan does. On my first visit to that State, several years ago, in the course of a conversation, a great burly citizen, the brim of whose hat spread from shoulder to shoulder, abruptly said:

"So you have never been in Texas before?"


TEXAS
SCALE
The PANHANDLE of TEXAS, on Same Scale.
OKLAHOMA
NEW MEXICO
CHIHUAHUA
COAHUILA
GULF OF MEXICO
STAKED PLAIN
LLANO
EL PASO
CULBERSON
JEFF DAVIS
PECOS
BREWSTER
TERRELL
CROCKETT
SCHLEICHER
SUTTON
VAL VERDE
EDWARDS
KINNEY
ZAVALLA
DIMMIT
ZAPATA
STARR
ANDREWS
GAINES
YOAKUM
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COCHRAN
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MITCHELL
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STONEWALL
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COTTLE
HALL
BREWSTER
GILLESPIE
MEDINA
BANDERA
DALLAM
HARTLEY
OLDHAM
DEAF SMITH
PARMER
CASTRO
MOORE
POTTER
CARSON
GRAY
DONLEY
COLLINGSWORTH
WHEELER
ROBERTS
HUTCHINSON
SHERMAN
HANSFORD
OCHILTREE
LIPSCOMB
HEMPHILL

The answer was in the affirmative.

"Well, stranger, it is a great country," said he. "Do you know that it is six times as big as New York, and——"

"Oh, yes, I know all that, but size is not everything."

"Well, sir," he continued, in the drawl peculiar to that State, "it is filled with a great people, and you'll like Texas."

He was right. I did like Texas, and several subsequent visits have only deepened the impression. The descendants of those who died in the Alamo, of those who followed Houston in his retreat before the Mexicans, and finally turned on their pursuers with destructive energy at San Jacinto, the traditions of the revolution and the independence that followed, the indomitable determination of those colonists and pioneers who wrested this land from the savages, has left an imprint of courage, self-assertion, virility, and hatred of subservience that characterizes the Texans of to-day in spite of the intermixture of races and nationalities that has followed.

Texas, indeed, is a land of illimitable distances. In journeying from Texline, on the northwestern corner of the Panhandle, to the mouth of the Rio Grande in a direct line, one travels farther than from Chicago to New York. From El Paso to the Sabine River, on the border of Louisiana, the distance is barely a hundred miles shorter. Just turn the State completely over and Brownsville would almost obliterate Winnipeg, Canada. A Texas editor puts it in this epigrammatic way: "If you tipped the State up and dropped it north like a tossed pancake, it would knock down the skyscrapers of St. Paul; and east, El Paso would drop into the Atlantic; and south, the State would blot out most of Mexico. Of course Texas is big; children in school learn that it is big." The

rest of us, who live in smaller States, must also admit that Texas is big, for it possesses an area of a quarter of a million square miles and several thousand more besides.

To travel across Texas by the fastest train now running requires one full day and several hours over. The Rio Grande forms its boundary for nearly eight hundred miles, and the Gulf of Mexico washes four hundred miles of its border. Hence it is that one's discursions throughout Texas are measured not by hours but by days. But it is not unending monotony. There is as much divergence in Texas climate as there is between Florida and Connecticut. In the southern counties the orange, the lemon, and other citrous fruits grow luxuriantly; in the Panhandle, a precipitation of two feet of snow is not uncommon. While the cattle out on the Staked Plains, at the top of the Panhandle, are suffering from a driving blizzard, the bananas are ripening in the warm sunshine near Brownsville. In the east there is a broad timber belt which, while only an inconsiderable portion of the State, is in itself larger than any one of a dozen of our commonwealths. There is a black waxy prairie, on which cotton grows to perfection, which is vaster than the great State of Ohio. It possesses more wheat land than the Dakotas, and is vested with more corn land than Illinois.

Proceeding from the east to the west the rainfall continuously decreases. The splendid pines and oaks of East Texas gradually give way to less pretentious growths until even the sturdy and stubby mesquite succumbs to the insignificant sage brush. Thus it is that one finds a wonderful diversity of physical features in Texas. This unconformity is caused by the variety of climate and geological conditions. The Gulf Coast region is uplifted

but little above sea level. This district is from fifty to one hundred miles in width. The greater part of it presents many features of a subtropical province. Though it is low, most of the coast land is well drained, and only a small portion of it is under cultivation.

The eastern portion of Texas presents almost identical conditions with Louisiana. Texas is one of our largest producers of pine lumber, and there is also a liberal supply of hardwood timber. The forest conditions are very diverse, comprising the swamp and bayou growths, the wide territory of long-leaf pine, and the broad region of oaks to the north. Central Texas is a region of plateaus and rolling lands, much of it at an altitude of from one to two thousand feet above sea level. General farming and stock raising are the principal industries here, alternated with extensive cotton fields. It has large areas of fertile soil and a temperate climate.

Away out in Northwestern Texas is found the great Panhandle section. This consists generally of high plateaus at an altitude of from three thousand to four thousand feet. It comprises forty-four counties, with an area about equal to Pennsylvania. For a long time the Panhandle was almost exclusively a thinly settled stock country, but in recent years its settlement has been advancing rapidly. The rainfall varies from fifteen to twenty-five inches annually, but the fertile soil yields good returns under proper cultivation. Western Texas is still more arid. Here is a region of broad valleys and many ridges, interspersed with some lofty mountains that loom up nine thousand feet above the level of the sea. Very little of this section, with a rainfall of from ten to fifteen inches, is desert, for thousands of cattle graze in the valleys and on the slopes of the mountains. Two great rivers, the Rio Grande and the Pecos, traverse this belt,

A GRAZING SCENE

and a number of local irrigation projects have grown up along them.

Texas is, and probably always will be, pre-eminently an agricultural State. Notwithstanding that the climate is extremely varied, it is generally mild, and the soil is fertile. Only a small portion of the state is as yet under cultivation, and yet the total of products produced is enormous. It already produces one-third of the aggregate amount of cotton grown in this country. Nevertheless, it is claimed that not more than one-tenth of the land suitable for cotton is under cultivation. If that statement is true, Texas could market forty or fifty million bales of cotton yearly.

Although the greater part of Texas is watered, the question of water is all important. The more water there is, the more cattle that can be owned. The grass may become short, and the rancher looks upon it philosophically. Cattle will eat almost anything under the compulsion of hunger. If the wells or rivers are failing, however, great excitement results. Hence a story is related which illustrates this characteristic. A wild-catter bored a well on a ranch with the hope that he might discover another Spindle Top pocket. He handed over to the rancher the tidy sum of five thousand dollars for the privilege of sinking the well. When the well was completed, no oil appeared—but a great overflowing well of pure water gleefully bubbled forth. The well driller was disgusted, but the rancher danced with joy. He was far happier than if oil had been found, for water added thousands upon thousands of dollars to his land. He repaid the money to the driller with a handsome bonus besides. The artesian wells found in several sections of Texas have opened up to farming and gardening immense tracts aggregating millions of acres.

"It will be a sad day for the country when the ranches disappear," said a big rancher to me. I felt like agreeing with him. To watch the day die over one of the distant plains is a rare privilege. To look out across miles and miles and then more miles of grass, fringed with mesquite, and in places dotted with sage brush or prickly pear, to where sky meets earth, is an experience worth seeking for; to close in the view with a fringe of blue hills standing clearly outlined against a cloudless sky in which the stars are beginning to appear is wonderful.

"There's a hundred-dollar fine against carryin' a shootin'-iron in Texas these days," explained a rancher to me. Some of the picturesqueness of the ranch life has gone. The cowboys do not stand around wearing the "chappies," and with revolvers stuck in their belts as suggested by moving pictures. The cowboy is not extinct, but he is a changed creature. He is a part of a business establishment, and he generally conducts himself as such. The boss and the superintendent are far more likely to ride in a six-cylinder automobile than on the back of a horse.

"Tempus fugit," said the Roman writer, and the expression is just as true to-day. The days of the million-acre ranch are surely numbered. In a few years the one-hundred-thousand-acre ranch is likely to be infrequent, and farms of a thousand acres will supplant it.

Were Texas peopled to-day as thickly as is Holland, it would contain more than one hundred millions of human beings, a greater number than are found in the entire Union. Just step into the crowded east side district of our metropolis and you will discover thousands of people, men, women and helpless little children, huddled together in a cluster of rookeries extending over a few city blocks only. There is scarcely sufficient breathing room for all, and it makes you sigh. Here on these bound-

less plains of Texas is elbow room and breathing space and distant vision for as many millions as there are thousands now on a single ranch. There is soil as splendid as any in these United States, with rain enough for ordinary farming, and water in abundance not far beneath the surface. If the entire population of our land was put into Texas, that State would not be as crowded as are some of the New England States to-day.

Will they come out where unpolluted air and freedom await them? Not voluntarily, perhaps. Forcible dissemination of these gregarious city dwellers, from which the flotsam and jetsam of humanity arise, would accomplish wonders in the upbuilding of the race and the solution of many vexatious problems. Each year scores of thousands of real Americans emigrate from between the Atlantic and Mississippi, and disappear like the turgid flood of the Red River sinks from sight in the desert sands. They are absorbed by the level-horizoned lands which lie under the haze of the Southwest. A large percentage of these settle in Texas.

It is the race for cheaper lands—the unconscious effort of the nation to maintain its balance. The Poles, Hungarians, Lithuanians, Jews, and Italians take their places back East. The American-born demand greater freedom—less subjection to industrial conditions. Not many of the foreigners—excepting Mexicans, of course —reach Texas. Ninety per cent of them never cross the Father of Waters. The men who are developing Texas hail from the Middle Western States, and from Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska. Oklahoma developed as much in fifteen years as did Kansas in forty years. The same progress is now being made in many parts of Texas.

There is an originality about the Texan that thrusts itself out in many ways. It is amusing to study the names

of the counties. One might probably find several Davis counties in the South, but, in order to avoid confusion as to identity, Texas has a Jeff (not Jefferson, mind you) Davis County. Then Tom Greene has a block of land named after him, a Tom Greene County. And Tom Greene was well worthy of such a distinction. Way up in the Panhandle we find Deaf Smith County. Now there are many Smiths, both in Texas and the rest of the United States, but there is no confusion down in Texas about the hero by that name. The full name of this man was Erasmus Smith, but his infirmity induced the nickname. He was a splendid example of the wandering hunter and frontiersman, thoroughly at home in the wilderness, and he had a passion for the loneliness of the prairie and forest. He participated in one of the earliest filibustering expeditions into Texas.

Just a few years ago down in Southern Texas they wished to honour a local leader, so a section was carved out of another county and designated Jim Wells County. Jim Wells still exists in the flesh and blood, and I had the pleasure of meeting the namesake of this county. A governor of not many years ago, James S. Hogg, likewise has the distinction of giving a name to a new county created by his friends in the Legislature. This new subdivision appears on the map as Jim Hogg County. Your map may not reveal all these counties, since they make a new county or two almost every year, so a map of Texas soon becomes obsolete. The only constitutional restrictions on the forming of counties is that a new county shall have an area of not less than seven hundred square miles, and it must not be nearer than twelve miles to the county seat of the county from which it is taken.

They now have about two hundred and fifty of these subdivisions down in Texas. The names of the counties

A TEXAS MAMMY

contain quite a complete roster of the noted men in the history of the State. None are diminutive in area, but some are exceedingly meagre in population. In one of them, after thoroughly searching around among the mesquite and prickly pear, some thirty-two voters were discovered at a general election not very long ago. Hidalgo and Cameron Counties in southernmost Texas would hold two and a half Delawares, or one Connecticut. In the viewpoint of some old-time cattlemen this would constitute a sizable cow-lot. These two counties are dwarfed by the side of Brewster or El Paso.

The population of Texas is as diversified as her landscape. There is a discernible disparity in the men from the rice fields and the cotton fields, the piny woods and the *Llano Estacado,* the bustling cities, and the mesquite-covered ranges. The early settlers were generally Southerners with their slow drawl. Yankees followed up with their nasal twang. Settlers from the Middle West entered in with a burr on their tongues. The life on the plains developed a class of free-stepping men who had a picturesque language of their own.

There are counties in the eastern part of the State where the negroes are as numerous as in the "black belt" of Alabama; in others, they are not permitted to reside. As some one has put it: "Texans hate the negro, are fond of the negro, consign him to perdition, and declare they cannot get along without him." It all depends on which section of Texas you have in mind. In Houston, there are "Jim Crow" cars; in Galveston, a couple of hours distant, such a thing is unknown. Down in Hidalgo and Cameron Counties, more than half the inhabitants are Mexicans; in Bowie or Red River Counties a Mexican is unknown unless he happens to be a track employé along the railroad.

The cities of Texas are growing in number and population. One will encounter many fair-sized towns of four or five thousand whose birth occurred not more than a decade ago. The site was then nothing but mesquite and sage brush. I have in mind one town of that kind, which is already a city of six thousand or more. But it is built for a real metropolis. The water-works and sewers were constructed before a house was built. All wires are placed underground. A great central plaza was laid out, and at one corner was erected a hotel worthy a town ten times its population. The ranch owner simply decided that a town should be located there; a new county was carved out, and the new town became the county seat. And there never has been a saloon in the place, for every deed contains a prohibition against it.

San Antonio has overpassed all in population, and now numbers her population in six figures. It is the metropolis of a wide area in one of the very prosperous sections of Texas. Dallas is a close second, and does not hesitate to claim first place within a few years. Thirty miles distant is Fort Worth, a city under one hundred thousand, but with nearly three times the population it had not many years ago. Within a hundred miles' radius of these two cities one-third of the population of Texas resides. Houston, the third city, is the hub of Southeastern Texas, and is the greatest cotton market in the world. Twenty per cent of the cotton produced in the United States is handled here. It lies only forty-five miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

Galveston is a record of achievement almost unparalleled. Six thousand of her inhabitants perished, and twenty million dollars' worth of property was destroyed in 1900, but to-day the city is greater than ever, and has provided against a recurrence of such a disaster. It is

a long, long journey from Houston to El Paso, with many changes of scene. In many ways El Paso is an isolated city, for it is hundreds of miles east or west or north to an important city. Although in a sparsely inhabited region, it is for that reason a most important business centre, and is now a city of fifty thousand. Situated as it is, on our Southern frontier, with only the river separating it from our neighbouring republic, El Paso handles a large proportion of our Mexican trade.

Half a century ago Waco was an Indian village; now it is a progressive city of thirty thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the banks of the Brazos River, in the central part of the State, and is the metropolis of one of the most productive cotton-growing districts. Austin is the capital and, while not increasing so rapidly as some other Texas towns, is an important centre of civic and educational interests. Beaumont is another of the important towns of Texas. The discovery of phenomenal deposits of oil here in 1901 gave wide fame to this city of the coastal plain.

No State of the Union has enjoyed a more remarkable history than Texas. It was two hundred years after the discovery of America before the State had even an official designation. In fact, its boundaries were scarcely definite enough to claim such a distinction. The present appellation is explained in several different ways. Some say that it referred to the covering of the tents or wigwams of the Indians, the plural of which was Tejas. In that event this State would be "The Land of Tents." Another exegesis is that the Spaniards were greeted with the cry of "Tejas! Tejas!," which meant paradise. There are many Texans who aver that they are very well satisfied with this interpretation. The origin of the name is generally accredited to that of a tribe of Indians, or con-

federation of tribes, who dwelt on the shores of the Gulf. The name of these savages was generally spelled Tejas, and many of the earlier Spanish manuscripts adopt this spelling, but in either case the pronunciation would be the same. They could not have been very numerous, for the early explorers would frequently journey for days without seeing one red man. The name Nuevas Filipinas was tried for a while by the authorities, but Tejas, or Texas, finally prevailed.

Six flags have flown over Texas, including the banners of three foreign powers—France, Spain and Mexico. First came the French flag, which was carried down the Mississippi River to the Gulf of Mexico by the intrepid La Salle; following this was the Spanish emblem, first thrown to the breeze under the direction of the Franciscan priests; then came in succession the Mexican flag, and the Lone Star emblem of the Republic of Texas; the Stars and Stripes followed the Lone Star, but was supplanted for a time by the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy. In the struggle for ascendency among these various groups it is needless to say that much blood has been spilled, and countless tragedies have taken their places on the pages of history. For almost ten years Texas was an independent republic, with ministers at foreign courts as well as at Washington.

In 1895, when the Texans celebrated their first semi-centennial of statehood, there were people still living over whose heads had flown the Spanish flag, the Mexican flag, the Lone Star emblem, the Confederate flag, and the glorious starred and striped banner of the United States. It is only a little over a hundred years since Captain Zebulon Pike returned from his exploration of the Spanish province of Texas, and presented his report to President Jefferson about this almost unknown land.

DAVID CROCKETT

Much history has been made since the long hike of old Zeb Pike, but it is a glorious record that vitalizes the spirit of every Texan to-day. The Texas child is required to study the history of the State—and he never forgets it. The tradition of Texas thus becomes a part of the daily life and thought of the State. One cannot do otherwise than admire this pride of the Texans. Few States afford such heroes as Stephen Austin, Sam Houston, David Crockett, and Ben Milam for a background.

The Spaniards sailed along the Gulf Coast in 1519, and were the first Caucasians to visit here. No effort at colonization was made at this time. Chevalier La Salle skirted the shore of Texas on New Year's Day, 1685, and sailed into Matagorda Bay. He believed it was one of the mouths of the Mississippi, which he had discovered three years previous. He established a colony there, which was short-lived, however, because of the assassination of the leader. A quarter of a century later the Spaniards planted a mission at San Antonio. This settlement was chartered by Ferdinand III, in 1731, with the name of San Fernando. It was subsequently known as Bexar, and finally as San Antonio.

It cannot be asserted that the Spanish *Conquistadores* were successful, for they were not followed by genuine settlers, as was the case with both French and English colonies on the Atlantic Coast. The Spaniards were audacious, venturesome and courageous, and their accomplishments fire the imagination. But the wanderings of De Soto, Coronado, and Cabeza de Vaca stand out as conspicuously for their fruitlessness as their prowess and fortitude. English colonists were satisfied with the New World, in spite of its newness and hardships, because of their dissatisfaction with the tyranny of the home government. Spanish colonists preferred the old home; they

sought America only to secure an easy existence without labour. The mission establishments introduced priests, and occasionally lay religious brothers, who endeavoured to Christianize the natives. Twenty-five of these missions, with the accompanying presidios (garrisons), were founded on Texas soil during Spanish occupation. And yet at the time the Americans began their incoming, there were only a few centres of Spanish settlement. The Spanish policy had failed as completely at Christianizing the Indians as it had in peopling the country.

Mexico accomplished little more in Texas. Whereas the Spanish yoke had been endured for a hundred years and more, the Mexican was overthrown in fifteen. The Mexican leaders had enjoyed an unfortunate political schooling. The republic was only nominal. Of genuine republicanism there was scarcely a trace. There was no peace or agreement among the leaders. Finally came the arch traitor, Santa Anna. In 1836 the Mexican yoke was subverted by the brave Texans, and in 1845 Texas entered the Union.

"If it had not been for the almost unparalleled bravery of the early Texans, this land on which we now travel would have been covered with cactus, mesquite and jack rabbits," said a San Antonian to me. And who can deny it? It is always fascinating to speculate concerning "what might have been." But here we have something to measure by. Compare the Mexico of to-day, as it exists across the Rio Grande, undeveloped, unprogressive and revolution torn. Could Texas have expected a better fate had she remained under Mexican rule? Would not the Mexican civilization have produced here just what it has developed across the river? It does not seem at all unreasonable so to believe.

The reminders of the Spaniards are many. The most

noticeable are in the names of cities and counties and rivers. The Nueces means nuts. Trinidad (Trinity) was the Spanish name given to the Ar-ko-ki-sa, as it was designated among the Indians. San Jacinto signifies Saint Hyacinth. Colorado is the Spanish for red, but the Indian name was Pash-o-ho-no. Brazos was probably Brazos de Dios, the arm of God. Then we have San Marcos (Saint Mark), Rio Grande (Grand River), Angelina, Pecos, etc. Among the counties there are Llano, meaning a plain; Bandera, a flag; Blanco, signifying white; Concho, a shell; Frio (cold), Presidio (fortress), and many others. Under the Spanish custom municipalities took the place of counties with us. The Spanish municipalities covered immense territories, and the former names are still preserved in the appellations of many of the counties. The lands were originally measured by leagues and labours, after the Spanish custom, but sections have generally taken their place. Likewise an abstract of title to Texas lands will show many transfers by varas, instead of by our more common designations by acres.

Texas has always maintained her own individuality. The United States has never exercised control over her government. She never was a territory. When Texas entered the Union, she came in under her own terms. The act provided that the State reserved the ownership and control of her own public domain, and that her territory should not at any time be subdivided except by the consent of her own people. This was a unique condition which no other State has enjoyed. At that time Texas claimed a territory greater by one hundred thousand square miles than to-day. Some of her extensions to the north and west were transferred to the United States for ten million dollars, and now constitute the eastern half

of New Mexico and parts of other States. It is still a sizable commonwealth, however, with one hundred and seventy million acres of land.

Texas possesses a public land policy of her own which is materially different from that of all other commonwealths, the main feature being that it grants larger areas to the settler. The Republic of Texas possessed little cash, had no credit, but owned much land, and hence there were liberal grants of land. The new State was confronted with identical conditions. A few years ago several million acres were given to a syndicate as payment for a new capitol. Half of the public domain was set apart for educational purposes. As this land is sold, the principal is invested, and only the income is used for educational purposes. Thus the education of the future youth is assured.

This liberal provision for education began back in the time of the republic. The Constitution of 1836 says: "It is the axiom of political science that unless a people are educated and enlightened, it is idle to expect the continuance of civil liberty, or the capacity of self-government." President Lamar, in his first message to Congress, urged appropriations of four leagues of land for school purposes to each county, and this recommendation was enacted into law. A number of years after statehood two million dollars in cash were set aside as a permanent school fund. This fund has been accumulating until to-day it has almost doubled. Subsequent legislation also reserved to the schools each alternate section of land which had been retained by the State in the grants made to railroads or other public improvements. By this legislation it is estimated an area larger than all New England was added to the public school endowment.

Will there ever be more than one Texas? Like a glass

snake it may sometime break apart into several parts. The contract entered into between Texas and Uncle Sam, when the republic consented to become one of the United States, provided that it could be separated into five parts without any act of Congress. Whether that compact was abrogated or affected at all by the later purchase of a large portion has never been decided. Quite recently the people of West Texas have strongly agitated the creation of that section of the State into a new commonwealth to be called Jefferson. They allege that the policy of the entire State is dictated by the more populous eastern portion, and their own needs and desires are entirely overlooked or ignored. Only the future will answer this question, for a prediction is valueless. It is safe to say, however, that this dissatisfaction represents a condition which may grow and become formidable.

CHAPTER II

AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS IN TEXAS

Behold the great province of Texas, after a century or more of Spanish attempts at colonizing, with only three centres of Spanish population between the Sabine and the Rio Grande. These nuclei were at San Antonio, or Bexar, as the Spanish generally called it; at Nacogdoches, and at Goliad, which was also known as La Bahia. Goliad at that time contained probably a couple of thousand Mexicans. It is situated on the San Antonio River, about ninety-five miles below the city of San Antonio and forty miles from its mouth. After the defeat of Santa Anna most of the Mexicans abandoned the place. The dilapidated walls of the old mission and a few other ruins are all that remain to mark the old city. The new town of the same name is situated almost opposite the old town on the north bank of the river. San Patricio, the Irish colony, might almost be termed a fourth, for it possessed six hundred souls. The ancient town of Anahuac contained only fifty inhabitants.

The failure of the Spanish method of colonization lay in the aversion of the Spanish creoles to agriculture, and the dangers to which the settlers were exposed. In Mexico the enterprise of Spain was chiefly directed to the development of mines, while the cultivation of the soil was left to the passive natives. In Texas there were no mines to be developed, and the savage natives could

not be made to till the ground. Thus it was that the colonization of Texas was confined to the establishment of a few settlers in the immediate vicinity of the military posts.

Among those who had been drawn to Texas were murderers and manslayers, bandits, and robbers, who had escaped the hands of justice in the States and Territories of the United States. Others were members of outlaw gangs that had been banished from their country, while many were convicted criminals of Mexico who had come here to serve in the army. Fraudulent debtors in the United States skipped away from their creditors during the night, and chalked on their shutters the three cabalistic letters "G. T. T."—"Gone to Texas." To some of these elements all law or restraint was an absolute mockery. These were the scouts and flying columns who preceded the advancing hosts of the Anglo-Saxons.

With the opening of the nineteenth century, Texas began to emerge from that slough of stagnation in which she had been so long imbedded. Henceforth she became an object of attention and a field of strife, until she finally rose to the dignity of an independent republic. It was not an internal development, however, but was due to the advent of another race. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when American settlers and expeditions began to pour into Texas, the borders of that province on at least three sides were in a constant state of irritation. Along the Gulf Coast, pirates had established themselves at various places and preyed upon commerce of all kinds. The Comanches and the Apaches, in spite of all the efforts made to Christianize them, were a perpetual source of trouble. Although at least twenty-five missions had been established on Texas soil, nearly

all of these had been destroyed, and in this work of destruction the Comanches had taken the leading part. The efforts to Christianize the Indians had been just as pronounced a failure as the attempts at colonization, even though the mission establishments had been multiplied. In 1834, a Spanish official, after a complete tour of inspection, estimated its white population at twenty-one thousand. There was but one school in the entire department of Bexar, and that was so poorly supported that it amounted to little.

"What," says this official, "is to be the fate of those unhappy Mexicans, who dwell in the midst of savages without hope of civilization? In the whole department there is but one curate; the vicar died of cholera morbus in September last." He also says: "Money is scarce in Texas; not one in ten sales is made for cash. Purchases are made on credit, or by barter, which gives the country, in its trading relations, the appearance of a continual fair." The Spanish garrisons were filled with the inmates of all the jails of Mexico, who had been turned loose as soldiers. They were about the most wretched and abandoned set of cutthroats and evildoers that ever made an indentation on the soil of any country. Their influence was almost wholly for evil. Many of the people were but slightly removed from barbarism. There was but little foreign export except in skins and furs. The purely Mexican settlements had degenerated rather than advanced in the preceding half century.

When the Americans first set foot in Texas is a matter that history does not make clear. Aaron Burr had evolved a far-reaching scheme to overthrow the government of Mexico in Texas, and, perhaps, some adjacent territory, and set up an independent government with himself at the head. At that time war with Spain seemed

imminent, and this might have made possible the ambitious plan of the man who almost became our third president. The failure of war, and the arrest of Burr for treason, made abortive his plans. It is undoubtedly true that adventurers set out into this little known land, singly and in companies, to prospect its riches. Following these came a steadily flowing stream of pioneers, who sought new homes under better conditions than they had heretofore enjoyed. There is proof of instances of isolated settlers before the close of the eighteenth century, but when they came, or from whence they came, is not a matter of known record.

The first real invasion of Texas by Americans was led by a man named Nolan. The real reason for his expedition is not known, and all kinds of conjectures have been made concerning it. It has even been said that the incursion was begun with the connivance of President Jefferson, who had an eye to future expansion. It is definitely known that Nolan was backed almost openly by General Wilkinson, who was commander-in-chief of the United States Army in the Southwest. The avowed purpose of the expedition was to purchase horses for the army. In a previous expedition under a passport, Nolan had proceeded as far as San Antonio, and did actually purchase several hundred head of horses, which he took back with him to Louisiana. The Nolan expedition left Natchez, Mississippi, late in 1800. Three of the party deserted, but with the remainder Nolan continued his journey into the interior of Texas.

The expressed object of the second expedition into Texas was to capture wild horses. Nolan and his men penetrated the province as far as the Brazos River, where they camped and gathered about three hundred wild

horses. He undoubtedly had some ulterior object, and the Spaniards were very suspicious. One of his party deserted, and made statements of what he claimed to be the real purpose of the expedition to the Spanish authorities. On the 21st of March, 1801, this party was attacked by a much superior force of Spanish troops somewhere near the site of Waco, and after a fight of three hours, in which the leader himself was killed and three men wounded, the little band was captured. There were in the party at this time only fourteen Americans, the others being Spaniards, or Mexicans and negroes. A trial of these men was held and the judge ordered their release, but the commandant objected, and the matter was referred to Spain. The final decision was that one out of each five of those actually engaged in fighting was to be hanged, and these were to be chosen by lot. Because of the death of one, which left only nine surviving, the commandant decided that the execution of one would suffice. The others were sentenced to hard labour, and only one of them is heard of afterwards.

A decade and a little more passed before any noteworthy American expedition was made into Texas. This incursion was headed by a Mexican refugee by the name of Gutierrez, and a former Lieutenant in the United States Army, whose patronymic was Magee. The filibustering expedition led by Gutierrez numbered one hundred and fifty-eight men when it crossed the border in August, 1811. The Spanish forces were not taken unawares, but they were unprepared and so abandoned Nacogdoches, which was the first Spanish outpost. The Spanish commander notified his government that the people appeared to welcome this invasion rather than assist him in resisting. There seems to be some truth in this, for the little force was swelled to five hundred before it left for

the interior and, at its maximum, numbered one thousand.

The avowed object of Gutierrez was to win Texas for the revolution then proceeding in Mexico. The fact that the leader himself was a Mexican undoubtedly attracted many of his own nationality to his command. He won a notable victory at La Bahia, where his army was besieged by the Spanish general for a number of months. Hence it was that, in 1813, they marched to Bexar, or San Antonio, and were victorious over Spanish forces which greatly outnumbered them, and entered that city as victors. Because of the treachery of Gutierrez in murdering in cold blood the Spanish General Salcedo, and his staff, many of the Americans deserted him. Reverses afterwards overtook Gutierrez, and only a little more than half of the Americans with him reached American soil at Natchitoches.

Another noted incursion of Americans into Texas was under the leadership of James Long, who had been an officer in the United States Army and later a merchant in Natchez, in which city the expedition was organized. The avowed purpose was to aid the Mexicans in Texas, but the prospect of material reward undoubtedly was the real animus. Seventy-five men marched out of Natchez, but their number continually swelled until there were four times as many by the time they reached Nacogdoches. At a meeting gathered together here, Texas was declared to be an independent republic, and an administrative system was organized. The new Republic was short-lived, for the Spanish troops broke up the forces of the alien invaders, which had been separated into several bodies. Long himself escaped to Louisiana, but came back, collecting together the remnants of his forces, together with new recruits, and actually pene-

trated as far as La Bahia, which he captured in 1821. A short time afterward Long was killed by a Mexican soldier while being held as a prisoner, but his men were released.

The expedition led by Long was the last of the filibustering expeditions by Americans into Texas. In a sense, Nolan, Magee and Long, with the men under them, were but the advance couriers of American expansion. The United States had gradually pushed its settled frontier westward to the Mississippi, and had crossed that line when Louisiana became a State in 1812, and Missouri in 1820. The natural line of further expansion was toward the southwest. The filibusterers served the purpose of spying out the country, and of paving the way for the peaceful invasion that was to follow. The opportune attainment of independence by Mexico in 1821 undoubtedly favoured the colonization of Texas by Americans, for it created a glow of friendship for Americans, whose liberal institutions the Mexicans dreamed of emulating. Texas had been laid waste, however, so that nearly all signs of civilization between San Antonio and the Sabine River had been swept away. It is said that in 1820 the total population of Texas, exclusive of Indians, did not exceed four thousand.

Early in the nineteenth century, the United States began to appear as a factor in the troubles of Texas. Before that the French were the immediate neighbours of Spain on the Texas border, and the border had never been definitely settled between the two countries. Nacogdoches was the easternmost outpost of Spanish settlement, while Natchitoches marked the westernmost station of the French advance. In 1762 the French monarch, Louis XV, ceded all of Louisiana to Spain, and the Spanish border was then extended to the Mississippi. In 1800,

however, "the Colony or Province of Louisiana with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it," was re-ceded to France. Three years later France sold Louisiana, with the same indefinite limits, to the United States. The border, so indefinitely described, immediately caused trouble.

As Napoleon had instructed his representative to take possession of the Rio Grande, President Jefferson and other prominent statesmen were inclined to claim the Gulf coast of Texas. But Florida was still more desired, and especially West Florida, a narrow strip along the coast reaching to the Mississippi. The United States, immediately after the purchase of Louisiana, set up claim to a considerable section of the eastern portion of Texas, but this border was finally adjusted in the bargain that was made for Florida in 1819. By this treaty the United States surrendered all claims to territory west of the Sabine River. But many patriotic citizens believed that the government exceeded its constitutional power in alienating national territory, and it was this belief that made possible the demand for the re-annexation of Texas in the Democratic platform of 1844.

One fruitful source of trouble in Texas was the so-called Neutral Ground. As finally concluded by informal agreement, the strip of Neutral Ground extended from the Sabine River to Arroyo Hondo, which was the original western limit of French actual occupation. Although fixed in boundaries on the east and west, the limits were never defined on the north and the south. Neither the United States nor Spain exercised actual sovereignty over this Neutral Ground, and it therefore became the refuge of all sorts of lawless and desperate men who lived by depredating upon caravans. These land pirates formed

buccaneer expeditions, robbed traders, and did many other unlawful acts. They had their rules and regulations, their headquarters and their outposts. Their bravery and audacity were unsurpassed, and their fidelity to each other was inflexible. Both the Spanish and United States authorities took measures to stop this lawlessness, but it was impossible to exterminate them wholly. This Neutral Ground finally fell within the boundaries of Louisiana, and therefore of the United States, in 1819, and the outlaws were driven out.

At some time in the future it may be that the real significance of the pioneer, and the debt we owe to him, will be fully appreciated. We are more inclined to worship military heroes than the man who strikes out into the primeval wilderness, and who forms the vanguard for the civilization that is to follow.

Our gifted writer and diplomatist, Henry Van Dyke, has given expression to this in these words from his poem, *Texas: A Democratic Ode:*

"Men of mark from old Missouri,
Men of daring from Kentucky,
Tennessee, Louisiana,
Men of many States and races,
Bringing wives and children with them,
Followed up the wooded valleys,
Spread across the rolling prairies,
Raising homes and reaping harvests,
Rude the toil that tried their patience,
Fierce the fights that proved their courage,
Rough the stone and tough the timber
Out of which they built their order!
Yet they never failed nor faltered,
And the instinct of their swarming
Made them one and kept them working,
Till their toil was crowned with triumph,
And the country of the Tejas
Was the fertile land of Texas."

The man who was the first American pioneer in Texas, who went there with a truly legitimate purpose and in a peaceable manner, was Moses Austin. He was a native of Connecticut, and had been trained for the mercantile profession. After becoming a partner in a large Philadelphia importing house, he removed to Richmond, Virginia, and then to Southwestern Virginia, where he became a manager of some lead mines. A little later he secured a grant of land in Missouri, on which there were some lead mines. To this wilderness he moved with his family and slaves in 1797, and built up a pioneer settlement which grew and flourished in spite of many attacks from the Indians. Missouri was then a Spanish colony, and Austin thus became a Spanish citizen. With the Louisiana Purchase, he again became an American citizen. Failing in business, he again struck out to lands unknown.

Although in his fifty-fifth year, Moses Austin refused to bow beneath the stroke of misfortune, but retained a firm mind and a resolute heart. With his son, Stephen F. Austin, who was then a young man of promise, he proposed to establish a colony in Texas. It was in the autumn of 1820 that Moses Austin journeyed to San Antonio to open negotiations for the proposed colony, while his son busied himself in gathering together the immigrants. The father made the long journey of more than eight hundred miles to San Antonio on horseback. The Spanish Governor, instead of welcoming the proposition, peremptorily ordered Austin to leave without delay. As he crossed the plaza, however, he accidentally met a man, a German, with whom he had spent a night at a country tavern in one of the Southern States. Through the influence of this German, who was then in the Spanish service, the governor finally approved the petition of Austin that he be

allowed to bring into Texas three hundred settlers from the United States.[1]

The meeting with Baron de Bastrop was a chance one, but this accident meant a great deal for the future of Texas, for Austin had become thoroughly discouraged and disheartened. On the return trip the elder Austin suffered such hardship, through being robbed and deserted by his companions, that his health was undermined, and he died in the following summer. Just before his death he received word that his application had been granted by the Spanish authorities, and he left an injunction with his son to carry out the project.

Stephen F. Austin, who deserves the title given him by Sam Houston of "Father of Texas," took up the work thus left incomplete by his father with tireless energy and unfaltering courage. He was now in his twenty-eighth year. At that time he was a circuit judge in the Territory of Arkansas. He was well fitted for this work of engineering a pioneer colony in a rough and unsettled country. He had lived in the midst of a wilderness surrounded by savage enemies, and it was amidst such scenes, where civilization was just beginning to diffuse its refinements, that his character was formed. In June, 1821, with two or three companions, he set out for New Orleans and found some Spanish commissioners waiting for his father at Natchitoches. Although his father had died ten days previous, neither he nor the commissioners were aware of this fact. A report reached him after he had started for Texas, but he continued his journey on to San Antonio. He informed Governor Martinez of the

[1] This German was the Baron de Bastrop, a native of Prussia and a soldier of fortune. He was then one of the alcaldes of San Antonio. It was he who sold, or ceded, to Aaron Burr four hundred thousand acres of land, lying on the Washita River, on which Burr expected to plant a colony as a nucleus for his expedition to the Southwest.

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, FROM AN OLD ETCHING

death of his father, and stated that he was ready to carry out the contract.

According to the concession of Austin, each head of a family was to have six hundred and forty acres for himself, in addition to three hundred and twenty for his wife, one hundred and sixty for each child, and eighty for each slave. This was a recognition of slavery as an institution. Single men of legal age were to have six hundred and forty acres each. The first party of settlers was conducted by Austin to the Lower Brazos in December, 1821. The new settlers had many sufferings and dangers to undergo during the first couple of years. A schooner, *The Lively,* had been loaded with supplies and agricultural implements at New Orleans, and sailed for the mouth of the Colorado. She was never heard from afterwards. The failure of supplies and game brought them to great extremity, and the colonists were too weak in numbers to protect themselves from the depredations of the Indians.

The Austin colonists were of a different stripe from the earlier American and Spanish immigrants. They may have been possessed with wild and adventurous spirits, but they were sturdy and honest. Likewise they were active, strong of limb, and inured to hardship from childhood. To them the free air of the prairie and the breath of the forest were like the salt sea breeze to the viking of old. It warmed their blood, but it stirred up real manliness. They were a hardy race, among whom hospitality and truth were almost universal. Many of these men had travelled from beyond the Mississippi in ox-teams, amid all the perils and hardships of the wilderness, and with scarcely a road or a trail to mark the way. The ready rifle supplied game for food and insured protection from savages. Every man knew that in his new home

security of life must depend on a steady nerve and a sure aim with his rifle. Some were lost by the wayside, but the survivors were of the strongest and hardiest type of manhood. Some of them were uneasy when the smoke of a neighbour's chimney could be seen from their own cabin door.

Because of some difficulties that had arisen, owing to the change of government from Spain to the Republic, Austin went to the City of Mexico to have his grant confirmed. This entailed a journey of twelve hundred miles or more through a country very much disturbed and unsettled. Difficulties were encountered there because of the mutations of government which followed the independence of Mexico from Spain. A little later President Iturbide proclaimed himself emperor. By these various changes Austin was delayed there many months. The grant was finally re-affirmed, but changed to read that each colonist who engaged in agriculture should receive a "labour," about one hundred and seventy-seven acres, and each one who followed stock raising should be given a square league, or forty-four hundred and twenty-eight acres. Austin himself should be granted fifteen square leagues and two agricultural allotments for each two hundred families he should bring into Texas.

The revised grant was also changed to read that in Texas there should be "no sale or purchase of slaves, and that children of slaves born in the Empire were to be free at fourteen years of age." One important provision of the concession was that each colonist must be a Roman Catholic, or should agree to become such, and that all should be of steady habits and good character. The religious requirement was practically the only condition imposed upon settlers, except that certain improvements were to be made within two years under pain of

forfeiture. They were also obliged to take the oath of allegiance to Mexico. The authority granted to Austin was almost absolute. He was not only to govern the colony, and to administer justice, but was permitted to organize a body of militia, commanded by himself, to preserve good order and tranquillity. As a legislator he drew up an excellent code of laws, although no instructions were given him, and as a judge he administered these laws faithfully and impartially. Several were expelled from the colony under the severest threat of corporal punishment, if they returned, and in one instance he inflicted it. He was given the rank of Lieutenant Colonel. Thus he became commander, law-giver, judge —an unusual trust for one of alien birth.

When Austin returned to his colony in 1823, he found it almost disintegrated. Many of the original immigrants had returned to the States because of the hardships, and the new recruits had not arrived. He went at his work bravely, and conditions soon began to change. His zeal for his colonists knew no bounds. He founded the little town of San Felipe de Austin in the summer of that year, on the Little Brazos River. It was scarcely pretended that all the settlers were Roman Catholics, and the priests probably did not scrutinize their conduct very closely. The scarcity of priests made much trouble. As no marriage was legal unless performed by a priest, the system of provisional marriages by a bond entered into before a notary public was introduced. It was sometimes several years before the opportunity of a priestly sanction offered. Then they were joined in wedlock by the wholesale. But many not finding the marriage state to possess all the alluring charms which they had believed, burned up the bond and were as free as ever. They also paid little attention to the proviso concerning slaves.

Almost the entire work of organizing and directing this colony devolved upon Austin himself. For five years he sustained the burden, and many were the difficulties which he had to overcome. When he was relieved from the government of the colony of 1828, although still a young man, his health had begun to decline. It is quite likely that the tense strain of these years abbreviated his life, and brought about the early death which befell him.

San Felipe de Austin is almost unknown to-day, and yet it still is in existence with a small population. In this town, which in the days of Austin's colony was a mere collection of rude pioneer dwellings and business houses, was held the First Convention of Texas people in 1832, and likewise the Consultation of 1835. It was also the place where one of the first Texas newspapers, the *Telegraph and Texas Register,* was published. Four leagues of land were set aside originally for the town. Much of this land was sold a few years ago and invested, so that it enjoys the distinction of being the only municipality in Texas conducted without taxation. The revenue is more than sufficient to support the city government and the schools. The town is now known only as San Felipe, and the county is called Austin.

Mr. F. W. Johnson, who visited San Felipe de Austin in its early days, gives a good description of life on the frontier in those days: "San Felipe de Austin, though the principal town in the colony, was but a small place. However, it could boast a tavern, store and blacksmith shop and a few American and Mexican families. . . . We visited the store, owned and kept by Stephen Richardson and Thomas Davis, both good and true men. Their stock consisted of two or three barrels of whisky, some sugar, coffee, salt and a few remnants of dry goods,

in value not exceeding five hundred dollars. Here we found a number of the *lords* of Texas. They seemed to be enjoying themselves; some were engaged at a game of 'old sledge' or seven-up at cards; others drinking whisky, eating *pelonce* (Mexican sugar), pecans; and all talking. We were kindly received, and soon felt ourselves at home. Here, in the course of conversation, we heard the words *caballada, corral, rieto, mustang,* etc., etc.—all of which were Greek to us, though we had heard the same words used time and again, but felt too diffident to ask their meaning."

Agriculture was conducted in a primitive way. The same writer gives the following account of the methods of the colonists: "We arrived at the busy season of preparing for and planting. Those of the settlers who had sufficient teams were breaking prairie, others were clearing what was called weed prairies, and bottom lands sparsely timbered, but with a thick growth of weeds. When the ground is cleared holes are made at proper distances with a stick, and a corn-seed put in the holes and covered. This done, it is left to grow and ripen and received no other work, except to knock down the weeds; the ground thus prepared and planted will yield twenty-five or thirty, sometimes forty, bushels per acre."

Even while Austin was in the City of Mexico, trying to secure a confirmation of his concession, a number of other persons were there seeking to promote similar enterprises. It was not until 1824, however, that a general law was passed under which such colonies could be formed. This law simply laid down certain provisions and left the actual granting of concessions to the states. It provided that no colonies should be located within ten leagues of the coast and twenty leagues of the boundary

of a foreign country, without the consent of the general government, and that preference should be given to Mexican citizens.

In accordance with this law the State of Coahuila and Texas passed a colonization law March 24, 1825. This gave the opportunity of the *empresarios,* as the promoters were called, to enter this rich and new field. Each *empresario* was to receive five leagues and five "labours" for each hundred families introduced. Families engaged in farming at once received a labour of land. If they also engaged in raising cattle, this grant was enlarged to one league. Unmarried men received one-fourth this amount, but upon marriage were given the other three-fourths. If they espoused Mexican women, they received an extra premium of one-fourth more than the other settlers. A small payment in money was required. For ten years the settlements were to be free from all contributions to the state, except in case of an invasion by an enemy. When the towns were established it was provided that great care should be taken "to lay off the streets straight, giving them a direction from north to south, and from east to west, when the site will permit it."

In a short time the whole map of Texas was covered over with the claims of the *empresarios.* Austin himself obtained four additional concessions, permitting seventeen hundred families. In many cases the name *empresario* became almost synonymous with that of swindler. Everything connected with the settlement of the country seemed to be objects of barter and speculation. Hayden Edwards received concessions to settle eight hundred families. Benjamin R. Milam obtained authority to colonize two hundred families, David G. Burnett three hundred families, and Lorenzo de Zavala five hundred families, along with scores of others. Some of these grants

were annulled, and others were transferred. A number of the contractors failed to introduce a single settler.

Immigrants did not come in so rapidly as might appear from the number and magnitude of the grants. In 1827, the population was estimated at only ten thousand, and, in 1830, it had reached only twenty thousand. This, however, was an increase of probably five hundred per cent in less than a decade. Most of the grants came to naught, because of the failure of the promoters to fulfil the conditions. There were, however, a number of colonies actually established, but Austin's colony still remained the predominant one, and, up to the time of the Revolution, continued the most influential element among the Americans in Texas.

The tide of immigration continued to flow into Texas, and some of the colonies became quite prosperous. The Mexican authorities at length became affrighted at the increasing possibility of Anglo-American domination. They perceived in it a menace to their own security. Efforts on the part of the United States to purchase either the whole or a part of Texas likewise excited apprehension in Mexico. In 1829, a decree was issued forbidding slavery within the Republic, and this was directed toward Texas, which was the only Mexican state in which actual slavery was practised. A law was passed forbidding further colonization in the border states of Mexico by nations adjacent, or the importation of slaves, and this enactment was also directed at the American colonization of Texas.

An abortive revolution had its origin in Nacogdoches. It amounted to little, but it was indicative of the general unrest that was arising. It began at Nacogdoches, probably because that place was so remote from the Spanish settlements, and was more overrun by intruders than

any of the other settlements. Its proximity to the Neutral Ground brought in many characters who were unwilling to submit to any laws or restraints limiting their absolute freedom of action. One, Hayden Edwards, had obtained a concession for colonizing an extensive territory here, although the authority granted to him was not so broad as that extended to Austin. Edwards undertook to assume powers not granted to him. This brought him in collision with the government of the State. It looked to him, also, as though the favours were all granted to Mexicans. Much confusion arose over titles that had been granted to settlers, who had fled several years ago, when Nacogdoches became depopulated at the approach of royalist troops. A hundred or more of these claimants of all ages, colours and nationalities had returned to the Edwards settlement. Old titles were manufactured by the authorities to order.

On December 16th, 1826, Benjamin W. Edwards, brother of Hayden Edwards, and during the absence of the latter, rode into Nacogdoches at the head of fifteen men and proclaimed an independent republic, which was named Fredonia. They took possession of the Old Stone Fort, and organized a so-called government. They made an offensive treaty against Mexico with the Cherokee Indians, who dwelt near there. Letters were written to many other leaders of colonies, urging them to unite in a common cause. Austin opposed this movement; he not only used his influence, but furnished some soldiers from his colony, for the Mexican government. The insurrection was not suppressed until there had been some actual fighting. Eleven white men and nine Indians opposed the forces sent to suppress them, and in the conflict that followed, one man of their party was wounded and one of the Mexican forces was killed. This was the

one battle of the Fredonian War. On the approach of Mexican forces sent against them by the government at San Antonio, the troops of Edwards disbanded and fled to the United States. The Mexicans entered Nacogdoches in triumph, with the honours of a bloodless victory.

In the hope of giving the reader a more vivid idea of the hardships endured by the early American settlers in Texas than any general description can convey, I hereby subjoin extracts from a letter written by a member of Austin's Colony:

"Colorado River, Coahuila and Texas.

"December 1, 1823.

"Since I last wrote, our sufferings have been very great for want of provisions. . . . There have been a great many new settlers come on this fall, and those who have not been accustomed to hunting in the woods for support, are obliged to suffer. . . . Those of us who have no families of our own reside with some of the families of the settlement. We remain here, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, to assist in protecting the settlement. We are obliged to go out in the morning, a party of us, to hunt food, leaving a part of the men at home to guard the settlement from Indians, who are very hostile to us. Indeed, we dare not go out and hunt except in companies, as we are obliged to keep on a lookout, lest the savages fall upon us; and one cannot hunt and watch too. Game is now so scarce that we often hunt all day for a deer or a turkey, and return at night empty handed. It would make your heart sick to see the poor little half-naked children, who have nothing to eat during the day, watch for the return of the

hunters at night. . . . If the hunters return with a deer or turkey, the children are almost wild with delight, while on the other hand, they suddenly stop in their course, their countenances fall, the deep, bitter tears well up in their eyes and roll down their pale cheeks. 'Tis truly heart-rending to see us return home after a hard day's hunt without any game, knowing, as we do, that the women and children are entirely without food, and can have nothing until we find it in our hunt. No one can know our sufferings, or even imagine our feelings, unless they have been in similar situations. . . . It is surprising to see how bravely the delicate females bear up under their sufferings without a murmur or complaint. 'Tis only by their looks they show their feelings. When we seem the least discouraged, they cheer us with kind words, and looks, and strive to appear cheerful and happy. They do more when we are worried out with toil and fatigue—they take our guns in their hands and assist us in standing guard. . . . Were it not for the Tonkawa Indians, a small tribe who are friendly to us and supply us with dressed deerskins, we should be almost entirely destitute of clothing. . . . The common dress of men and children is made of buckskin, and even the women are often forced to wear the same.

"Your affectionate friend,

"W. B. Dewees."

CHAPTER III

THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE

THE revolution which had its centre at Nacogdoches, and in which the Fredonian Republic was proclaimed, proved abortive because the hour had not yet arrived. It required almost another decade before sentiment was crystallized to such an extent that a declaration of independence from Mexico was declared. In the meantime, under the liberal immigration policy of Mexico, Americans were thronging in by hundreds under the numerous promoters, or *empresarios,* of colonies. This accretion of the Anglo-Saxons must inevitably result in a separation from the Mexican states, for they would not submit to such an arbitrary government as Mexico possessed, especially when they greatly outnumbered the Spanish-speaking population.

The persistent efforts of the government at Washington to expand its territories toward the Rio Grande gradually aroused the suspicions of Mexico. In 1827, a million dollars was offered to extend its frontier to that boundary, but Mexico refused to consider any proffers. Another cause of suspicion was the comparative freedom of the colonies of Americans from attacks by the Indians, while these hostiles still continued their depredations against the Mexicans. This circumstance induced the authorities to believe that the colonists had some secret understanding with the red men. It was fallacious, but this suspicion was the genesis of a great deal

of the trouble of the colonists. It induced repressive legislation against them. Had it not been that Mexico was in a perpetual state of revolution during these early years of her existence as a Republic, the colonists would either have been coerced or driven from the province before their strength was so great. Austin himself remained constant in his loyalty to the Mexican government, and endeavoured in every possible way to remain aloof from the party strife.

The decree abolishing slavery throughout Mexico was the first legislation that aroused general opposition among the Americans. There were probably not more than a thousand slaves in Texas at this time, but it was the principle involved. At the earnest representations of Austin, who feared that this interdiction would mean ruin for his colonies, Texas was exempted from the operation of this decree. Then followed a measure to establish Mexican colonists on the border, and also to prohibit the entry of foreigners from the northern borders without passports from Mexican agents. Convicts were also given the privilege of citizenship when their terms of punishment had expired, thus introducing a class of citizens who were utterly repugnant to the American colonists. The most irritating provisions, however, were those which stopped further colonizations, and that which forbade the introduction of more slaves into Texas. To enforce these laws considerable forces were despatched to Texas, and a number of military posts were established.

The principal port on the Gulf coast of Texas was Anahuac, at the mouth of Trinity River. An officer, an American by the name of Bradburn, was placed in charge of this port, and his methods of enforcing the laws aroused the general opposition of the colonists. He

conducted himself with unwarranted license and brutality. The period of six years allowed for the free entry of supplies had expired, and it required a judicious policy to inaugurate the collection of duties. This was precisely the quality that this officer lacked. He became little more than a petty tyrant.

The colonists had consistently continued to evade the payment of duties in every way possible. In retaliation the commander at Anahuac placed under martial law a ten league strip of the coast, and declared Anahuac, a port so shallow that boats drawing more than six feet could not enter, the sole port of entry. In the execution of his duties, William B. Travis, afterwards of Alamo fame, and some other prominent men were arrested and imprisoned for alleged insubordination. Aroused by this act of violence, the colonists arose in force and marched on Anahuac. Bradburn promised to release the prisoners, but disregarded his word. Some desultory firing occurred, but there was no real battle. Bradburn was finally succeeded in command, and the Texans were delivered to their compatriots.

None realized better than the colonists that this violent act would mean serious trouble, if no plausible explanation could be offered. Santa Anna was then just scintillating upon the Mexican horizon as an opponent of the Bustamente government, so the men of the Anahuac expedition promulgated what are designated as the Turtle Bayou Resolutions. The resolutions elaborated upon the devotion of the colonists to the Constitution of 1824, and affirmed their unswerving support of the gallant chieftain, General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna. It then set forth in detail the many alleged grievances of the Texans. It was indeed a politic move, and served these men, who otherwise would have been classed as revolu-

tionists, an excellent purpose. The Turtle Bayou Resolutions so aroused the people that they decided to expel all the Mexican soldiers. Anahuac was captured after a spirited resistance. Velasco capitulated, and the Mexicans withdrew. The people of the municipality of Nacogdoches marched on their fortress and summoned the commander to declare for the Constitution of 1824, surrender, or fight. A fight followed in which the Texans were victorious. Thus all the Anglo-American settlements were delivered from the military, although there were still garrisons at the Mexican settlements of Goliad and San Antonio.

Santa Anna soon overthrew his opponents, and the Texans then became patriots and not revolutionists. When Santa Anna's commander and personal representative, Mejia, visited Texas, he was everywhere fêted by the Anglo-Americans and treated in every way as an honoured guest. For a brief period the name of Santa Anna was much extolled in Texas, and the colonists could not say enough in praise of his work and his character. But they had no conception of the man.

In August, 1832, a convention was called of the people of Texas. More than fifty delegates assembled at San Felipe, representing practically all the departments of the province with the exception of Bexar. In this convention it was particularly disclaimed that any effort was being made at separation from Mexico. A number of subjects were considered, and resolutions were adopted urging certain requests for the local government of the province. Among these was a demand that Texas be disunited from Coahuila. Reading between the lines, however, one can see that this convention was just as solicitous for any encroachment against its prerogatives, as it was to discharge its obligations to Mexico. Although

GENERAL SANTA ANNA, FROM AN OLD ETCHING

Austin was elected President, a third of the votes were cast for William H. Wharton, who was less conservative by far than his successful rival.

The Mexican authorities uniformly condemned this convention. "I deem it my duty," wrote Santa Anna himself, "to call special attention of the President to the condition of Texas. Satisfied I am that the foreigners who have introduced themselves in that province, have a strong tendency to declare themselves independent of the republic; and that all their remonstrances and complaints are but disguised to that end." The sagacious Mexican recognized the democratic tendencies of the settlers who came from the United States, and feared the result. In 1833 a second convention was convoked at San Felipe, and new delegates chosen. This time Wharton was elected chairman. The convention did little more than re-enact the resolutions and memorials of the preceding year. In the petition for separation, however, it went further. A constitution was drawn up, which was distinctly American. The preamble reads as follows: "We, the people of Texas, being capable of figuring as a state in the manner contemplated in the second article of the decree of the general congress of the nation, of the 7th of May, 1824, do ordain the following constitution; and do mutually agree with each other to form ourselves into a full and independent state of the Mexican Confederacy, by the name of the state of Texas."

There is no question that in the months following, the revolutionary impulse was gradually gaining strength. Austin proceeded to Mexico alone to urge the petition of the Texans for reforms of administration. He had a better knowledge of the Mexican government and also of the Spanish language than his compatriots, but he

undertook the mission with misgivings. In the statistics which Austin carried with him he claimed the total population, including Indians, to be forty-six thousand and five hundred. The organized municipalities were Bexar, four thousand, Goliad, two thousand three hundred, Gonzales, one thousand six hundred, Austin, twelve thousand six hundred, Liberty, four thousand five hundred, Brazoria, four thousand eight hundred, and Nacogdoches, sixteen thousand seven hundred. It must not be forgotten, as elsewhere suggested, that the Spanish municipality covered a large territory, and included numerous small towns and settlements. We would designate it as a county. He reported that there were many cotton-gins, and a number of saw-mills and grist-mills, some propelled by water power and others by oxen or horses. "Fat beeves," says he, "of from twenty to thirty *arrobas* (an *arroba* is about twenty-five pounds), are worth from eight to ten dollars. Fat hogs of from eight to twelve *arrobas* are worth three and a half to five dollars each."

Austin laboured assiduously for half a year in an effort to accomplish his mission, but he was compelled to depart with the matter still unsettled. The Mexicans feared (and not without reason) American domination if Texas was separated from Coahuila. After his departure from the City of Mexico, which was done openly, the acting president decided to have Austin arrested, and he was captured at Saltillo on his return journey and conducted back to the Mexican capital. He was detained there for a year and a half, several months of which was in close confinement, or *incommunicado*. This means that the prisoner is not allowed to communicate with any one, not even an attorney. It is indeed a wonderful system of jurisprudence.

"My room," wrote Austin in a letter to his brother,

"is about fifteen feet by thirteen—very high ceiling—two doors, one flush with the outside surface of the wall, the other near the inside surface and within the wall, which is about three feet thick, of large hewn stone. The latter door has an oblong hole large enough to admit a plate, the other is solid. Both were always locked and bolted until yesterday. No windows, a very small skylight in the roof which barely afforded light to read on very clear days, when the sun was high, say from ten to three o'clock. Quite free from damp except such as would naturally result from the want of free circulation of air."

During this residence in Mexico, Austin accomplished a part of his commission, but not the principal object. Certain reforms in the administration of Texas were granted, but it was not permitted a separate government. Among the concessions was an act legalizing the use of English in official documents, and a greater degree of local self-government was granted for the Anglo-American portion of Texas. Four new municipalities were created. Excitement and dissatisfaction in Texas continued to increase, however, and it was accelerated by the long detention of Austin, the man who had been most considerate toward the home government. Several thousand Mexican troops were despatched to Texas, and this augmented the inquietude. As a result the colonists began to organize for self-defence, believing that a sanguinary struggle was before them.

When Austin reached Texas, in September, 1835, two and a half years after his departure from Brazoria, the leaders were all anxious to know his opinion. He expressed himself plainly in favour of the upholding of the constitutional rights of Texas and in favour of a general convention. His feeling toward Mexico had undergone

a radical transformation. Every one seemed to sense that war was imminent, and preparation went forward in many places with vigour. General Ugartechea had been ordered to Texas as the military commandant, and several thousand troops were under his command. The general impression among the colonists was that these troops, who were ostensibly sent to protect the settlements from Indians, were in reality intended to overawe and coerce the colonists. A proclamation disclaiming such a purpose did not alleviate the situation. Indignation meetings were held in nearly all the municipalities. Local committees of safety were organized, and volunteer companies for defence were banded together. As is usual among pioneers, every one possessed a weapon, and it was not difficult to gather equipment for soldiers. Even before members of the Consultation were elected, some blood had been spilled. In June, 1835, Travis, at the head of a small body of volunteers, had marched against and received the surrender of the garrison of Anahuac. But this victory was a bloodless one.

At Gonzales there was a small cannon, which had been furnished by the authorities of Bexar, and the Mexican commander demanded that the people give it up. The people claimed it as a gift and the demand was refused in a curt American way, which implied that if he desired the cannon he might come after it. As a result a cavalry troop of some hundred was sent to take it. The advance guard was captured by a ruse without a shot being fired. Large reinforcements arrived a few days later with positive orders to take the six-pounder. The answer of the Texans was "come and take it." The battle had scarcely begun before the Mexicans were in precipitate retreat. The cannon itself was a small affair, and had never been used by the settlers as they had no balls to fit it. Further-

more, they did not even understand how to shoot it if the occasion offered. They concluded to try it, however, before the Mexicans arrived. A gunsmith of the village hammered out a ball on his anvil to fit the cannon, and it was loaded at his shop. The gun was aimed at a small sycamore tree about three hundred yards distant. The tree was hit and considerably splintered. The gun was then loaded with slugs in anticipation of the approach of the enemy. During the skirmish it was discharged several times, as the gunsmith had provided an apronful of slugs for the purpose.

The engagement at Gonzales did much to consolidate the factions among the colonists. Resistance had become a reality—guns had been fired. W. H. Wharton issued a circular for all colonists to hasten to Gonzales "armed and equipped for war even to the knife." This circular was headed in the following striking way:

Freemen of Texas.
To arms! ! ! To arms! !
Now's the day, and Now's the hour!

A little army of Texans was organized to prosecute a campaign against Bexar. On the way they captured Goliad, where they obtained possession of considerable money and much needed arms and supplies. This little army, which had now increased to three hundred and fifty volunteers, with Stephen F. Austin himself as commander, proceeded against Bexar. The reduction of this town required a campaign of nearly two months. A detachment of forces under Colonel Bowie and Captain Fannin, who had been sent forward to select a position for the main army, defeated a force of Mexicans near Mission Concepcion. A short time afterwards occurred what is known as the Grass Fight. The horses of the

Mexicans were in need of fodder, so that a party of soldiers was sent out under cover of darkness to cut grass and bring it in. They succeeded in loading about fifty burros with the prairie grass, but they were discovered by the enemy. The Texans at once attacked and the Mexicans commenced a rapid retreat. The grass-laden burros kept the road, braying at every jump, and the Mexicans fired back as they ran. A rescuing party was also put to flight. It was a brilliant victory and aided in discouraging the besieged.

After several weeks the siege appeared to be useless. The Texans possessed three cannon but no suitable ammunition for them. About the only cannon balls they had were those fired by the Mexicans. "It was quite amusing," says a report, "to see two or three or half a dozen in chase of the balls, which, when recovered, were from time to time returned in compliment to the enemy." On the 3rd of December, a council of war was held, and it was resolved that the army should retire and go into winter quarters either at Goliad or Gonzales. But the army did not approve of this delay.

"Who will go into San Antonio with old Ben Milam?" shouted Benjamin R. Milam, in a moment of enthusiasm, as he made a ringing call for volunteers to follow him in an assault upon the city. Many shouted "I will," whereupon they were requested to fall into line. When finally assembled at dark for the storming, they numbered exactly three hundred and one. These were divided into two divisions. The attack began just before dawn; the Texans carried one barricade after another, dislodging the enemy in hand-to-hand fighting. At last General Cos hoisted the white flag, after the fourth day, and the garrison began negotiations for a surrender. The Mexicans were allowed to march out

and return beyond the Rio Grande. Milam himself was killed, but the Texan losses were small in comparison with those of the Mexicans. This victory removed all Mexican armed forces from Texas.

Milam was a native of Kentucky, and was at this time about forty-five years of age. He was six feet high and a splendid specimen of manhood. He had distinguished himself in the War of 1812, and had likewise fought in the Mexican struggles for freedom from Spain. Because of opposition to Iturbide, however, he was thrown into prison at Monterey. Escaping from that prison, he came to Texas and enlisted with the Texans. His name is justly honoured by Texas and the Texans.

It was during the siege of Bexar that the Consultation gathered. The term consultation was chosen, as the word "convention" in the minds of some savoured too much of revolution. It was difficult to get a quorum together, for so many of the members were taking part in the fighting at once place or another. It was originally called for October 16th, 1835, but because of lack of a quorum was postponed until November 1st. It was finally organized two days later. Among the members of this body were some of the ablest and best sons of Texas. Like our forefathers, who composed the revolutionary congresses, these men assembled and were animated by the loftiest impulses. Indignant at the misrule of Mexico, they were determined to establish a liberal government which they might leave as a proud heritage to their children. Although their election had been informal, yet the stress of feeling was such that the best men were undoubtedly sent. It was not a struggle for place.

A committee of a dozen members, one from each municipality, was appointed to draw up a Declaration

defining the attitude of the Texans. A minority, even at that time, favoured a Declaration of Independence for Texas. A majority of two-thirds, however, favoured pronouncing for the Constitution of 1824. Hence it was that this Consultation averred that the Texans had taken up arms "in defence of the republican institutions of the Federal Constitution of Mexico of 1824." The battle flags carried by the Texans in their engagements had printed on them in large figures "1824." A provisional government was provided for by this Consultation, establishing both a civil and a military administration. The powers were not very clearly defined, and a great deal of confusion soon resulted.

Henry Smith,[1] one of the extreme radicals, was elected governor by the Consultation, and Sam Houston, who begins to be very prominent, was made Major-General of the armies of Texas "to be raised." Stephen F. Austin, with two others, was made a commissioner to the United States. Governor Smith well stated the difficulties confronting Texas in his first message as follows: "You have to call system from chaos; to start the wheels of government, clogged and impeded as they are by conflicting interests, and by discordant materials. Without funds, without the munitions of war; with an

[1] Henry Smith was a native of Kentucky, and came to Texas in 1821 Owing to a serious misunderstanding with the Executive Council, an effort was made by the latter body to depose him as Governor. The controversy was still unsettled when the Provisional Government was displaced by the Government *ad interim*. He served as Secretary of the Treasury under Houston and filled the position with marked ability. A few years later he emigrated to California, where he died in 1853, at the very time he was making preparations to return to Texas. The origin of the Lone Star is traced to Governor Smith. It happened that the buttons on his coat had the impress of a five-pointed star. For want of a seal, one of the buttons was cut off and used. A little later the flag of the Lone Star was designed, although it passed through several evolutions before the final adoption of a flag by the Congress in 1839.

army in the field contending against a powerful foe. These are the auspices under which we are forced to make a beginning."

Peace and harmony quickly vanished, for trouble early arose between the Governor and the Council, which was a sort of advisory body. The principal variance of opinion was over the advisability of despatching an expedition against Matamoras, on the west side of the Rio Grande. So many complications arose from this controversy between the two branches of the government that the border defences were left unprovided for. At no time prior to San Jacinto did the regular army exceed one hundred, although Houston had made an impassioned appeal for five hundred men. Finances were also troublesome. Some donations were received from the United States, but the Texans themselves possessed little wealth save in land. Austin offered his whole estate to be mortgaged as the Consultation saw fit. Fannin tendered thirty-six slaves, and numerous other patriotic proffers of horses and land were made by the colonists. A loan was finally floated in New Orleans and New York by pledges of land.

Alarmed by rumours of a Mexican invasion to recover Bexar, Lieutenant-Colonel Neill, who was in command of the Alamo, sent an urgent request for re-inforcements. General Houston despatched Colonel Bowie with a small force to his aid. Instructions were given by Houston to demolish the fortifications and carry off the artillery. Governor Smith despatched Travis with the men in his detachment. Soon afterwards Neill, because of ill health, left for home, and Travis remained in charge of the troops. This tragic event is treated quite fully in another part of this work.

A body of troops numbering about four hundred, under

Colonel Fannin, marched to the old town of Goliad. It had been ascertained that Mexican forces were invading Texas in considerable numbers, and Fannin awaited them at the fortress of Goliad. Houston sent orders to Fannin to destroy the fortress and retreat to Victoria. After a few days' delay, Fannin began his retrogression. Before this time his forces had been weakened by small detachments sent to Refugio and San Patricio in order to rescue the citizens of those places. None of these men returned. Most of them were captured and shot. Several months later the bones of some of these unfortunates were discovered still tied to the trees where they had been murdered. Word was received from Colonel Travis of his desperate plight in the Alamo, and Fannin first started for San Antonio. At a council of officers, however, it was decided that it was impossible to reach them in time for succour. The heaviest guns were spiked, and only the small cannon taken along in order to facilitate his movement. Five days' rations and as much ammunition as he could carry were distributed to each man. But the impedimenta was all drawn by oxen, and that rendered progress slow. The entire force consisted of about three hundred, including twenty-five mounted men. The troops were halted in an open prairie to rest, and here it was that the Mexicans overtook them.

"Here come the Mexicans!" was the cry that spread over the camp. Fannin arranged his men in a hollow square, with lines three deep in order to repel the cavalry charge. The artillery were stationed at the four angles of the square. The American cavalry made a reconnaissance, but were cut off from the main body and compelled to flee. This was a serious loss. Charges from three directions were simultaneously made by the Mexi-

cans, who numbered more than a thousand. The assault was deadly, and bayonet met bayonet in some places, but the Mexicans were finally compelled to retreat. The fight then continued in a desultory way until sunset. Anticipating a renewal of the conflict in the morning, the Texans dug trenches and threw up earthen mounds for protection. Fannin desired to retreat while this might be done under cover of darkness, but the men expressed an unwillingness to leave their seventy wounded comrades.

During the night three men deserted, but every other man stuck to his post, determined upon victory or death. Before the sun had fairly risen the Mexican forces were astir and preparing for another attack. Large reinforcements had reached them during the night. Ammunition was now running short with the Texan forces. The Mexican commander sent a flag of truce asking for surrender "at discretion," in order to avoid the shedding of more blood. Fannin refused this demand, stating that he "would fight as long as there was a man left to fire a gun before he would surrender on such terms." Then General Urrea himself advanced and was met by Colonel Fannin, and the terms of capitulation were agreed upon. These were that the Texans should either be held as prisoners of war or liberated on parole. These terms were reduced to writing in both Spanish and English, and the English translation was read by Colonel Fannin to his men, according to Mr. Duval in *Early Times in Texas*. Santa Anna afterwards claimed that the surrender was "at discretion."

The prisoners were conducted back to Goliad, and held in close confinement for several days in the old mission and the walls enclosing it. They were so crowded that they could scarcely recline at night, and food was very

scanty. No intimation was given as to their final fate. "On the morning of the 27th of March," says J. C. Duval, one of the survivors, "a Mexican officer came to us and ordered us to get ready for a march. He told us we were to be liberated on 'parole,' and that arrangements had been made to send us to New Orleans on board of vessels then at Copano. This, you may be sure, was joyful news to us, and we lost no time in making preparations to leave our uncomfortable quarters. When all was ready we were formed into three divisions and marched out under a strong guard.

"One of our divisions was taken down the road leading to the lower ford of the river, one upon the road to San Patricio, and the division to which my company was attached along the road leading to San Antonio. A strong guard accompanied us, marching in double files on both sides of our column. When about half a mile above town, a halt was made and the guard on the side next the river filed around to the opposite side. Hardly had this manœuvre been executed, when I heard a heavy firing of musketry in the directions taken by the other two divisions. Some one near me exclaimed, 'Boys! they are going to shoot us!' and at the same instant I heard the clicking of musket locks all along the Mexican line. I turned to look, and, as I did so, the Mexicans fired upon us, killing probably one hundred out of the one hundred and fifty men in the division. We were in double file and I was in the rear rank. The man in front of me was shot dead, and in falling he knocked me down. I did not get up for a moment, and when I rose to my feet I found that the whole Mexican line had charged over me, and were in hot pursuit of those who had not been shot and who were fleeing towards the river about five hundred yards distant."

It would be hard to conceive of anything more brutal than this wholesale massacre of prisoners of war in this uncivilized way. The number of prisoners taken out to be shot like so many animals numbered three hundred and seventy-one. Twenty-seven were fortunate enough to escape in the confusion. The experiences of some of these men are almost past belief. Colonel Fannin, who was incapacitated by a wound, was not among the number. He was soon notified, however, to prepare for death. He was taken out to the square, seated on a bench with his eyes blindfolded, and shot to death. Thus died a brave son of old Georgia. The greater number of the men who were thus massacred were citizens of the United States, who had enlisted in the Texas army, and for that reason the Mexicans claimed, as a palliation for the deed, that they were filibusterers. This fact did not lessen the potency of the battle cry afterwards used: "Remember Goliad!" Together with "Remember the Alamo!" it served to thrill and stimulate the brave Texans at the Battle of San Jacinto.

In the city of Goliad, in Fannin Park, there stands a noble marble shaft. On the north side is engraved the battle cry of San Jacinto, "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"; on the west side, "Independence declared March 2, A. D. 1836, consummated April 21, A. D. 1836"; on the south, "Fannin; erected in memory of Fannin and his comrades," and on the east, "Massacred March 27, A. D. 1836." This forms at once an epitome of the history of the struggle for liberty in Texas.

In obedience to a resolution by the Council, new members of a Convention were elected by the various municipalities. They were to be "clothed with ample, unlimited, or plenary powers as to the form of government to be adopted: *provided,* that no constitution formed shall

go into effect until the same be submitted to the people and confirmed by a majority thereof." This body convened on the first day of March, 1836, at the town of Washington, on the Brazos River. In a session of only seventeen days it accomplished work that has passed into history. It brought into existence the Republic of Texas. New men of the more radical type were in the ascendency in this body. Sam Houston was a delegate, but Austin was in the United States on business for the government.

It seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the independence of Texas would be promulgated. If there had been any uncertainty about it the news of the Alamo tragedy, which reached this body while in session, would have removed it. Everything now seemed to demand a formal declaration of independence. Public opinion had now been thoroughly aroused. The first work of the convention was to appoint a committee to draft a declaration of independence, which was reported on the following day. As finally approved, it set forth a number of causes of complaint which Texas had to make against Mexico. This instrument, which is now preserved in the State's archives, bears fifty-eight signatures. It includes nearly all of the greatest men of that day in Texas.

The next work of the convention was directed toward framing a Constitution. The Constitution of Texas was designed after the Constitution of the United States, only conforming to a single state instead of a federation of states. On the slavery question the Constitution provided that persons of colour, who had been slaves, should remain in bondage. Congress was forbidden to inhibit immigrants from bringing slaves with them, or to emancipate slaves within the Republic. No person was per-

mitted to manumit his own slaves except by consent of Congress, unless he sent them out of the country. Free negroes were not allowed to dwell in Texas except by permission of Congress; but the African slave trade was forbidden, and negroes could only be introduced from the United States. This Constitution was subscribed by fifty members of the convention, three of whom were Mexicans.

The Constitution provided for a President, a Vice-President, an Attorney-General, and four secretaries, for the Departments of State, War, Navy and Treasury respectively. Because of the impossibility of holding elections, an ordinance provided that all the provisional officials were to be elected by the convention. There was also to be a Congress, consisting of two bodies. The President was to appoint, with the advice and consent of his Cabinet, all officers in public service. The government was authorized to borrow one million dollars upon the credit and faith of the Republic. David G. Burnet was chosen President, and Lorenzo de Zavala Vice-President of the government *ad interim*. The provisional capital was established at Harrisburg, on Buffalo Bayou. Sam Houston was appointed commander-in-chief of all the Texan troops, both regular and volunteers. He was to be subject to the general orders of the provisional government, until the election of a president in accordance with the constitution.

A few days after his appointment as commander-in-chief, General Houston started out at the head of his army to repel the Mexicans. Mrs. Dickinson, who had been in the Alamo, arrived with definite information concerning the fate of that fortress. A retreat was ordered. Houston withdrew from one place to another, leaving the settlements defenceless. The men under him were not

disciplined soldiers, but pioneers who were unused to army life. They grew desperate and very disobedient. Division, a general want of harmony, and lack of discipline, jealousy and insubordination were flagrant. There was no regular term of enlistment, and no rigid rule of discipline. The army had gathered under a sudden impulse, and every one came and went as he pleased. These were common faults of an unorganized volunteer force. Many of the companies were recruited from the United States. Hence we find a battalion named "The New Orleans Guard," and a company called "The Cincinnati." There were "The Mustangs of Kentucky," the "Red Rovers" of Alabama, and the Mobile "Greys."

During the revolutionary struggles of the "Lone Star State," Texas was a powerful magnet toward which were irresistibly attracted men of physical courage and restless appetite for adventure. These men, foregathered from all parts of the country, had much in common, for, by natural selection, they were all kindred spirits. What to other men was tragedy was to these men commonplace. War, adventure, scouting, Indian fighting were their pleasures—a little diversion from the ordinary. Strange and wild fellows many of these roving spirits were, often of unusual stature, shaggy as lions and not less brave. Such were the kind of men who, in the wars between Texas and Mexico, and later, between the United States and Mexico, formed the historic bands of scouts known as the "Texas Rangers."

Houston's army continued to increase, even though desertions were numerous. At one time as many as fifteen hundred men were enlisted under his standard. It is not strange that the volunteers deserted in the manner that they did. Although the men were eager to fight the Mexicans, and could hardly be restrained, Houston con-

tinued his retreat without explaining his plans to any one. It was not until they had reached the far bank of the Trinity River that Houston turned to face the Mexicans under Santa Anna. With this victory of San Jacinto the forces of the Mexicans were annihilated, and it was several years before any further struggles followed between the Texans and the Mexicans.[1] The Republic of Texas was now an accomplished fact, for actual independence had been achieved.

[1] For an account of this battle see Chapter VIII, "Houston and San Jacinto."

CHAPTER IV

THE LONE STAR REPUBLIC

As a result of the Revolution, which culminated at San Jacinto, a new Republic was projected into the family of nations, seeking recognition as an independent country. It is not strange that the great powers of the world did not tumble over themselves in their efforts to recognize the Republic of Texas. It was inevitable that such action would affect the relations of the country with Mexico herself. The United States was the first to grant recognition, in March, 1837. France followed a couple of years later. Holland and Belgium entered into treaty relations in 1840, but Great Britain did not do this until 1842, through a series of treaties which began two years earlier. England was consistently favourable from the very beginning, however, for she desired a market for her merchandise "without having to climb over the United States tariff," as one of her ministers expressed it.

It was many years before friendly relations were restored between the Mexicans and the Texans. The Texans could not efface from memory Goliad and the Alamo, and the Mexicans demanded revenge for the loss of so great a territory. Mexico undoubtedly dreamed of reconquering Texas. The borders between the two had never been defined. There was a great strip of neutral ground between the two republics over which neither exercised absolute jurisdiction. The Congress of Texas defined the boundary of the Republic to extend from the

mouth of the Rio Grande to its source, and this included all of the neutral ground, but she never exercised authority over it.

Texas possessed a navy, which made itself felt on the Gulf of Mexico. The *Invincible* and the *Brutus* would scarcely be a desirable target for a submarine to-day, but they boldly cruised around the blue waters of the Gulf and wreaked considerable havoc. The *Independence* was finally added to the galaxy. The *Independence* was captured by the Mexican navy after a spirited fight in which the Texans behaved most gallantly. The *Invincible* was unable to enter the harbour of Galveston when pursued by the enemy. She struck on the breakers and soon went to pieces. The *Brutus* was foundered in an equinoctial gale. Thus ended the old navy of the republic. The *Zavalla* with eight guns, the *Austin* with twenty guns, the *San Jacinto* with five guns, and some other small vessels were afterwards added to the navy. At one time several of them were loaned to the revolutionary government of Yucatan, that government agreeing to defray all expenses and render other compensation as well, so long as it operated against a common enemy.

When Houston was inducted into office the second time, such was the situation of the navy. He recalled the vessels, and they proceeded to New Orleans for repairs. Months passed, and the ships were still at anchor either there or at Mobile. The Secretary of War ordered them back to Texas, but the commander refused to obey. He claimed that he had invested largely of his personal means in refitting the vessels, since the government had failed to send remittances. A commissioner was sent by President Houston. The commander evidently convinced him of the justice of his cause, for he and the commissioner sailed off on an expedition to Yucatan.

This enraged Houston, and the commander was relieved by a proclamation which declared any future acts piratical. This pronouncement brought the ships back to Galveston, but the sympathies of the people were with Commander Maher. Four of these boats were still in commission at the time of annexation, and were by the treaty to be added to the navy of the United States. It is said, however, that they never did reach that destination.

Spurred on by the renewed rumours of annexation, both in the United States and Texas, Mexico began to despatch small military parties into the country, evidently with the hope of maintaining her shadowy claim. Unheralded and unexpected, General Vasquez, at the head of a force of five hundred men, marched against San Antonio in March, 1842, and captured the city, which he held for as much as two days. He then retreated to the west side of the Rio Grande. Another body of Mexicans took possession of Refugio and Goliad for a day or two.

To say that these expeditions aroused great excitement in Texas is superfluous. The tension was intense; hundreds of volunteers were soon enrolled and ready to attack the enemy. But the Mexicans escaped across the Rio Grande. Santa Anna boldly proclaimed that Mexico would not cease her hostility until she had planted her eagle standard on the banks of the Sabine. A few months later another attack of Mexicans, under General Woll, was made just as unexpectedly, and San Antonio was once more in the Mexican toils. The District Court was in session, and the presiding judge was captured. On this occasion the occupation continued for more than a week. The whole of Texas was immediately aflame with anger, and the demon of war was once more aroused.

A call was issued by President Houston for volunteers

Sam Houston.

to gather at San Antonio for the purpose of making an invasion of Mexico. The two raids had enkindled anew the martial spirit in Texas. Moreover, a number of Texans were held as prisoners in the southern republic, including the members of the Santa Fe Expedition. Hence it was not difficult to secure volunteers. General Somerville was placed in command against the wishes of the troops. The men expected to cross the Rio Grande at Laredo, but Somerville remained on the Texas side. They finally crossed, but only a couple of days later re-crossed the river. Then an order disbanding the army fell upon the soldiers like a thunderbolt.

These men of the outraged Republic, who had enlisted to avenge both personal and national insults, were astounded. About three hundred refused to disband and crossed the Rio Grande into Mexico once more. A commander of their own choice was elected. The town of Mier was made the first objective point. The skirmishing began in the town. The Mexicans were soon retreating and firing from housetops as they retired. During a temporary lull the Mexican commander, who had received reinforcements, sent a flag of truce asking for surrender. Up to that time the Texans appeared to be in the lead. Colonel Fisher had been wounded, however, and, fearing defeat, surrendered with more than two hundred men. While being conducted south toward the Mexican capital most of them tried to escape, but they were recaptured. The men were then compelled to draw a bean from a box in which every tenth bean was black—and this meant death. They requested to be shot from the front, and even this poor boon was denied them. They were blindfolded, secured, and made to sit down with their backs toward their executioners. Slightly more than one hundred finally reached home a

year and a half after their capture. In its experiences as a Republic, Texas cannot be said to have covered itself with glory. It was practically bankrupt the greater part of the time, and was constantly in trouble with its creditors because of the depreciation of the script currency that was issued. It was not, in fact, until the closing years of the Republic, that the financial condition experienced any relief. Texas did produce some splendid types of manhood. The emergency of a new nation developed men of the type needed, just as it did in the Thirteen Colonies. There were legislators, judges, generals, and cabinet members who deserve high places on the roll of fame of these United States. A number of them did fill high places in the State and nation after annexation.

In one of his messages to Congress (1841), Houston says: "There is not a dollar in the treasury. The nation is involved from ten to fifteen millions; we are not only without money, but without credit, and for want of punctuality, without character. Patriotism, industry and enterprise are now our only resources—apart from our public domain, and the precarious revenue of the country."

The administration of Provisional President Burnet[1] was inaugurated in the gloomiest period of the war. The Alamo had fallen, and Santa Anna's main division was advancing toward the very heart of the republic. The seat of government was moved here and there as exi-

[1] Burnet was born in New Jersey, but had lived in Ohio, and was a lawyer. Like Houston, he had dwelt among the Indians (Comanches) for several years. He became a citizen of Texas in 1826. He served as Vice-president under Lamar, and was really acting president for several months during the latter's absence on account of illness. He was Secretary of State under the first governor after admission as a State. In 1866 he was elected to the United States Senate, but was not permitted to take his seat. He died at Galveston in 1879 at the age of eighty-three years.

gencies arose. Considering Washington on the Brazos too exposed, President Burnet had established himself at Harrisburg. The approach of Santa Anna drove him to Galveston Island. After the Battle of San Jacinto, and because there were no accommodations on the island, a change was made to Velasco. A few weeks later found the government at Columbia. The army was troublesome and insubordinate. It refused to acknowledge the man sent to command, while Houston was at New Orleans receiving treatment for his wound.

In the midst of such confusion definite policies were not to be expected. The President simply faced problems as they arose, and dealt with them as he could. Prior to the Battle of San Jacinto, such time as the wanderings of the Government permitted was employed in efforts to pacify the fugitives, strengthen the army, and obtain supplies. These efforts were not conspicuously successful. The message of President Burnet to the first Congress speaks of these things in the following words:

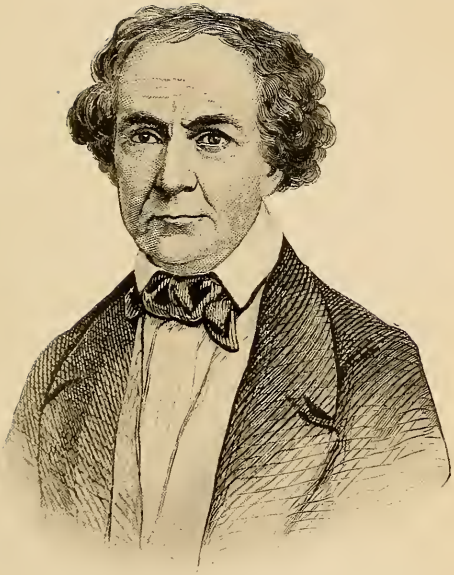
"Sometimes, when Texas was a moving mass of fugitives, they have been without 'a local habitation' and scattered to the cardinal points; again they have been on Galveston Island, without a shelter, and almost without subsistence, and never have they been in circumstances of comfort and convenience suitable to the orderly conducting of the grave and momentous business committed to their charge. That errors should have been committed under such circumstances will not surprise those who have an honest consciousness of their own fallibilities. But that those extraordinary powers have not been perverted to any sinister purpose, to the damage of the country, to personal aggrandizement, or to the creation or advancement of a party, or to the success of a

speculation, I assert with a modest but firm and assured confidence."

The first regular election was held in September, 1836, at which Stephen F. Austin, Henry Smith and Sam Houston were candidates for the presidency. The natural habit of worshipping the successful warrior carried the hero of San Jacinto into office with a tremendous wave of enthusiasm. He received four times as many votes as his two opponents. The Constitution was also ratified. Houston immediately appointed Austin Secretary of State and Smith Secretary of the Treasury, in an effort to harmonize all factions. His term of office did not begin until December, but President Burnet resigned in October and Houston was immediately inaugurated.

A national seal and standard for the Republic were adopted December 10th. The former consisted of a single star with the letters "Republic of Texas" circular on the seal, which was also circular. The national flag was to have an azure ground, with a large golden star central, and to be denominated the national standard of Texas. With regard to the territorial extent of the infant Republic, Congress was not backward in defining the boundaries. By an act of December 19th it was declared that the civil and political jurisdiction of Texas extended from the mouth of the Sabine to the mouth of the Rio Grande, thence up the principal stream of the latter river to its source. The initial session of the first regularly elected Congress was guided by a spirit of patriotism and singleness of purpose worthy of emulation.

During this brief term of President Houston, the debt of the new Republic was augmented to two million dollars. A loan of five million dollars had been authorized



MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, FROM AN OLD ETCHING

by Congress, but it was impossible to float it. The Government was accordingly compelled to institute the issue of paper money. For a time the army was reduced to a destitute condition for the want of food and clothing. The salaries of officials went unpaid. The Constitution provided that the first president should serve only two years, and should be ineligible for election to succeed himself, but the succeeding presidential terms were extended to three years.

At the election in 1838, Mirabeau B. Lamar was almost unanimously elected. Houston and his friends were strenuously opposed to Lamar, believing him to be visionary rather than practical, and imbued with extravagant ideas for the conducting of governmental affairs. They were unable, however, to pick a strong man as his opponent. After this the whole country became divided into the "Houston Party" and the "Anti-Houston Party," and all the elections hinged on the policies advocated by Houston or those opposed to him. Lamar was opposed to the annexation of Texas to the United States, and his inaugural address pictured eloquently and at length the advantages of independence. He could not "regard the annexation of Texas to the American union in any other light than as the grave of all her hopes of happiness and greatness." His administration is most celebrated for its vigorous advocacy of public education. During his term a modest provision was made for the endowment of schools and colleges. Three leagues of land in each county were set aside for the establishment of primary schools or academies. Fifty leagues of land were to be surveyed and devoted to the establishment or endowment of two colleges or universities thereafter to be created.

The financial problem continued to grow more and more serious. As the paper issues increased, deprecia-

tion followed apace. At the close of Lamar's term the debt exceeded seven million dollars, and the value of the government script had depreciated to about fifteen cents on the dollar. These treasury notes were generally called "red-backs" from the colour of the paper upon which they were printed. The finances and credit of the republic had utterly collapsed. His administration has generally been condemned for its extravagance and lack of judgment. Distinguished though Lamar was as a patriot of unquestioned integrity and exalted courage, as an administrator he was an utter failure.

The Indians were very troublesome, and provocation was not wanting. Incoming settlers did not hesitate to push out in the Indian country and occupy the rich lands of the aborigines. Surveyors and speculators penetrated into districts which hitherto had been generally recognized as their hunting grounds. As a result, there were isolated tragedies without number, and several organized revolts of the savages. Many of the chiefs were likewise incited to revolt by Mexican emissaries. An abortive scheme to organize the Republic of the Rio Grande was entered into by some adventurers consisting of both Texans and Mexicans. This new republic was to include Southern Texas, which was practically a neutral ground. An army advanced into Mexico as far as Saltillo, but Texas absolutely ignored the movement.

The most notorious instance of lack of judgment was the Santa Fé Expedition, which ended in disaster. It was undertaken without the sanction of Congress and against its protest. The expedition numbered about three hundred men. Its object was to extend the actual jurisdiction of Texas over that portion of the republic now included within New Mexico, but which was still administered by Mexico. If the inhabitants were will-

ing, the authority and protection of Texas was to be offered. Should the people there be found hostile, the expedition was to return after disposing of the merchandise carried along for trade.

It must be remembered that Texas had always claimed the Rio Grande as its boundaries, and Santa Fé is situated a number of miles on the eastern, or Texas, side of that stream. It is true that Texas had never been able to establish her jurisdiction over that remote section, because of its isolation, but that was probably no reason why she should not at some time attempt such exercise, unless prudence and good judgment warned against it. The guides did not understand the route well, and the party became bewildered and finally lost. Provisions gave out, water was very scarce, the Indians troublesome, horses were stolen, and occasionally men, who straggled off from the main body, were killed. The survivors reached the vicinity of Santa Fé in a starving condition. Here they were betrayed into a shameful surrender, and all were sent as prisoners to Mexico.[1]

"But what, the reader will ask," says Mr. Kendall, a member of the party, in his *Santa Fé Expedition,* "induced so large a body of young men to start upon an expedition of this kind? What objects could they have in view? The answer is easy enough. They were actuated by that love of adventure, which is inherent in thousands of our race; they were anxious to participate in the excitements ever incidental to a prairie tour. . . . We were to pass over a portion of country entirely unknown to the white man, and might reasonably expect to meet

[1] After annexation Lamar served as Division Inspector under General Henderson during the Mexican War. At the taking of Monterey he displayed conspicuous gallantry. On his return to Texas he was elected to the Legislature. For a short time he was United States Minister to Argentina. He died at his home in Texas, December 19th, 1859.

with a larger share of adventure than usually falls to the lot of the Western travellers."

In 1841 David G. Burnet and Sam Houston were the only candidates for the presidency, and Houston was again elected. The financial situation was all but desperate, and Congress was in the mood for economy. Necessity also demanded such a move, for the limit of credit had been reached. Houston had evidently profited by his previous experience; a number of offices were abolished, while the salaries of others were appreciably reduced. By this means the expenditures of the Government were reduced until they were actually less than the receipts. The problem, nevertheless, continued a troublesome one throughout the life of the Republic and, at the close of 1845, the public debt was estimated at nearly twelve million dollars. Houston's second administration was a stormy one. The financial difficulties, the Mexican raids, the seat of government controversy, and other incidents all contributed to its tempestuous character. The official intercourse between the executive and legislative departments was not always characterized by the spirit of urbanity.

The Indian policy of President Houston caused a great deal of discussion, as there were radical differences of opinion. He advocated treaties with the red men rather than continuous efforts to exterminate them. In pursuance of this policy, a number of treaties were actually entered into with them. The names of the Indian chiefs, whose signatures appear on these treaties, as revealed in the *Secret Journals* of the Senate, are rather amusing. Among these are Colonel Bowl, Big Mush, Corn Tassel, The Egg, Roasting Ear, Red Bear, Chicken Trotter. Some of the chiefs and tribes lived up to their obligations, but many of them repudiated their solemn word. Un-

doubtedly they had much provocation from unscrupulous settlers and traders.

In spite of all the political turmoil, and the discord between the executive and legislative branches of the Government, upon his retirement in 1844, both houses joined in a resolution commending Houston for his patriotic statesmanship. He was succeeded by Anson Jones, who had been serving as Secretary of State. Jones was the choice of the Houstonites. The Republic was in the most favourable position that it had ever been. The finances were excellent, while the assurances of peace and tranquillity were becoming stronger each day. The Indians were remarkably tranquil, and there was less disturbance upon the frontier during this administration than at almost any period in her history. Even with Mexico the prospects for peace and the recognition of independence were flattering. President Jones had been an ardent patriot, and had occupied numerous official positions with unusual ability. By this time annexation was the all-absorbing issue, and the domestic affairs of the Republic were of relatively small importance to the public at large.

The people of Texas were beginning to be fairly prosperous, but the country was unwittingly a shuttlecock of stronger powers. Immigration had been rapid since the Battle of San Jacinto, and by 1845 there were probably a hundred thousand white inhabitants, most of whom had emigrated from the United States. Next in number were the German immigrants, with here and there an occasional Englishman or Frenchman. A renaissance of the *empresario* system had been instrumental in hastening the development of the unsettled portions of the State on the western and northwestern frontier. Crops were excellent, commerce was increasing, and indications were

evident that the hardest days of the Republic were over.

The Republic of Texas occupied a comparatively large place in the diplomacy of three of the principal powers of the world—the United States, England and France, without a mention of Mexico. This was due in general to the refusal of Mexico to recognize the independence of Texas. The fact that such a small number of Anglo-Americans were able to achieve independence, and then to maintain it for about ten years, in spite of a powerful enemy on the border and in the face of tremendous financial difficulties, is one of the marvels of the century. There were indeed brave men and true in Texas. In the words of Henry van Dyke:

> "O question not, but honour every name,
> Travis and Crockett, Bowie, Bonham, Ward,
> Fannin and King, all who drew the sword
> And dared to die for Texan liberty!
> Yea, write them all upon the roll of fame,
> But no less love and equal honour give
> To those who paid the longer sacrifice—
> Austin and Houston, Burnet, Rusk, Lamar
> And all the stalwart men who dared to live
> Long years of service to the lonely star."

CHAPTER V

THE LONE STAR STATE

"The Lone Star of Texas, which ten years ago arose amid clouds over fields of carnage, obscurely seen for awhile, has culminated and, following an inscrutable destiny, has passed on and become fixed forever in that glorious constellation which all freemen and lovers of freedom in the world must reverence and adore—the American Union. Blending its rays with its sister States, long may it continue to shine, and may generous Heaven smile upon the consummation of the wishes of the two Republics now joined in one. May the union be perpetual, and may it be the means of conferring benefits and blessings upon the people of all the States, is my ardent prayer. The final act in the great drama is now performed. The Republic of Texas is no more!"

These were the concluding words of the valedictory of President Anson Jones when he turned the Government over to General J. Pinckney Henderson, the governor-elect.[1] During this address, which was delivered in front of the old capitol in Austin, intense emotion thrilled every bosom while tears trickled from the eyes

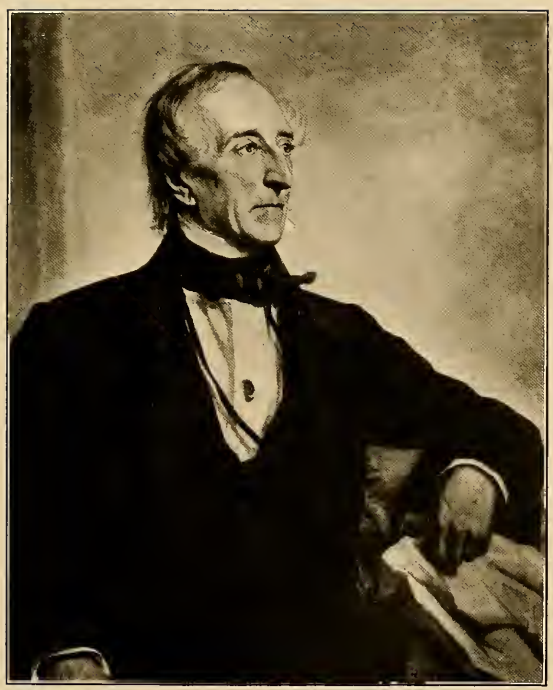
[1] This first Governor of Texas was a native of North Carolina. He came to the Republic in 1836 at the head of a company of volunteers. At the inauguration of Houston as President he became Attorney General and afterward served as Secretary of State. He was Minister to both England and France, and a Special Minister to the United States. In 1857 he was elected to the United States Senate, but died before taking his seat.

of many weather-beaten Texans. They felt that Texas was being stricken from the galaxy of nations.

As the retiring executive uttered the words, "The Republic of Texas is no more," he lowered the lone star emblem of that passing State, and hoisted the starred and striped banner of the greater Republic of which Texas became a member. Thus was consummated one of the most remarkable events in the civil history of the world, in which a nation voluntarily surrendered its sovereignty. The hillside was covered with people, and many a strong man wept to see the lone star come down. They had sustained that flag for almost ten years on many a battlefield, and they dreaded a future conflict over African slavery in the United States, for the war clouds were even then gathering.

In a vote taken by the Texans the same year in which independence was declared, the Texans had expressed themselves almost unanimously in favour of annexation with the United States. The political situation in that Republic was such, however, that the proposal did not meet with favour. In the first place this proposition was promulgated at a time when the contest between the slave States and the free States was ebullient. The imminent possibility of extending slave territory to such an extent as the admission of Texas would mean did not receive favourable consideration in the North. Another impediment was the probability that the admission of Texas at that time presaged a war with Mexico, which was not at all desired. The best that could be considered was the recognition of the new Republic.

It was not until 1843, in the reign of President Tyler, that fresh overtures from the Texans were received with encouraging favour. But England was not indifferent. She exerted every controlling influence that she could



PRESIDENT TYLER

interpose to prevent its accomplishment. The Mexican Government announced that it would consider annexation as in fact a declaration of war. Deterred by neither of these threatening complications, a treaty was actually presented to the Senate in April, 1844. President Tyler, the "president without a party," had been so unfortunate in his political affiliations, however, that he had alienated the support of the Whigs, and, with only a partial support from the Democrats, the treaty was defeated by more than two to one. In the election which followed shortly afterwards, the Democratic party declared for annexation in its platform, and its candidate, James K. Polk, was elected. Thus it was that the annexation of Texas became a question only of time and method. Tyler succeeded in robbing his successor of a little of the glory by forcing a resolution providing for annexation through the combined houses of Congress a few days before his office terminated. This method was declared to be unconstitutional, but such an announcement had no effect upon the action of the legislative body.

The attitude of Texas herself threatened to become a stumbling-block at this time. Many of the public men were opposed to annexation, desiring to link their names with the rise and destiny of an independent nation. For a while it appeared as though annexation had been too long delayed by the United States. President Anson Jones himself was considered by many as an opponent of annexation. In his inaugural address he studiously avoided all reference to this subject, which everybody was thinking about, while the ninth and last Congress of the Republic in its regular session, which ended February 3rd, 1845, omitted to take any action on the matter. Jones was probably misjudged. And yet so intense did public feeling become on this question, that there was

actually talk of deposing him and introducing a government *ad interim*.[1] As soon as the joint resolution was passed by the United States Congress, President Jones summoned a special session of the Texas Congress, and also called a State convention to pass upon the subject of annexation. At this time a treaty of peace between Texas and Mexico was presented by the latter country, providing that the independence of Texas would be officially recognized, in the event that Republic would pledge itself against annexation. The Congress, which met on June 16th, did not hesitate long, for on the fifth day it unanimously rejected the treaty with Mexico, and on the seventh day unanimously declared itself in favour of annexation. In October the State constitution, which had been prepared, was submitted to the vote of the people, as well as the question of annexation. Thus the uncertainty was relieved, and the preliminaries necessary to the union were arranged as speedily as it was possible so to do.

It required great care to prepare these preliminaries for statehood while the country was still a republic. In

[1] Anson Jones was a Massachusetts man and had come to Texas to practice medicine. He soon afterwards deserted medicine and entered the field of active politics. He was one of the earliest advocates of Texas independence. He had participated in the Battle of San Jacinto. President Jones never recovered from the unpopularity aroused by the feeling that he opposed annexation. After annexation he retired to his place in Washington County, and for eleven years remained in private life. Others were honoured with high positions and he felt that he had been slighted. At last his name was brought out as a candidate for the United States Senate, but he was defeated. On the 7th of January, 1858, he was at the old Capitol Hotel in Houston. He then seemed in low spirits, and in a sad tone remarked to a friend: "Here, in this house, twenty years ago, I commenced my political career in Texas, as a member of the Senate, and here I would like to close it." Not long afterward, a pistol shot was heard in his room, and Dr. Jones was found in a dying condition. The country was shocked at this sad occurrence.

December an election for State officials was held, and by proclamation the Legislature was convened for February 16th, 1846. It was on this date that the transfer of authority took place. The Constitution drawn up was worthy of a great State. It is short, and exhibits many successful attempts at self-restraint.

War between the United States and Mexico closely followed annexation. The question as to whether the United States was right or wrong in its actions, which provoked the conflict with our neighbouring Republic, has been adjudged with varying opinions by historians and students of international affairs. It is undoubtedly true that the attitude of President Polk was more unyielding than a powerful nation should have conducted itself toward one relatively so weak. Mexico had uttered threats, but every one knew, and none better than Washington, that Mexico was too weak to follow up her defiance.

The one question that was of great importance to Texas, and, therefore, to the United States after annexation, was the establishment of a definite boundary between it and Mexico. It is generally conceded that Texas, while a Spanish province, and subsequently a political division of the Republic of Mexico, did not touch the Rio Grande River at any point. In Southern Texas, on the Gulf, the dividing line was the Nueces River, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico near Corpus Christi. At another point the dividing line was the Medina River, flowing a few miles southeast of San Antonio. Farther west its boundaries were still more remote from the Rio Grande.

According to a treaty entered into with Santa Anna, the Mexican president, when a prisoner, and therefore under a sort of duress, it was provided that Texas ob-

ligated herself not to lay claim to anything west of the Rio Grande River, but this entire treaty was afterward repudiated by the Mexican Government. In 1836 the Congress of Texas had passed a resolution declaring the boundaries of that Republic on the south and west to be the Rio Grande. From a legal standpoint this signified nothing more than if that legislative body had asseverated that the Pacific Ocean should be their frontier. At no period in her history did Texas succeed in establishing her jurisdiction as far as the Rio Grande. The Santa Fé Expedition was the only attempt made to push the frontier westward, and that was a fiasco.

The conflict between Mexico and the United States could have only one result, but, as this subject is not especially pertinent to a study of Texas, it will not be considered any more extensively. Suffice it to say that in the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, the international boundaries were finally adjudicated, and the Rio Grande was established as the Texas frontier. There is no doubt that the war was really welcomed by the Texans, as it provided the opportunity for her adventurous sons to make the execrated Mexicans feel the blighting effects of a sanguinary struggle carried to their altars and firesides. It was a costly experience for Mexico, and the nominal sum paid by the United States for the lost territory did not moderate the bitterness of the compulsion.

The limits of Texas were not yet finally determined. On two occasions, since the admission of Texas as a State, have the boundary lines of that expansive commonwealth been changed. The first of these developed a controversy that aroused a bellicose attitude on the part of Texas which threatened serious trouble. As Texas was admitted it extended as far north as latitude forty-

two, and followed the Rio Grande River in its course through New Mexico. Appended to the final treaty with Mexico was a map on which the western frontier of Texas was outlined as claimed by that State. A number of questions at once arose. During the war with Mexico Federal troops had taken possession of Santa Fé. Almost immediately after peace was declared the people of New Mexico in a convention adopted an anti-slavery petition to Congress, in which protest was made against the claims of Texas. Thus the question of the limits of that State became inseparably bound up with the struggle over the expansion of slavery.

Texas organized the County of Santa Fé, but the officer appointed to assume charge was opposed by the United States officials, who claimed exclusive authority. The contest assumed the proportions of a national problem. Texas had been admitted as a slave State, and its boundaries reached far above the line established by the Missouri Compromise. Although there was a clause stating that that portion above thirty-six degrees thirty minutes should become free when erected into a separate State, there appeared little likelihood that such action would be taken. This placed the anti-slavery forces against Texas. Newspapers of Texas published inflammatory editorials, and the governor besought of the Legislature authority to enlist several thousand rangers.

When Fillmore succeeded to the office of chief executive, upon the death of General Taylor, a spirit of concession developed and the Compromise of 1850 was enacted. Texas needed money to pay off the obligations left over from the Republic. In consideration of ten million dollars delivered to the State in United States bonds, bearing five per cent interest and due in fourteen years, Texas relinquished all of her assertions to terri-

tory beyond the present outlines. This excised territory comprised parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, and New Mexico. The exact boundaries were not surveyed until half a century subsequently, but no serious complications resulted. As a further consideration for the money paid, Texas ceded to the United States her forts, her navy, and her customs-houses with the revenue therefrom. After the many old obligations of the Republic of Texas had been satisfied, this still left a sufficient sum to rehabilitate the finances of the new State into a healthy condition. Texas had also been prudent enough to retain possession of all of her public lands. This placed the commonwealth in possession of immense resources, which have aided very materially in the development of that State.

By a decision of the United States Supreme Court as recently as 1896, Texas lost what was known as Greer County, which was added to Oklahoma. This was the adjudication of an antiquated claim dating back to 1819, in the treaty between the United States and Spain. By this treaty the boundary line of the two countries was to extend from the "Gulph of Mexico" up the Sabine River to the thirty-second degree of latitude, then north to the Rio Roxo, or Red River, and then to follow the Red River westward. The Red River has two branches, however, and the question in dispute hinged upon whether the demarcation was the north fork or the south fork. Texas naturally interpreted it to be the north fork, which gave her the greater territory, and actually exercised jurisdiction over that disputed territory, but the highest tribunal of the United States decided in favour of the south fork. She thus lost a territory greater than our two smallest States.

Statehood for Texas was very fortunate. She sac-

rificed a certain degree of independence, but she was released from a tremendous financial burden owing to the necessity of a diplomatic and military establishment. The population of the Republic of Texas was so meagre, and the territory so large, that the strain would have become infinitely greater as the years passed. The war with Mexico recorded the beginning of a period of rapid growth in the population and wealth of the State, which was arrested only by the paralyzing effects of the internecine struggle between the States. The disposal of New Mexico unburdened the State from its staggering debts, and placed a good working balance in the treasury. Thus Texas could offer not only low taxes, a protected homestead, fertile lands, and a genial climate, but an opportunity for adventure.

Immediately after annexation immigration began to pour into the new State in increasing numbers. In the decade preceding the Civil War, Texas was exceeded in growth by only four States. Whereas at the time of the Declaration of Independence the white population did not exceed thirty thousand, a year or two after annexation it had been augmented to more than a hundred thousand. In 1860 there were almost half a million Texans, and the value of property had increased in even a greater proportion. The rapid growth in population signified the occupation of large areas of the former wild lands. The rapidity with which the frontier receded is strikingly indicated by the lists of new counties created and organized during those years. In 1856 sixteen counties were established, and the highest mark was reached in 1858, when thirty-five new counties were presented to the commonwealth.

The growth and expansion in population was outstripped by the accretion in wealth. The taxable values

in 1860 were eight hundred per cent greater than those at the initiation of statehood. With this development came a demand for improved transportation facilities. Work was begun on a number of projects for the improvement of bays and rivers. As it was possible for the waterways to serve only a small portion of the country, the construction of railways was advocated and encouraged. Then followed the era of railroad construction.

The first railroad in Texas was the "Buffalo Bayou, Brazos and Colorado Railroad," which was started west from the town of Harrisburg in 1852. Twenty miles were completed by August 1st, 1853. This was the beginning of the Sunset System of railroads. The name afterwards became the "Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio," which name still remains for a portion of the system. The next iron road was the Galveston and Red River, begun at Houston in the following year, and designed to traverse the State to the north. The name was afterwards changed to the "Houston and Texas Central," which it still bears. This company operated its first locomotive on the road in 1856, at which time it had completed two miles of track out of Houston. The Washington County Railroad had reached from Hempstead to Brenhan, a distance of twenty-one miles, by 1860. The Galveston, Houston and Henderson in 1859 constructed a bridge across the bay and reached Galveston, providing that island its first connection with the mainland. It is needless to enumerate all the early railroads, but this brief description will give a little idea of the beginning of railroad construction.

The greatest problem that confronted Texas during these years was that of the Indians, whose tepees were within her boundaries. Some of these tribes were friendly, but the Comanches who roamed the western

prairies were exceedingly troublesome. Their special enemies had been Mexicans during the Republic, but if the brown Mexican enemies were scarce they were satisfied with whites. Furthermore, there were many hostile raids of the red men from the Indian Territory over into Northern Texas. A report submitted to the Legislature in 1850 outlined a list of one hundred and seventy-one persons killed, seven wounded, and twenty-five carried into captivity during the preceding year.

The reason for this unusual casualty list was that the Federal troops had been withdrawn almost entirely. Several companies of volunteers were called into service by the State, and they did effective work. But there was a vast expanse of territory to be protected, much of it being trackless and almost waterless areas over which the foot of white men had seldom if ever trod. There were fastnesses and places of retreat known only to the savage. The State constabulary, known as the Texas Rangers, performed effective service, but they could not be everywhere along the border. The Indians were finally colonized on lands appropriated by the State, but even this did not entirely solve the problem. Stray bands would occasionally break away and plunder horses and other valuables from the settlers, sometimes even killing those who resisted. Such disturbances as these, however, were not peculiar to Texas, for border troubles occurred from our northern border to our southern border in the onward march of civilization toward the West. At a later date, with the exception of a few in Polk County, and near El Paso, all the aborigines were removed beyond the borders of the State.

The feeling between the Mexicans and the Texans was not always of the best. The Mexicans were accused of stealing horses and stimulating opposition of the slaves

to their masters. An escaped slave was never restored to its owner by Mexico. In this way a racial opposition was engendered which caused a number of unfortunate occurrences between Mexicans and Texans. In some counties resolutions were adopted in mass conventions which forever forbade any Mexican from coming within the limits of the county, and those living there were expelled. At Brownsville a Mexican band, under the leadership of a daring border chieftain, took possession of that city and killed several Americans who had incurred the leader's hostility. He was defeated and driven back into Mexico with considerable losses on both sides.

The so-called "Cart War" also caused considerable disquietude. Mexican cartmen had been engaged for many years in hauling goods between San Antonio and the Gulf. On several occasions they were attacked by lawless bands of persons who fired on them. At Goliad a meeting was called, which declared that "the presence of the greasers or peon Mexicans as citizens among us is an intolerable nuisance and a grievance which calls loudly for redress." One of the chief causes for the bitterness of feeling was the fact that the Mexicans carried goods cheaper than their American competitors. The militia were called out, and the "war" collapsed.

No State in the Union has made more history than Texas. The Texans have contributed their full share of thrilling experiences. By the year 1860 there were one hundred thousand and more negro slaves owned within the borders of Texas. The greater percentage of immigrants had migrated from States where slavery was a recognized institution. Texas had likewise dropped into the Democratic column. No more than natural was it, therefore, that Texas should withdraw from the Union along with the other Southern States in the concerted

movement which followed the defection of South Carolina. The judgment, passions, and prejudices of an overwhelming majority of the people of Texas favoured secession. It must not be forgotten that a considerable portion of her population had lived there when Texas was a nation. The question of slavery in Texas, they considered, had been settled when Texas entered the Union as a slave State only fifteen years before. Had that privilege been denied, Texas never would have considered annexation. The so-called "higher law" of the "Black Republicans" could not be considered.

Alone, and almost unsupported, there was one public man who stood like a stone wall against secession. This man was the hero of San Jacinto, who was then governor. In his inaugural address, Houston had said: "Texas will maintain the Constitution and stand by the Union. It is all that can save us as a nation. Destroy it and anarchy awaits us." He had been elected as an independent over the regular Democratic candidate. He was still a man of powerful influence on the platform, and, as ever, was aggressive in everything which he undertook. Heedless of a tremendous clamour, Houston refused to summon the Legislature in session. The people had recourse to an extraordinary action. A convention was called by some unauthorized State officials, to which twice as many delegates were to be elected as there were members of the Legislature. This was ordered to meet on January 28th. Houston then yielded and convened the Legislature one week earlier. Five States had already seceded when the Legislature assembled.

When the South Carolina Resolutions were transmitted to the Legislature, Governor Houston recommended "the adoption of resolutions dissenting from the assertion of the abstract right of secession." The temper of the as-

sembly is shown a few days later by the adoption of an ordinance of secession by a vote of one hundred and sixty-seven to seven. The convention, which had been called, met, and before the vote of the people had been taken, elected delegates to the Congress of the Southern States already called, and appointed a Committee of Public Safety. This Committee immediately inaugurated steps to secure the arms and military property of the United States in Texas. This was very large, because the uncertain condition along the border had made necessary a number of army posts in which were an abundance of military stores. This was all surrendered by General David E. Twiggs, the commander of this department. When Twiggs, who was himself a Southerner, demurred a little, probably for propriety's sake, a display of force was made by a volunteer body, and Twiggs then wrote out an order for the surrender of all government military property in Texas to the Texans.

It is worthy of note that the early military movements in Texas preceding and following secession were conducted under the Lone Star Flag. Whenever the Stars and Stripes were lowered, this banner was hoisted in their place. The employment of this former emblem was evidence of quite a general desire to resume State sovereignty, and simply work in harmony with the newly-formed confederacy. The members of this party, however, were greatly out-numbered as events developed.

That Houston at one time considered open resistance to the secessionists appears quite evident, but he evidently abandoned the idea and calmly submitted to the trend of affairs. Perhaps it was because of his age and infirmity. In some sections the union party was powerful, and a resourceful leader like Houston could have involved the State in a sanguinary civil war of its own.

On February 23rd, the ordinance of secession was balloted upon by the electorate, and was carried by a vote of almost three to one. Texas delegates joined with those of the other recalcitrant States in establishing a provisional government of the Confederate States, at Montgomery, Alabama. It was not long until the internecine war was fully under way.

Fortunate indeed was it for Texas that she was located so far from the scene of active military operations. She lay entirely outside the path of the terrible storm that devastated her sister States. Proximity to Mexico provided a comparatively safe outlet for cotton and inlet for supplies of various kinds. Almost ninety thousand Texans affiliated with the Confederate Armies during the war. Hood's Texas Brigade and the Terry Rangers achieved for themselves laurels on many a bloody battlefield. Her officers won high places. Few conflicts, and those of a minor nature, occurred on Texas soil. For a while Galveston was in possession of Union troops, and there were some other isolated skirmishes at various places. The recapture of Galveston and the defence of Sabine Pass are the most brilliant fights. These struggles, however, were unimportant when compared with the bloody fights that took place in the Eastern States of the Confederacy.

There was absolutely no fighting in the interior of Texas during the entire Civil War, and all the skirmishes happened somewhere on the border. The cultivation of the soil continued very much as it did preceding the war, with the exception that the ranch owners and farmers were handicapped by the paucity of men to perform the work. These men had taken their places on the fighting line at other points. But the financial burden of Texas was unusually onerous, for she was

compelled to protect her own borders from Indian depredations as well as satisfy the almost unprecedented demands of the Confederacy.

It was indeed a scene of great disorder and confusion that Texas presented at the close of the war. Soldiers, who had proved their bravery on the battlefield, and who had endured frightful hardships without complaint, now became lawless brigands. Finding their cause lost, and having received no pay for months, they demanded a division of all Confederate property. It was seized and taken possession of wherever found. The utmost confusion reigned. The country swarmed with men out of funds and devoid of employment. The civil authorities confessed themselves impotent to deal with the situation. Guerillas and highwaymen almost openly plied their vocations everywhere. An abortive attempt was made to rob the penitentiary at Huntsville. The State treasury was actually looted, but there was little of value in it. The war had exhausted all the available resources. An interregnum of several weeks intervened between the departure of the principal State and Confederate officers and the arrival of Federal officers, and this afforded the opportunity.

From June 8th to October 13th, 1865, there are only blank pages in the fiscal ledger, "mute evidences of the end of a disastrous struggle, and of the temporary dissolution of state government." A. J. Hamilton, a Texas Union man, was appointed provisional governor. Reconstruction presented many problems in Texas, as it did in the other Southern States. Union men who had been driven out of the State by secession were inclined to be unyielding and uncompromising when the tide of events placed things in their control.

"Rid of the incubus of slavery," says Mr. Garrison in

his *Texas, a Contest of Civilizations* (1903), "and with her government again in the hands of her people, Texas received a new progressive impetus that has seemed to grow and strengthen with each succeeding year. It would appear as if the industrial and moral energies of the State were emancipated along with the slaves, and the record of its development during the last quarter of a century has been really wonderful. In population, in wealth, in education, and in general culture, the increase has been equally striking. The grain of Anglo-American mustard seed planted in the far Southwest has grown to a stately tree, in which many of the best ideas and impulses of the whole outer world have come to nest."

CHAPTER VI

CHARMING AND HISTORIC SAN ANTONIO

San An-ton-i-o and Al-a-mo—there is something pleasing and euphonious about these very names. The one is reminiscent of the Dons and monks of Spain who once dwelt here; the other is a memory of unexcelled bravery and stoicism. But each would lose half its charm if translated into the prosaic English of Saint Anthony and Cottonwood. I have visited San Antonio several times, and each time I have been charmed the more. There is something restful and quieting about the city that one does not find in our large Eastern cities. The strenuous activity of those congested centres is absent, and life moves along in a far easier way. People have time to pause for a moment on their way to business and exchange confidences with their neighbours. There is just the least bit of that *mañana* spirit of old Mexico distinguishable. In short, it is a city that is different, with an atmosphere and a charm peculiarly its own. The sun does not always shine, as some San Antonians would have you believe, but when it does shine there is a blueness of the sky and a balminess of the air which is so seductive that you are likely to forget you had any intention of journeying farther.

San Antonio is a sort of meeting-place between the East and the West, the North and the South, the old and the new. It is a gateway to the West, where changes begin to evolve that are peculiarly Western. It is on

the main highway to Old Mexico, the land of burros and *sombreros*. It is also the juxtaposition of the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon civilization, for you can find here the old Spanish *patios* in the interior of the houses. You will also discover numerous plazas scattered over the city, just one block in extent, which are riotous with bloom and reminiscent of the plazas to be found in Spanish towns. Your ears will be assailed on all sides by the soft and lisping accents of the Castilian tongue. Built upon the foundations of an eighteenth century town, and still retaining many of the features of the earlier order, San Antonio is one of the most distinctive of American cities. It will always be regarded by loyal Texans as the shrine of early Texas history, while the old missions and other remains of the Spanish era are quaint and picturesque landmarks which attract visitors from every State and every country.

San Antonio is an old city, as Texas cities go. The cowled and frocked Franciscan monks tramped three hundred leagues across the deserts of Northern Mexico in their numerous journeys which led them to this site. Many fell by the wayside in this fearful enterprise. It was the report of the discovery of the Gulf of Mexico by La Salle, the famous French explorer, that prompted Spain to make conquests in this territory. With the priests went soldiers clad in helmet and mail, who sought gold and adventure. The sword and the cross marched hand in hand, as is usual with the Spaniards, and in this way the site of San Antonio was first visited by white men.

A number of springs bubble up here out of the earth and form a beautiful little stream of wonderfully clear water; and it is to this fact that San Antonio owes its location. These streams, which furnish an abundant sup-

ply of water, and the verdant vegetation caused by a constant supply of moisture, attracted the attention of these Franciscan monks, so that they decided to erect a mission here for the Indians who were numerous in this neighbourhood. The first mission was established at the head springs of the San Pedro by Don Martin de Alarcon, in 1718. He called it the Mission de San Antonio de Valero. The mission was not a new one, but was removed from its former location on the Rio Grande. At the same time he created the presidio of San Antonio de Bexar, or fort of San Antonio, declaring it to be his monarch's capital in this country. This was probably located near an Indian village known to be there. The dominion he named the Province of Bexar (pronounced bear).

An old Spanish chronicle reads as follows: "In this province (Bexar) are some beautiful springs. So great is their volume that they send out within a short distance a considerable river which they form. This stream is called San Antonio. Across the river on its eastern bank and about two gunshots is the Mission of San Antonio de Valero (now the Alamo). This mission was founded on the First of May, 1718, by order of the most excellent Marquis de Valero. It was the first college of the Holy Cross that in its zeal for the salvation of the natives was planted in the province of Texas. The records show that since its formation and up to this date (1762) seventeen hundred and ninety-two persons have been baptized here. At present there are seventy-six families here, which, counting widows, orphans, and other children, comprise two hundred and seventy-five persons."

The natives did not welcome the intrusion of a paler race, and hostilities arose almost immediately. They had hitherto enjoyed undisputed possession of the spark-

ling springs, and they cared not to share their boon with any other people. A couple of years later reinforcements, both clerical and military, arrived, and a new and stronger presidio arose on the site of the present Military Plaza, or Plaza de Armas. The river ran through one side of it which guaranteed an inexhaustible supply of pure water. One-storied buildings were erected on the four sides of the parallelogram, and this was surrounded by a stout stockade composed of a wooden wall. Piercing this at intervals were loopholes for fire-arms.

Of the three permanent Spanish settlements in the early days of Texas, that of San Antonio was by far the most important. It was the western outpost of Spanish authority in Texas, as was Nacogdoches, the easternmost outpost. It was the capital of the province during practically the whole of the Spanish and the Mexican occupation. It became the scene of the most desperate fighting in the struggle for freedom from the Mexican yoke. A number of legends date its settlement back to the last decade of the seventeenth century, but this claim is not supported by trustworthy evidence.

From its founding almost, San Antonio was a combination, or aggregation, of mission, presidio (fortress) and villa (village). The three did not always dwell in peace and harmony, as the early records disclose many controversies. As the lawmakers and judges were so distant, the colonists were compelled to settle their petty quarrels among themselves. As a result, the minutes of the local assemblies are a record of petitions and trivial discussions. They are of no interest to-day other than the light they throw on the public questions of that day.

A constant call went out for settlers after the establishment of the eastern missions. This call was finally answered by the establishment, in 1731, of a villa, or civil

settlement, designated as San Fernando, in honour of the Spanish king. The colonists were secured in the Canary Islands. A royal decree provided that four hundred families should be transferred to Texas, but only a small proportion of this number came. These colonists were landed at Vera Cruz, and were compelled to make the long and wearisome march overland. The government paid all expenses of the settlers, and the most elaborate plan was formulated for their well-being. The decrees of the viceroy provided for their welfare as a father would look after his children. It was even decreed that they become *hidalgos,* that is, gentlemen of the realm. But they seem to have made little of this honour. The settlement was to become a *ciudad,* or city. These colonists became the "Canary Island" settlers, whose members and descendants have occupied quite a prominent place in the history of San Antonio.

Although the missions were convenient to the settlement of San Fernando, the settlers demanded a parish church of their own. In response to these demands the corner stone of San Fernando was laid in 1744. This church was used as the central place of worship in San Antonio for a century and a quarter. The present cathedral was then built around and over the old church. All that now remains of this historic structure is the curious polygonal portion with its Moorish dome at the western end. In the early days there was a constant triangular quarrel between the three discordant elements mentioned above. Some of it was of the most trifling nature, and the conduct was childish. In 1793 the mission known as the Alamo was abandoned, and one of the discordant elements disappeared. The real name of the settlement was long in doubt. San Fernando was applied only to the civil settlement. As the presidio and villa gradually

united and merged into one community, there was a constant struggle between Bexar and San Antonio, but the latter gradually supplanted all other designations.

All the writers of the early days tell of the obsequiousness of the Spaniards in Bexar towards the Indians, and the contempt with which the Indians treated the whites. Here is what one historian says of this period:

"Encouraged by the passive submission of the Mexicans of mixed blood, they (the Indians) carried their insolence so far as to ride into Bexar, and alight in the public square, leaving their horses to be caught and pastured by the obsequious soldiers of the garrison, on pain of chastisement. To raise a contribution, they would enter the town with a drove of Mexican horses, stolen by themselves, and under pretence of having rescued the caballado from hostile Indians, would exact a reward for their honesty! They openly carried off herds of cattle and horses from the settlements east of the Rio Grande, sparing the lives of the herdsmen, not from motives of humanity, but because they deemed it impolitic to kill those who were so useful in raising horses and mules for the benefit of the Comanches."

San Antonio did not grow very fast. When Zeb Pike passed through here in the early part of the last century, he writes of it as a city of "perhaps two thousand souls, most of whom reside in miserable mud wall houses, covered with thatched grass roofs. The town is laid out on a very grand plan."

In 1834, a colonist who visited San Antonio gives us the following description of the city:

"Bexar is one of the poorest, most miserable places in this country. The Indians steal all their horses, rob their rancheros, and, nearly every week, murder some one or two of the inhabitants. From want of union and energy,

they tamely submit to this outrage, which all admit is inflicted by a few Tahuacanas."

Even at a much later period San Antonio was quite crude, for F. L. Olmstead, writing in 1856, says: "The street life of San Antonio is more varied than might be supposed. Hardly a day passes without some noise. If there be no personal affairs to arouse talk, there is some government train to be seen, with its hundreds of mules on its way from the coast to a fort above, or a Mexican ox-train from the coast. A government express clatters off, or news arrives from some exposed outpost, or from New Mexico. An Indian in his finery appears on a shaggy horse, in search of blankets, powder and ball. . . . The street affrays are numerous and characteristic. . . . More often than otherwise, the parties meet upon the plaza by chance, and each, on catching sight of his enemy, draws a revolver, and fires away. As the actors are under more or less excitement, their aim is not apt to be of the most careful and sure, and consequently it is, not seldom, the passers-by who suffer. . . . If neither is seriously injured they are brought to drink together on the following day, and the town waits for the next excitement."

With the advent of Texas sovereignty, obsequiousness toward the Indian ceased. He was taught that the white man was lord of the place. The most sanguinary event that transpired with the red men in San Antonio was the famous Council House Fight in 1840. The Comanches had expressed a desire for a conference concerning ransom for captives. The commanding officer had told them that they could come if they brought all their white captives, but not to come otherwise. On March 19th a party of sixty-five Comanches, including a dozen chiefs, arrived at San Antonio. They brought

with them only one prisoner, Matilda Mary Lockhart, who, together with her sister, had been carried into captivity a couple of years before. The chiefs were conducted to the Court House, which stood at the northeast corner of Market Street and the Main Plaza. At that time, however, Market Street was called Calle de Calabosa, because the jail fronted on it just across an alley from the Court House. In this palace of justice the chiefs took seats on the platform together with the officers. Soldiers were stationed both within and without the building.

" 'Where are the prisoners you promised to bring in to this talk?' was asked.

"Muke-war-rah, the chief who held the last talk with us, and made the promise, replied: 'We have brought in the only one we had; the others are with other tribes.'

"A pause ensued because, as this answer was a palpable lie, and a direct violation of their pledges, solemnly given scarcely a month since, we had the only alternative left us. He observed this pause, and asked quickly, 'How do you like the answer?' "

The above is from the official report of the officer in charge to President Lamar. During the whole of the proceedings the chiefs kept a keen and scrutinous watch upon every movement of the whites.

The girl was questioned, and said that she had seen several other prisoners only a few days previous, and that the Indians had determined to bring them in one at a time to extort large ransoms. She also told of the brutal treatment she had received. The chiefs listened in haughty and defiant silence. The soldiers were then stationed at the doors. Colonel Fisher then reproached the Indians for their perfidy. They were reminded of the terms of the conference. He said: "You have come

against our orders. Your women and children may depart in peace, and your braves may go and tell your people to send in the prisoners. When these prisoners are returned, you and the other chiefs here present may likewise go free. Until then we hold you as hostages."

The interpreter at first refused to translate this, saying that a conflict would undoubtedly follow. As soon as he uttered the words, he left the room. True to his prediction, the chiefs strung their bows, and drew their knives. A rush was made for the door. The order was given, "Fire, if they do not desist." The Indians fought desperately, and a general order to fire was given. In a short time every one of the chiefs lay dead upon the floor. The Indians in the plaza outside took up the fight and contended like wild beasts. The Indian boys, who had been shooting at marks, killed some of the whites, and even the squaws fought like fiends. Only one warrior, a renegade Mexican, escaped. Thirty-five Indians were killed. The women and children were detained as prisoners. A number of Texans, seven in all, were slain. One squaw was released, mounted on a good horse, and sent back to her people with the message that the prisoners would be released when the white prisoners were brought in. A short time afterwards a party of Comanches, displaying a white flag, appeared on a hill a short distance from San Antonio. The band brought in several white children. Their own people were released and the Indians hurried away.

The modern city of San Antonio now houses more than one hundred thousand people, and is the largest city in Texas. At the time of the massacre it was a typical Mexican town of about seven thousand. The city was then on the opposite side of the river from the Alamo. It has now grown up to and around that old structure.

THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER

The San Antonio River meanders around through the town for many miles, and one comes across it in the most unexpected places. In places its blue waters ripple between banks that are parked with blooming shrubs and plants. Many of the glimpses of bridges, of which there are about twenty, and the graceful bends are extremely beautiful.

There are many little parks in San Antonio, comprising a single square, and called plazas after the Spanish fashion. On Milam Square is the grave of the brave Ben Milam, together with a monument to that hero. At Travis Park is a great monument to the "Lost Cause," which bears the significant inscription, "Lest We Forget." The first public park was a royal grant from the King of Spain, and the seal to the grant bears the date of 1729, almost two centuries ago. It is known as San Pedro Park, and is at the source of that little stream, which was also the site of the original settlement. The palm, the pomegranate, the crepe myrtle, the stately century plant, the huisache, the giant live oak, and the pecans give a splendid vernal setting to a city of unusual architectural beauty.

Just outside San Antonio is a fascinating bit of woodland laid out as Brackenridge Park, which was the gift of a number of citizens. It adjoins the springs which are the source of the San Antonio River. Vine-laden trees overhang the stream that winds through it. Live oaks festooned with Spanish moss form a shaded driveway in many places. Through it like a silver ribbon flows the river. It is larger than the Central Park, of New York. It has been but little changed from its virgin forest state. In it also roam large numbers of buffalo, elk and deer, while aquatic and other birds also abound. Wild songsters fill the air with their melody.

Seldom have I heard so many feathered warblers in any part of the world as right here in this park so near to nature.

San Antonio is situated at an elevation of seven hundred feet, on a high and clear plateau which is rimmed by blue ridges in the distance. Then, if the visitor wants to live in the past for a while, to indulge in sentimental romance, he can visit the ruins of the several historic old missions just a few miles outside of the city itself. There are some splendid roads that lead to all points of the compass. In one direction the "hill country" can be visited, while a longer drive will take the traveller to Medina Lake, an irrigation reservoir which is similar in shape to and about the same size as Lake George. It is a part of one of the largest private irrigation projects in our land. The lake is a place of great natural beauty, being surrounded by a circle of low mountains, and it has been stocked with fish until it is said to be one of the best fishing places in the State.

The modern San Antonio has changed a great deal from the original city. If Davy Crockett was to come back, he would have difficulty in recognizing the new San Antonio. And yet it has not transmuted so much as to be unrecognizable. The mutation has been in growth, but the old has not been destroyed. We find still an old Mexican quarter, which is very much Mexican. There are many of the one-storied, flat, adobe buildings with water spouts jutting out over the street. Frequently the walls project a couple of feet above this line, thus forming a ready-made breastwork for the street fighting so common in Spanish-American countries. One will see Mexican women, young and old, going about wearing the black shawl so much worn south of the Rio Grande. Mexican peripatetic vendors stand on the corners selling

the "dulces" (candies), and women offer for your inspection the beautiful Mexican drawnwork which represents so much labour. Swarthy-complexioned Mexican labourers will be observed at work on the streets, and in the fields round about. They are the same as you would witness in Old Mexico, except that they have discarded the big hats which overtop the Mexicans there.

The new buildings, which have been constructed in San Antonio, such as the postoffice, the railroad stations, and even business blocks, have generally retained the Spanish style of architecture. The reason is that the San Antonians pride themselves upon their history, and do everything that is possible to make the new city preserve the traditions of the past. Arcades and permanent awnings cover the sidewalks, all of which is an evidence of a sunny climate. A few of the streets have been widened, but others are as narrow as when first laid out.

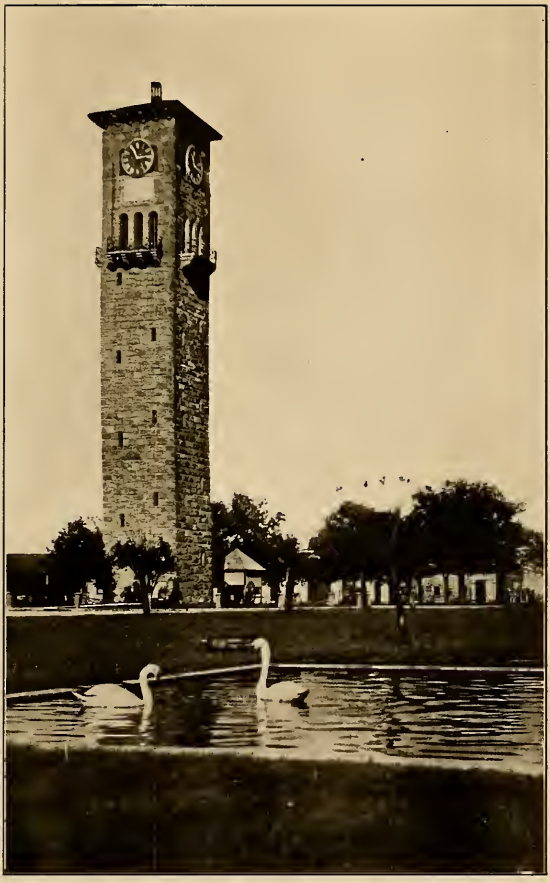
Fort Sam Houston occupies the most prominent elevation in San Antonio, and several thousand of Uncle Sam's soldiers are frequently stationed at this army post. The sound of the bugle is a very familiar one to San Antonians. From the time of the Mexican War, San Antonio has been one of the chief military establishments of the United States. Practically the only exceptions were during the Civil War, and a few years following, when the troops were removed to Austin. Early in the seventies, Government Hill was chosen for the construction of permanent post headquarters. Since then a vast amount of money has been expended on this site, and it was given the name which means so much in Texas history. Most of our great military leaders have seen service here, among them being Grant, Lee, Hood and Sheridan. It is now a division headquarters of the army. It should not be forgotten also that San Antonio was the

rendezvous of the famous regiment of "Rough Riders" raised for service in the Spanish-American War.

The day of the picturesque frontier forts has almost passed. Many of them have been abandoned, and those where the soldiers are still quartered have been rebuilt and modernized. The names of many of the old forts still appear in the nomenclature of towns, such as Fort Smith, Fort Worth, Fort Scott, and others, but their military character has disappeared. Civilization and development have made the patrolling of the plains less necessary, and new barracks have been erected at central points, such as those at Fort Houston, to harbour the troops that the Government considers it necessary to maintain. The different regiments are shifted from one barrack to another, a change usually being made every few months.

The magnificent buildings which constitute Fort Sam Houston are situated on a hill which looks down upon the Alamo, and across the prairie to the other old Spanish missions. Few people visit San Antonio without a trip to Fort Sam Houston, for the buildings themselves are attractive, and the view which it affords of the surrounding country well repays the little exertion required. The red and brown sandstone of which the buildings are constructed gives a beautiful tint to everything. The Water Tower is a most artistic erection, every line of its exterior being a line of beauty, and the outlook from the balcony near the top is superb.

The life of the soldier is not all play. From the first notes of the morning bugle call until the last strain of Retreat is sounded, the hours are filled with drills, gymnastics, sham battles, target practice and other occupations. At sunrise the soldiers' day begins. As the light breaks across the rolling prairie on the eastern horizon,



THE WATER TOWER, FORT SAM HOUSTON, SAN ANTONIO

the roar of the morning gun disturbs the silence of the city. Then follows the lively music of the Reveille, to which the soldiers have set the following words:

"I can't git 'em up, I can't git 'em up,
I can't git 'em up in the morning,
I can't git 'em up to-day."

Then the sleepy soldiers have to turn in for the morning march and answer to roll call. Three times each day comes the mess call with its rather hum-drum music. To this the soldiers have also set their own words. The day is otherwise filled with the sick-call, guard-mounting, inspection, review, etc., everything being announced by the trumpets. As sunset illumines the western sky the band plays the *Star Spangled Banner,* and the flag is slowly lowered from the flagstaff. The darkness deepens, the reds, pinks and purples become fainter, and soon Fort Sam Houston is outlined in dark shadows against the evening sky. Uncle Sam has endeavoured to look after his soldiers well. Fine grounds for football, baseball, and other games are provided for the leisure hours of the soldiers, and they are encouraged to engage in them; reading courses and a well-stocked library are maintained, as well as concerts for officers and men. The mess department is in charge of competent help, and the Government aims to provide the best of food, even if the variety is not as great as a Broadway hotel.

As Texas has far more history than many of our American States, so San Antonio has been the centre of all its history. San Antonio was the scene of minor engagements between the French and Spanish, and also between the Texas-Mexicans and the Spaniards in the revolutionary struggles which resulted in the independ-

ence of Mexico. Several years after independence it was twice occupied by Mexican troops, but only for a little while each time. The capture of the city so aroused the surrounding country that in a very short time hundreds of gallant Texans were on their way to free San Antonio from the invaders, and the city was evacuated. The city was the point of rendezvous for a number of expeditions fitted out for the invasion of Mexican territory.

The old Veramendi Palace, so noted in San Antonio history, has disappeared. It was a typical one-storied Mexican building with plastered front, but it should have been preserved. The rulers of the Province of Bexar long dwelt within its walls. James Bowie won his bride, the daughter of Governor Veramendi, there. For permitting his daughter to wed a Texas patriot, the Governor and his family were later exiled by Santa Anna. It was in this building also where General Twiggs surrendered to the Confederate commissioners all supplies and authority under his control. The heavy double doors were scarred and battered by shot and shell, and it was almost at its portal that Ben Milam received his death wound in the very hour of victory. To-day every evidence of the existence of the building has been effaced, but the doors with their bullet scars are still preserved in the city.

Of all the battles and struggles for supremacy that have occurred in Texas, one may truthfully say that the siege of the Alamo fills the largest place in history. It is the most superlatively dramatic episode in the history of the United States. The fall of the Alamo, and massacre of its garrison, caused a profound sensation throughout the entire United States, as well as Texas. It is a part of American history, and it is the kind of his-

tory that has been soul thrilling from the very beginning of time. The heroism of the defenders has been ranked with that shown at Thermopylæ and at the charge of Balaklava. It is not remarkable for the numbers engaged on the Alamo side, for they numbered less than two hundred, but it is notable because of the courage and patriotism of the defenders who fought until the very last man had fallen. Greater bravery or grander heroism could no man show. As has been said: "Thermopylæ had its messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none." Among these was Davy Crockett, who is still an undimmed hero among boys. But the patriot Travis, the commander; James Bowie, the designer of the bowie knife; Lieutenant Dickinson, and a hundred and more obscure heroes were equally brave, and yet they have not a monument erected to their individual memory.

The old mission of the Alamo, which was probably the chapel of the original mission, stands at one side of the Alamo Plaza in San Antonio and faces the west. It is not imposing in appearance, as one might be led to believe, for the walls are not high. In size it is about seventy-five feet long by sixty-two feet wide. Originally designed as a place of worship, it was secularized in 1793 and used as a citadel of defence against the incursions of the Indians. At that time there were only a few score Indians attached to the mission. The baptismal records reveal the surprising number of one hundred distinct tribes represented in the various services during the religious career of this mission. With walls four and a half feet thick and twenty-two feet high, it was well adapted for defence against the light arms of that day. The walls are severely plain, with the exception of the ornate carvings on the arched doorways and side pillars.

The Alamo has recently been restored more nearly to its original condition at the time of this famous struggle. At one side of the mission was an enclosure, surrounded by a high wall, in which were some buildings that had been the living quarters of those connected with the monastery.

The old document, quoted above, also says of the Alamo: "It contains a convent, or monastery, fifty yards square with arcades above and below. In the monastery are the living-rooms of the religious, the porter's lodge, the dining-room, kitchen and office. The mission has a well-built stone chapel eleven yards long. Among its ornaments is a stone cross two yards high and capped with silver. In the cross are hidden the reliquaries, four in number, and each containing its own relic. The altar is adorned with carved and painted images.

"There are seven rows of houses for dwellings for the Indians. These are made of stone and supplied with doors and windows. They are furnished with high beds, chests, metates, pots, flat earthen pans, kettles, cauldrons and boilers. With their arched porticoes, the houses form a beautiful plaza through which runs a canal skirted with willows and by fruit trees and used by the Indians. To insure a supply of water in case of blockade by an enemy, a curbed well has been made. For the defence of the settlement the plaza is surrounded by a wall. Over the gate is a large tower within whose embrasure are three cannons, some firearms, and other appropriate supplies for warfare."

This was probably the condition of the Alamo at the time of the tragedy. That part of it outside of the mission is just as sacred as the chapel itself, for here it was that the greater part of the struggle took place, and the final act only was enacted within the mission walls. The

INTERIOR OF THE ALAMO

walled enclosure around the convent, which adjoined the church on the north, now appears in its original condition, but the buildings have not been restored. The larger area, however, which was in front of the church, and on the west side of the convent enclosure, has entirely disappeared. A part of it is included in the Plaza. This area was about one hundred and fifty-four yards long and fifty-four yards wide, and enclosed by walls nine to twelve feet high and nearly three feet thick. Into this area several doors opened from the convent enclosure, and their locations can be seen in the restored wall. The area of all the enclosures probably amounted to two or three acres. The church itself was used as the powder magazine.

After the conflict the Alamo was roofless, and remained so for many years. At the close of the Mexican War, the United States leased the entire group from the Catholic Church. It was occupied as a quartermaster's and commissary depot up to the beginning of the Civil War, after a complete restoration of the buildings. It was then surrendered to the Confederacy. After the collapse of the Confederacy, the buildings were again used by the United States until 1876, when the quartermaster's depot was removed to Fort Sam Houston on Government Hill. The chapel was purchased by the State some time ago, but it was only recently that the convent portion was added through an enabling act of the Legislature. A syndicate was endeavouring to secure it as a site for a hotel.

"Save the Alamo" was the appeal sent broadcast over the State by the "Daughters of the Republic of Texas." When the voluntary contributions were insufficient, the State stepped in. But there has been much discord. One faction wanted to tear down all but the church. The

other desired to restore the monastery. My sympathies are strongly with the latter faction. The entire fortress should be restored as nearly as possible to its original appearance.

As has been mentioned elsewhere in this work, the Texan soldiers were mostly volunteers. They were pioneers in a new land, accustomed to take the initiative, and consequently very independent in their actions. On January 17th, 1836, Houston wrote to Governor Smith: "Col. Bowie will leave here in a few hours for Bexar, with a detachment of from 20 to 50 men. . . . I have ordered the fortifications in the town of Bexar to be demolished and, if you should think fit, I will remove all the cannon and other munitions of war to Gonzales and Copano, blow up the Alamo and abandon the place, as it will be impossible to keep up the station with volunteers." [1]

Colonel Bowie reached San Antonio as quickly as possible, for, on February 2nd, he wrote to Governor Smith as follows: "Relief at the post in men, money and provisions is of vital importance. The salvation of Texas depends on keeping Bexar out of the hands of the enemy. . . . Col. Neill and myself have come to the same conclusion, that we will rather die in these ditches than give it up to the enemy. These citizens deserve our patriotism, and the public safety demands our lives rather than evacuate this post to the enemy. Again we call aloud for relief. . . . Our force is very small. The returns this day show only 120 men and officers. . . . I have information just now from a friend that the force at Presidio is 2,000 complete."

Colonel Travis was not then at San Antonio. On Jan-

[1] This correspondence is from *A History of Texas and Texans*, by Johnson and Barker, published in 1914.

uary 28th he wrote to Governor Smith from Burnham's on the Colorado: "In obedience to my orders I have done everything in my power to get ready to march to the relief of Bexar, but owing to the difficulty of getting horses and provisions, and owing to desertions, etc., I shall march to-day with only about thirty men, all regulars, except four. I shall however go on and do my duty if I am sacrificed, unless I receive new orders to countermarch. . . . You have no idea of the exhausted state of the country—Volunteers can no longer be had or relied upon—A speedy organization, classification and draft of the Militia is all that can save us now. . . . The patriotism of a few has done much; but that is becoming worn down—I have strained every nerve—I have used my personal credit and have neither slept day nor night since I rec'd orders to march—and with all this exertion I have hardly been able to get horses and equipments for the few men I have."

On February 12th, Travis again wrote, this time from Bexar: "Santa Anna . . . has issued his proclamation denouncing vengeance against the people of Texas, and threatens to exterminate every white man within its limits. This, being the frontier post, will be the first attacked. We are illy prepared for their reception, as we have not more than 150 men here and they in a very disorganized state. . . . For God's sake and for the sake of our country, send us reinforcements. I hope you will send to this post at least two companies of regular troops. . . . Yet, should we receive no reinforcements, I am determined to fight to the last, and should Bexar fall, your friend will be buried beneath its ruins."

The most famous of all the messages of Travis, and which has been called the most heroic document in American history, is the following, which is here given in full:

"COMMANDANCY OF THE ALAMO, BEXAR,

"Feby. 24th, 1836.

"To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World:

"FELLOW CITIZENS AND COMPATRIOTS: I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued Bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. *I shall never surrender or retreat.* Then, I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due to his own honour and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH.

"WILLIAM BARRETT TRAVIS,

"Lt. Col. comdt.

"P. S. The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in deserted houses 80 to 90 bushels and got into the walls 20 or 30 head of Beeves.

"TRAVIS."

In response to a note received by him, Andrew Ponton and thirty-two men marched from Gonzales and passed through the enemy's lines on the night of March 1st. Governor Smith published an appeal in the form of a handbill, and sent it broadcast. On March 3rd Travis got through a final message, which gave an account of the siege up to that date. "A blood red banner," says this letter, "waves from the church of Bexar, and in the camp above us, in token that the war is one of vengeance against rebels. . . . Their threats have had no influence upon me or my men, but to make all fight with desperation, and that high-souled courage which characterizes the patriot, who is willing to die in defence of his country's liberty and his own honour." He ends it with these words: "God and Texas—Victory or Death." I quote thus freely from these various messages to elucidate clearly the fact that the actions of these brave men were deliberate. Many men can be brave when suddenly confronted by an emergency, but it requires the very highest degree of courage and patriotism to do as these men did and deliberately face annihilation.

"All who wish to leave stand in their places. Every man who will die with me, come across the line! Who will be first?" These words, so we are told, were spoken by Colonel Travis.[1] As he spoke the words, he drew a

[1] Colonel Travis was a native of North Carolina, only twenty-eight years of age, and a lawyer by profession. In appearance, he was six feet in height, erect and manly in carriage, with blue eyes, reddish hair and a round face. Davy Crockett came from Tennessee. He had spent his life in the forests, and was known all over the frontier as a mighty hunter. He had served in a State legislature and also two terms in the United States Congress. Defeated in his ambition for a third term, Crockett came to Texas to try and renew his fortunes. He had arrived only about three weeks before the beginning of the siege of the Alamo. He dressed in buckskins, wore a coonskin cap, and always carried his favorite long rifle named "Betsy."

line on the ground with his sword. Every man leaped over the line but two, so we are told. One of these was James Bowie, a famous frontiersman, and he was so ill that he could not get up from his cot. "Boys, move my cot over the line," he said. Bowie was a Georgian, who is best known as the inventor of the knife that bears his name. He was about six feet tall, with fair complexion, and had a fierce look. But he was not quarrelsome. "He had a wonderful art of winning people to him, and was extremely prodigal of his money," we are told. One man, and one only, refused to cross the line, and he attempted to escape. But he was never heard of afterwards.

A band of Mexicans, under Santa Anna, numbering about five thousand, besieged the fortress on the outside. The demand for surrender on February 23rd was answered by Colonel Travis with a cannon shot. The flag of the Constitution of 1824 was nailed to the staff so that it could not be lowered. Day after day shells came hurtling over the walls from dawn until dark, and from dark to dawn. On March 1st, thirty-two soldiers from Gonzales arrived and entered the fort. The last courier was sent out on March 3rd. By that time ammunition was running low, and the Texans seldom fired. It was not until ammunition failed that the assailants made any headway against the brave defenders. Santa Anna called a council of his officers and an assault was decided upon. There were to be four columns of attack. At four o'clock on the morning of the 6th, a Sunday, the bugle sounded, and the whole line advanced to the attack. The Texans were ready and met them with a shower of grape and rifle balls. Twice the assailants reeled, but each time they rallied. The third time an entrance was secured into the enclosed yard. One of their guns was captured and

immediately turned upon the defenders. But the enfeebled garrison could not hold out against such overwhelming numbers. The church was the last place entered by the foe, and the few who had taken refuge there were soon despatched. A couple of women, two children, and two slaves alone remained.

The spirit that animated the Alamo has always filled Texas. "Remember the Alamo!" is a cry that has never failed of enthusiastic response. At the time it aroused a sensation throughout the United States. All the details have never been learned, for the simple reason that not a single combatant of the last struggle survived to tell the tale, and the official reports of the enemy are not reliable.

Don Francisco Ruiz, the Alcalde of San Antonio, wrote an account, from which the following extracts are made:

"On the 6th of March (1836) at 3 a. m., General Santa Anna at the head of 4,000 men advanced against the Alamo. The infantry, artillery and cavalry had formed about 1,000 varas from the walls of the same fortress. The Mexican army charged and were twice repulsed by the deadly fire of Travis's artillery, which resembled a constant thunder. At the third charge the Toluca battalion commenced to scale the walls and suffered severely. Out of 830 men only 130 were left alive.

"On the north battery of the fortress convent, lay the lifeless body of Col. Travis on the gun carriage, shot only through the forehead. Towards the west, and in a small fort opposite the city, we found the body of Col. Crockett. Col. Bowie was found dead in his bed in one of the rooms on the south side. Santa Anna, after all the Mexican bodies had been taken out, ordered wood to be brought to burn the bodies of the Texans. He sent a company of dragoons with me to bring wood and dry

branches from the neighbouring forests. About three o'clock in the afternoon of March 6, we laid the wood and dry branches upon which a pile of dead bodies were placed, more wood was piled on them and another pile of bodies was brought and in this manner they were all arranged in layers. Kindling wood was distributed throughout the pile and about 5 o'clock in the evening it was lighted.

"The gallantry of the few Texans who defended the Alamo was really wondered at by the Mexican army. Even the generals were astonished at their vigorous resistance and how dearly victory was bought. . . . The men (Texans) burnt were one hundred and eighty-two. I was an eye-witness, for as Alcalde of San Antonio, I was, with some of the neighbours, collecting the dead bodies and placing them on the funeral pyre."

Requiescat in pace, heroes of the Alamo!

CHAPTER VII

THE MISSIONS

THE old missions erected by religious orders in some parts of our Southwest were the forerunners of the civilization that was to follow. To fully appreciate their significance one must allow his imagination to run back a century or two, and try to picture to oneself conditions as they then existed. The adventurers who first visited this part of the New World had two objects in view. The first was to add to the new dominions of their sovereigns; the second to extend the Christian religion. The establishment of missions accomplished both these purposes. It gave possession of the country, and at the same time provided for the conversion of the aborigines.

The missions of Texas are probably not so well known as the similar institutions of California. They are, nevertheless, almost speaking monuments of the early history of the marvellous State of Texas, just as are those in California of the early history of that great State. At that time the wide-stretching plains of Texas were dotted with the wigwams of the wandering Indian tribes. Unlike the peaceful Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who were easily Christianized and who made little trouble for the early missionaries, the Indians of Texas belonged to those nomadic and savage tribes which have never yet been Christianized. The most troublesome were the Comanches and Apaches. The missionaries who went among them did so in great personal danger. Hence

it is that we find the missions which are grouped around San Antonio built close together for the purpose of defence and mutual aid in times of trouble, while those of California are separated by a day's journey.

Together with the military posts, or presidios, which were established with them, the missions formed an outpost of Spanish power and aided in extending the domain of the Golden Lions of Castile into new lands. The presidio, or fort, was the instrument of military occupation. It was used when defence or the protection of arms was necessary. There was generally at least one for each exposed group of missions, and it was so located as to be most effective as a protection for all. If there was no presidio, a little guard of soldiers was generally stationed at the mission itself. The soldiers assigned for such duty, however, were generally of such a low type that the padres frequently preferred to be without them. Their outrages not only interfered with the work, but frequently aroused the Indians to retaliatory acts which endangered the safety of all.

And yet, even if the soldiers had not contributed much to neutralize the efforts of the missionaries, the difficulties of the work would have been almost insurmountable. The method of confining the roving Indians, who were accustomed to a free and nomadic life, in pueblos in a condition closely approaching to slavery, and forcing them to perform a daily round of labour, as well as to attend a continuous programme of formal services, did not instil much love either for Christ or the Spaniards. They remained while gifts were abundant, but when these failed they disappeared.

"In 1691," says an old writer, "the province of Asais, or Texas, as it was called by the Spaniards, was settled by some emigrants, and visited by fourteen Spanish

monks, who were anxious to devote themselves to the conversion of the Indians, and a garrison and a mission were at that time established." The location of this establishment cannot now be positively identified. One of the earliest known missions was that of Adaes, not far from Natchitoches. The fort here was intended as an outpost against the French, but the mission was designed for the conversion of the Indians in that neighbourhood. Our knowledge of the history of these grand old missions is extremely meagre. The locations of the earliest ones can now hardly be identified. The Indians were so troublesome that frequent removals took place. Nearly all of them were founded by the monks of the Order of Saint Francis, who came up from Querétero and Zacatecas in Mexico. The task was hard.

"It was necessary," said one of the padres who laboured in Texas, "first to transform these Indians into men, and afterwards to labour to make them Christians." How vastly different were the conditions here than among the Aztec population across the Rio Grande. That non-resisting race at least passively received the new religion. The Christianization, at any rate the baptizing, of the millions of that race is a record such as the world had never before witnessed. A single priest baptized in one day, according to his own report, five thousand natives, and he did not desist until he was so exhausted that he could not lift his hands. Another priest wrote that "an ordinary day's work is from ten to twenty thousand souls." In the course of a few years baptism had been administered to millions. These new converts, of course, were very immature Christians. They might be able to make the sign of the cross, and still be ignorant of what that symbol meant to humanity. But the important fact is that these priests, who had laboured

among a pliant and receptive people, were here thrown out into the wilderness among a race of real savages who had never developed a civilization of their own.

Not only were converts difficult to secure in Texas, but it was necessary to be constantly on the alert to prevent attack from marauding bodies of these savages. Even then they were not immune from disaster. In 1757 there was founded on the San Saba River, in what is now Menard County, the mission of San Saba, by a company of fathers from Santa Fé. For a time everything went well, and the Apaches maintained friendly relations with the ecclesiastics, although they refused to form a pueblo around it. At first the Apaches made various excuses, but finally frankly said that they preferred a wandering life. But the Apaches were at war with the Comanches, and the latter came one day and fell upon the defenceless missionaries during the absence of the soldiers from the presidio, a league and a half away. Not a priest or a domestic escaped the fury of the red men. This terrible fate of San Saba resulted in a recommendation that the idea of dealing with the Apaches by missions be abandoned. At any rate it had been an absolute failure from the time of its inception.

One of the early missions established in Texas was that known as San Francisco de los Tejas, which was founded by the padres soon after the destruction of Fort Saint Louis. The exact location of this mission is unknown, but it was somewhere between the Trinity and Neches rivers, and forty or fifty miles southwest of Nacogdoches. As the Indians refused to live in communities, and the soldiers became troublesome, its abandonment was ordered by the viceroy. In 1693 the padres buried whatever property they could not carry with them. In 1716 the mission was revived, and a few years later

was transferred to the bank of the San Antonio River. As the buildings of the original mission were of timber, all landmarks have disappeared. This was true of a number of the earlier missions established in Eastern Texas, which were the earliest ones, for the lack of suitable stone caused the use of the more perishable materials. For this reason the old mission at Nacogdoches has disappeared. In the West, stone was plentiful and wood scarce, so that the buildings erected there were massive and enduring. To this fact is due the preservation of those splendid monuments of the Mission Period that are found in the neighbourhood of San Antonio.

It was in the year 1689 that the first representative of Spain arrived at the location where San Antonio is now located. The Indians who then lived there greeted the arrival of Don Alonzo de Leon and his followers with the cry of "Tejas! Tejas!" The natural attractions of this location, and the abundance of the pure water, moved Don Alonzo to believe that here was a site where a settlement should be established, and where a mission should be built to convert the savages living in the vicinity. This was the beginning of the string of missions for the worship of the Almighty and the spread of the Gospel in Texas. It was during the years from 1690 to 1719 that the most of the missions of Texas were built and made a part of the established church. The Alamo is the most noted of these missions around San Antonio, and its grey time-stained walls stand in the centre of the city. Its history has been written in the blood of the bravest of the brave. It was first used as a place of worship, but later principally served as a citadel of defence against the incursions of the Indians. It is probably due to this secular use that the name Alamo supplanted its

earlier name of the religious fathers. Its history has been treated of elsewhere.

The Mission Concepcion, or Nuestra Senora de la Purisima Concepcion de Acuna, which is situated only two miles from San Antonio, is generally known as the First Mission. After that of the Alamo, it is the most celebrated of any of these establishments in Texas from an historical standpoint, for it was one of the favoured spots of the Texas patriots. It has been the scene of a number of gatherings participated in by many of the heroes whose names are now venerated by the people of Texas. It was also the site of one of the thrilling and bloody contests between the Mexicans and Texas during the momentous times when the people of that territory were striving to overthrow the yoke of Mexico.

On the 27th of October, 1835, General Austin sent a party of ninety men, under James Bowie and James W. Fannin, on a reconnoitring expedition to select a good location for his army near San Antonio. They encamped that night at a horseshoe bend in the San Antonio River, near the Mission Concepcion. It was a strategic position, for the river and a skirt of timber protected the rear, and there was a depression in the front which constituted a sort of natural fortification. The Mexicans discovered the camp and attempted to surround it during the night. The creak of an artillery wheel aroused Colonel Bowie, so that when the Mexicans advanced the little force was prepared to receive them. The Mexicans fired in reckless volleys, while the Texans made every bullet count. They succeeded in firing their little four-pound cannon five times, but without effect. The rifles of the Texans picked off the gunners. Three times the Mexicans sounded the charge, but all in vain. The Texans hurled them back and remained masters of

The Mission Concepcion.

the field. Although the Mexican forces numbered fully four hundred, they were compelled to flee. Their casualties were greater than the entire force of Texans, while the latter had one man killed and none wounded. Knowing that defeat meant death, and that surrender could not even be thought of, these Texans had fought with the same bravery as was afterwards shown at the Alamo.

The Mission Concepcion was established in 1716, and rebuilt on its present site in 1731. It is modelled after the Moorish style, which was then a favourite model with Spanish builders. As early as 1762 a writer dwells with great pride on this mission. He speaks of the beautiful architecture of the building, the finely sculptured images of stone, the mural decorations, the abundance of ornaments and the rich vestments of the priests. It has a square front with dome-covered belfries on either side. The front door is surmounted by a curious triangle, and in the centre of the arch is a coat of arms. The walls are covered with cement, ornamented with geometric designs, and the floor is covered with a native tiling. There is a curious stone altar, and services are occasionally held here, but vandalism and time, the two great destroyers, are rapidly making a ruin of this splendid old structure.

A few miles farther out from Mission Concepcion lies the Mission San José de Aguayo, being named in honour of the patron saint, Saint Joseph, and a former governor of Texas. It is doubtless the most imposing and beautiful of the several sacred edifices known as missions in and about San Antonio. Although the dome and portions of the arched roof have fallen in, San José still bears witness to the wonderful manner in which the Spaniards and the priests carried the art of the Old World into the wilderness of the New. The remarkable carvings which ornament the stone facings of the door-

ways, and the great oak and cedar doors themselves, would reflect credit upon the religious establishments of Spain herself. A celebrated artist was sent out from Spain, who spent years in carving the statues and other ornamental work of this mission.

The Mission San José was founded in 1720, and the construction was finished in the following eight years. It also stands on the right bank of the San Antonio River, and is located only four miles from the city of the same name. Like the other missions, the walls are several feet thick, and the doors are made of heavy oaken planking of massive construction. The mission is to-day wholly in ruins, and the ruins are the most extensive of any of the missions. Vandal hands have defaced some of the statues. One may still see the spiral stairway to the belfry, and the antique cedar ladder which leads to the belfry and was used by the monks when they wished to ring the bells for mass. This is one of the striking reminders of the early days. After the secularization of the missions, this mission was discontinued and the land distributed to the Indians. When this mission was visited by Lieutenant Pike in 1807, there were left hardly enough Indians to perform the household duties. Standing in solitary grandeur upon a beautiful plateau, it is annually visited by thousands who can but admire this monument of the zeal and enterprise of the Franciscan fathers of the last century.

The Mission San Juan de Caprisana is located at a distance of two miles from that of San José, or almost six miles from San Antonio, and also on the bank of the San Antonio River. This mission was completed about 1716, but for some reason must have been soon abandoned by the friars and permitted to lapse into decay. It seems never to have been prosperous. The proba-

bilities are that it was too remote from the settlements and the military force within the city of San Antonio, so that the monks and others living there were in too much danger from the savage Indians. Very little but ruins are left of this Mission San Juan, but the imposing bell tower and some of the moss-grown walls remain to impress the visitor with the grandeur that once existed here two centuries ago, when the cowled monks and the booted and helmeted cavaliers of Spain trod this wilderness, and laboured to erect a bulwark of state and church. It was a war of conquest, in which greed and religion were very closely allied.

San Francisco de la Espada (sword) is another of the group of missions around San Antonio. The name signifies that those who founded this establishment belonged to the church militant, and as such were obliged to wield the literal as well as the spiritual sword. Time has not dealt gently with this sacred edifice. It was early abandoned and then rebuilt, but it was again relinquished soon afterwards. For many years the handiwork of the early architect and builders has been disintegrating. The queer old sword-shaped tower still rears itself skyward, and portions of the walls have resisted Time, the destroyer. It is to be hoped that the further encroachments of destructive influences will be arrested or counteracted, so that these ruins will not fall into absolute and irremediable decay.

From the very beginning of the Mission Period, there were those who distrusted this method of colonization. It was not long until the objections were loudly outspoken. In 1727, an official who made a tour of inspection reported all of them in bad condition. As a result of his recommendation some of them were abandoned when official protection and support were with-

drawn. Each official visit resulted in another report adverse to the friars. One of the effective arguments against them was the great cost and the meagre results. The settlers were decreasing in numbers rather than increasing. It was urged that the money spent in maintaining these establishments could be more profitably employed in paying the actual expenses of the colonists for a number of years. But the padres were not disheartened by the official attitude, and we cannot but admire their courage and persistence. After the destruction of San Saba, the missionary activity rapidly subsided. The padres themselves could not make a good showing for their work, and could only indulge in hopes for the future. It was in 1794 that the order came for the secularization of the missions, and the support from the royal treasury was withdrawn. The process began at once, but it was not completed for a number of years afterwards. In 1812 a few Indians still dwelt around the missions, but they were finally dispersed by the Spanish government.

Let us look for a moment at the life that was lived at these establishments. The Indians attached to the missions were reduced almost to the condition of menials. The attitude of the Spaniards toward them is well expressed by the term used to describe them. This was *Indios reducidos,* or "reduced Indians," to distinguish them from the *Indios bravos.* By the Spanish law they could be detained in the pueblos by force, and, if they ran away, could be brought back forcibly. In 1762, there were probably twenty-five hundred Indians connected with the San Antonio missions. Twenty years later there were not more than five hundred. The following description of the village connected with the Mission Concepcion, near San Antonio, is most interesting and enlightening

as to the common life at the missions; it is translated from a report of the missionaries in 1762:

"The pueblo is composed of two rows of stone houses and huts in which the Indians live, which are furnished with boilers, flat earthen pans, pots, and other domestic utensils, the pueblo being also surrounded by a wall for its protection and defence. It has its inclosed fields, the necessary supplies of water, a flowing irrigation ditch with its stone dam, and a ranch with its dwellings for the families who look after its two hundred mares, one hundred and ten horses, six hundred and ten head of cattle, and twenty-two hundred head of goats and sheep.

"Every day all the Indians recite in concert the text of the Christian doctrine according to the catechism of Ripalda, in the morning before work and in the evening after it. Three or four times a week the ministers instruct their Indians, with reference to the same text of the catechism, in the mysteries of our holy faith, and the obligations of Christians, with similes and arguments adapted to their inexpressible rusticity. . . . All those who are of sufficient age confess and receive the sacrament, according to their respective ability to understand, during Lent and on any festivals when they wish. . . . The missionaries have paid special attention to the temporal assistance of the Indians, both because this is their personal business, and because it is one of the most important means of subsistence for those who live at the missions, and for the attraction of those who inhabit the woods, who observe and consider the advantages the others enjoy.

"The corn crop is consumed by giving the Indians what they need for all purposes; and they are also furnished beans, pumpkins, watermelons, melons, pepper, salt, and sugar, which is made from cane that they take care to

plant at each mission annually, because this is the best thing to regale the Indians and the most pleasing to their appetite. . . . The horses are used in looking after the cattle, gathering the flocks, and in other services of the missions to which they belong; most of them being lost or stolen, either by enemies or by the Indians of the missions themselves when they escape. The Indians are assisted, when they are sick, with medicines which this country furnishes, and some which are brought in for the purpose. They are visited by the fathers and by other persons who have been charged with the care of them; and in serious cases they are fed from the kitchen of the fathers, and in all they are relieved from work.

"The labour of the Indians is to plant the fields, look after the cattle, to water the crops, to clear away weeds, and to gather their grain, to erect their dwellings, and other buildings of the missions to which the community attends; but with such slowness and carelessness that it is always necessary for some Spaniard to be directing them, and four of them are not sufficient for what could be done by one. They work, with a lack of energy corresponding to their inborn laziness, some at weaving and in the forges, and others as carpenters and bricklayers, in which trades instruction has been furnished them by the missionaries with no small endeavour for their comfort. They have been provided also with the proper tools for all these occupations. The employment of the women and children is to spin with *malacates,* and to comb cotton. All this labour constitutes no impediment to their spiritual welfare or the help due their families, but is very moderate and comfortable to their want of culture, little talent, and great sloth."

CHAPTER VIII

HOUSTON AND SAN JACINTO

"SITE of capital of the Republic of Texas, 1837-38, '39 and '42. Commemorating days when after her glorious struggle Texas stood an independent nation."

This inscription on a tablet placed at the entrance to the leading hotel in Houston discloses the pretension that this city has to eminence. It must not be forgotten that Texas for almost ten years was a full-fledged Republic with a complete government. She maintained diplomatic representatives in the courts of a number of European countries and at Washington. In the capitol at Austin are preserved a number of original treaties negotiated between that Republic and these governments. They are all inscribed in longhand, and a heavy seal, weighing several pounds, is attached to them.

The city of Houston came into existence in August, 1836. It was in the same year that the Texas Congress, which was then a sort of perambulating body, having shifted from place to place according to the exigencies of the occasion, decided to establish the capital at the newly-founded settlement until 1840. After Texas had achieved her independence, the possession of the seat of government was a prize eagerly contended for by nearly all the actual and prospective municipalities, within the limits of actual occupation. Individuals and companies which were prospecting town sites extended proffers for the capital, because of the prestige this would bestow.

Texas commerce had been only slightly developed, and it was obvious that the capital city, owing to its political importance, would have superior advantages over its rivals.

The city was located on Buffalo Bayou, and was appropriately named after General Sam Houston, who had just been elected President. The Allens, who were promoting the town, had agreed to erect the capitol at their own expense. These men had purchased more than two square miles of land for about what one foot front would now bring in the heart of the city. Circulars were issued with drawings representing a large city, showing churches, court house, market-house and other improvements, at a time when the site was nothing more than a camp. The first sale of town lots was held January 19, 1837, and many were attracted to it as the first permanent capital. Among these were many men around whom history has since thrown its aureola. The Allens fulfilled their contract and erected a frame building for the government offices, which was afterwards converted into a hotel upon the removal of the seat of government.

Texas was by this time attracting the attention of the whole world. The heroism of those who had fallen at the Alamo, the brutal massacre at Goliad, and the accomplishments of the Texans in the other skirmishes, which had culminated in the remarkable victory of San Jacinto, with resulting freedom from the yoke of Mexico, suggested to the world the marvellous deeds of heroes of the past. The naturalist Audubon came here on a search for new varieties of birds in 1837. He writes of Houston in his diary, as follows:

"We landed at Houston, the capital of Texas, drenched to the skin, and were kindly received on board the steamer *Yellow Stone,* Captain West, who gave us his stateroom

to change our clothes, and furnished us refreshments and dinner. The Buffalo Bayou had risen about six feet, and the neighbouring prairies were partly covered with water: there was a wild and desolate look cast on the surrounding scenery. We had already passed two little girls encamped on the bank of the bayou under the cover of a few clap-boards, cooking a scanty meal; shanties, cargoes of hogsheads, barrels, etc., were spread about the landing; and Indians drunk and hallooing were stumbling about in the mud in every direction. These poor beings had come here to enter into a treaty proposed by the whites; many of them were young and well looking, and with far less decorations than I have seen before on such occasions. The chief of the tribe is an old and corpulent man.

"We walked toward the President's house, accompanied by the Secretary of the Navy, and as soon as we rose above the bank we saw before us a level of far-extending prairie, destitute of timber and rather poor soil. Houses, half finished, and most of them without roofs, tents, and a liberty pole, with the capitol, were all exhibited to our view at once. We approached the President's mansion, however, wading in water above our ankles. This abode of President Houston is a small log house, consisting of two rooms and a passage through, after the Southern fashion. The moment we stepped over the threshold, on the right hand of the passage, we found ourselves ushered into what in other countries would be called the ante-chamber; the ground floor, however, was muddy and filthy, a large fire was burning, and a small table, covered with paper and writing materials, was in the centre; camp beds, trunks, and different materials were strewed around the room. We were at once presented to several members of the Cabinet, some of

whom bore the stamp of men of intellectual ability, simple, though bold, in their general appearance.

"We first caught sight of President Houston as he walked from one of the grog-shops, where he had been to stop the sale of ardent spirits. We reached his abode before him, but he soon came, and we were presented to his Excellency. He was dressed in a fancy velvet coat and trousers trimmed with broad gold lace, and around his neck was tied a cravat somewhat in the style of '76. He received us kindly, was desirous of retaining us for a while, and offered us every facility in his power. He at once removed us from the ante-room to his private chamber, which, by the way, was not much cleaner than the former. We were severally introduced by him to the different members of his Cabinet and Staff, and at once asked to drink grog with him, which we did, wishing success to the new Republic. Our talk was short, but the impression which was made on our mind at the time by himself, his officers, and the place of his abode can never be forgotten."

The initial capitol of the Government here in Houston was a small log house which has disappeared, but the residence of the President, now nothing more than a small unpretentious clapboard house with only two rooms, still survives the changes of time, in a dilapidated condition. Garbed in a scarlet waistcoat, and boots with red tops and finished at the heels with silver spurs, Houston certainly made an impressive picture for the head of a Republic in the wilderness. When the first diplomatic agent from England arrived in Houston, and found the President of the Republic to which he was accredited living in such unpretentious quarters, he was indeed astonished, and doubtless much disappointed.

Houston at that time, although the capital of an inde-

pendent republic, was unworthy the name of a town, for nothing more than tents and temporary shanties of clapboards and pine poles were scattered along the banks of the bayou. Even the substantial log cabins, which were so commonly built by the pioneers, were rare. The howling of the wolves and wildcats, so we are informed by those who dwelt there at that time, was common, and the settler usually kept his shotgun convenient to use if occasion arose.

In the first issue of the *Telegraph,* the first newspaper established in the city, a racy account of the editor's experiences is given. He says: "Fortunately, we have succeeded in renting a shanty, which, although like the capitol in this place, is

> "Without a roof and without a floor,
> Without window and without a door.

"N. B.: Our troubles have not yet ended. The shanty is falling about our ears, two massive beams have dropped down upon the stands, made a disgusting *pi,* and have driven the workmen to seek safety outside. The devil alone looks smiling at the mischief."

Gradually the wolves, the wildcats, and the Indians disappeared, however, and a new order arose in Houston. The houses increased in number and waxed larger, streets of generous width were laid out; flower gardens began to bloom, and shade trees were planted. The old-fashioned, white-topped wagons, with their many yokes of oxen, were a distinguishing feature of Houston. In the early days these wagons were the sole means of communication with the rest of the State and with the adjoining States, for it was many years before the last spike of the first railroad was driven. The teamsters

were men of great courage and fortitude, for they not only had to brave the storms but the danger of lurking beasts and stealthy Indians.

In their lifetime Sam Houston and Stephen Austin, two of the most noted men in the early history of Texas, were bitter rivals. Their ideas in many things did not harmonize. Houston was rather domineering and could not brook opposition. He was naturally very anxious that the city named after him should be the permanent capital; but the friends of Austin, after his death, determined to have the permanent capital named in his honour. The insufficiency of the buildings, the unhealthfulness of the situation, and the muddy condition of the streets were all urged as reasons for the removal of the seat of government, even before the temporary limit had expired. Thus it was that about the middle of September, 1838, the archives of the government were loaded on wagons and hauled to Austin, while the President and his cabinet followed soon afterwards. It was years after this before the first sidewalk was laid in this proud city.

Houston has forged ahead rapidly in the last few years, and has become a great and important commercial city. It is now the third city in Texas, and promises to achieve even greater distinction. It is a city that pleases the eye, for the streets have generous width, and the recent additions have been designed with an eye for the artistic. I have never yet visited a city where the new additions demanded by city growth have been given greater attention to their artistic development than have those in this growing municipality. They are able to produce shrubbery and all varieties of ornamental plants much more quickly than a city of the North, for the winters are very mild and vegetation will grow practically throughout the entire year. The ornamental palms thrive, and the

LIVE OAK TREE IN ONE OF HOUSTON'S NEW PARKS

trees are particularly beautified by the hanging moss, which, to me, is most charming.

Houston is a city for skyscrapers, for Houston lays claim to more "cloud-scratchers," as the Germans designate them, of six stories and over, in proportion to its population, than any other city in the world. I would not be surprised if its claim is true. But it is also a city of splendid churches and excellent educational advantages. One of the features of the city is the magnificent municipal auditorium, erected a few years ago at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. It provides a splendid place for conventions and public entertainments at all times.

The Rice Institute has been established with an initial endowment of ten million dollars, which distinguishes it as one of the opulent educational institutions of the country. It was established by the late William Marsh Rice, whose murder by his valet a number of years ago was one of the sensations of the time. It is a university of liberal and technical training in which the scientific side is given the greatest stress. The endowment is placed in the hands of a self-perpetuating board of seven life members, and the terms are liberal. A site of three hundred acres directly south of the city has been secured, and several buildings have been erected. A comprehensive plan has been selected for further growth. Men and women are admitted on an equal footing, and, for the present at least, there is neither tuition nor fee. A splendid staff has been selected, for the large endowment gave the Rice Institute a great advantage over many older schools that are struggling along with limited funds. The standard is high, and it will undoubtedly develop into one of the really noteworthy scientific institutions of the country, and the South in particular. Opportunity is

written all over the Southwest, and The Rice Institute will mean a great deal in its future development.

The early rivalry of Houston was with Galveston, its near neighbour. Before the days of railroads the only outlet was by water, and that meant rendering tribute to Galveston. Barges floated down Buffalo Bayou to that Gulf port, but still Houston was at a tremendous disadvantage. Had it not been for the advent of railroads, and the successful efforts of her business men in establishing Houston as a centre for the iron highways, that city would doubtless have remained as unimportant as is Harrisburg to-day. This made it a centre of distribution for a large district, even before the War of the Rebellion. These early railroads, however, were short roads which led to nowhere, and Houston was still commercially dependent upon Galveston.

The citizens of Houston were still unsatisfied. As Buffalo Bayou had been the only water outlet for the city since its foundation, they began to look upon it with longing eyes. Government engineers reported favourably on the feasibility of utilizing it as a ship canal. Congress appropriated a million and a quarter dollars, and the county voted an equal amount. The enterprise of Houston is revealed in the construction of a ship canal to the Gulf, a distance of almost fifty miles. This is longer than the Panama Canal, but did not present the engineering problems of that international waterway. This canal constitutes Houston an ocean port, for the channel is deep enough to accommodate any vessel that sails the Gulf of Mexico. It brings the ocean to her very doors. She has accomplished this by dredging, deepening and widening an old sluggish channel. This makes Houston the farthest inland harbour in the United States.

The Houston ship canal is twice as long as that which

connects Manchester with the sea, and has rendered that town a rival of Liverpool. It will float vessels of twenty-five feet draft from the Gulf to the basin just outside the city. When the project was first initiated, government engineers went over the route and submitted favourable reports. Congress appropriated several millions of dollars and undertook the work of dredging. To this appropriation, Houston added a large sum. At least three million will be expended by the city on the basin, the wharves, and the other facilities which are necessary to a seaport harbour before the plans are completed. All of this, you understand, will be municipally owned. The work has progressed quietly and without bluster, so that it will be news to many when they learn that Houston is no longer an inland city, but is a full-fledged ocean port. The importance of Houston as a port is shown by the statement that enough cotton passes through it in one year to manufacture a garment for every man, woman and child in the entire world.

This county, under the Spanish regime and nomenclature, was the municipality of Harrisburg. When the Republic was established, it was made a county and the name changed to Harris. But the little town of Harrisburg still remains in a comatose condition just outside of Houston. It was named after one of the prominent early settlers of this section. Under President Burnet this settlement became the temporary capital until the day before the arrival of Santa Anna. The twenty stores, houses, and factories were all burned by that villainous general. But the settlers returned, and it arose from the ashes. The superior enterprise of the citizens of Houston, however, secured the railroads, and Harrisburg is now only an unimportant suburb of its greater neighbour.

Just a few miles from Houston lies one of the most

historic spots in the State of Texas. It is the battlefield of San Jacinto, and is on the bank of the ship channel leading to the Gulf. The site has now been developed into a beautiful park and playground, which is visited by thousands of people every year. One of the splendid shell roads for which this county is noted leads out to the park, which affords a delightful drive by automobile. Monuments and markers indicate the position of the troops of both contending parties in this decisive engagement. Most Americans are but slightly acquainted with the history of the heroic struggle of Texas for liberty from the oppression of Mexico. The Battle of San Jacinto occurred after the slaughter at the Alamo, and the equally brutal butchery at Goliad. It made possible the Republic of Texas.

General Houston, in charge of the Texas forces, had retreated before the onward march of Santa Anna, who was bent on annihilating the Texans. He at first fell back to the Colorado, and then decided to retreat to the Brazos River. The wildest confusion seized the whole of this country. The forces of the Mexican general were flushed with victory, and they destroyed everything in their pathway as they charged across the country. Up to that time the Mexican leader had never suffered defeat. The engagement would doubtless have occurred a few days earlier, had not Santa Anna learned that Harrisburg was undefended. Abandoning his original plan, he hastened to this town, hoping to capture the President and other officials. Arriving there too late, he was informed that the Government had departed for Galveston Island that very morning.

On the night of April 19th, 1836, the Texans had bivouacked in the timber less than a mile from the Mexicans, whose bugles they could plainly hear. They had

crossed over Buffalo Bayou, a narrow but deep stream, which was then running bank full. The grove was of heavy live oak, hung with weeping Spanish moss and free from underbrush. To the left was the San Jacinto River, and at their back was the bayou. In front extended an open prairie for a couple of miles, which was bounded on one side by a marsh. In all there were about seven hundred and eighty-three men under General Houston. On the following day the first collision took place between the opposing forces. When Santa Anna learned that the Texans were near at hand, he is said to have become very much excited. In the afternoon of that day some of Houston's pickets were discovered, and a little skirmishing followed. But nothing decisive occurred on this day. Santa Anna established a new camp, and erected hastily constructed breastworks.

The morning of the 21st rose bright and cloudless. The Texans impatiently awaited the order for battle. They could see reinforcements advancing to the Mexican lines. At a council of war, called about midday, it was decided to postpone the engagement until the following morning. But this decision was sullenly received by the impatient troops, and the question was then submitted directly to them. The decision was in favour of immediate attack. It was not until half-past three that Houston gave orders for the troops to be formed in line of battle. The only music which the Texan army had was a solitary drum and fife. They struck up the air, *Will You Come to the Bower?* Two brass, six-pounder cannon, which had been sent from Cincinnati, and named "The Twin Sisters," were advantageously placed. Houston placed himself in the centre of his forces. Thus it was that the Texans advanced toward the improvised breastworks of Santa Anna. Deaf Smith had been com-

missioned by Houston to destroy Vince's bridge, so as to cut off one source of the enemy's retreat, and also to hinder the approach of any additional reinforcements.[1]

It must be remembered that here was the merchant, who had but recently stepped from behind the counter. He stood side by side with the farmer, who had hastily abandoned his plough in the field, and the doctor, who had probably brought his drugs and pills with him. All these men were handling a long rifle, with shotpouch and powderhorn over the shoulder, instead of the more familiar implements of their trade. When Houston endeavoured to effect a little better discipline into his ranks, those volunteers did not take kindly to restraint. They had but little respect for the enemy's fighting ability, and chafed at every delay of the commander. The cowards and scalawags had long since deserted this body of determined men. All were there in the presence of a well-disciplined army, with but one object in view—freedom from Mexican tyranny.

"Remember the Alamo!" and "Remember Goliad!" were the battle cries. The Mexicans outnumbered the Texans at least two to one. But Santa Anna had given up all idea of an attack that day, and was enjoying a siesta in his tent. Many of the other officers were dozing. When the Texan army was seen approaching in battle array, there was the greatest alarm and confusion. Santa Anna ran out of his tent and ordered his men to lie down. The "Twin Sisters" spoke sharply and often.

[1] Deaf Smith is one of the unique characters of Texas. "This singular individual," said the *Houston Telegraph*, "was one whose name bears with it more of respect than sounding titles. Major, Colonel, General, sink into insignificance before the simple name of Deaf Smith. That name is identified with the battlefields of Texas. His eulogy is inseparably interwoven with the most thrilling annals of our country." He survived San Jacinto only a little more than a year.

The Mexicans had barely time to seize their muskets and give a scattering volley before the charging line was over the barricade. The Texans clubbed their rifles and drew their bowie knives. They captured the Mexican cannon, and turned them into the ranks of the Mexicans themselves. The fight lasted but eighteen minutes, when the Mexicans fled, having been completely routed.

The losses among the Mexicans exceeded six hundred in number, and those who surrendered almost equalled in number the entire forces of the victors. Many fled into the morass and became bogged in the quagmire, where they were despatched by the infuriated Texans. Some fled over the prairie, but they were pursued by fleeter steps than their own. A few escaped by swimming across Buffalo Bayou. Some would throw up their arms and cry: "Me no Alamo!" Many arms and much camp equipage, together with a small sum of cash, fell into the hands of the Texans as booty. The soldiers voted two thousand dollars for the national navy, and distributed the rest among themselves. They received about seven dollars and fifty cents each, which was all the compensation paid them for the entire campaign. The losses of Houston's army were almost infinitesimal. Two were killed and twenty-three wounded.

On the day after the battle a scouting party observed a man crouching in the tall grass and covering his head with a blanket. His horse had mired, and he had continued his flight on foot. He was clad in the soiled suit of an ordinary Mexican soldier, consisting of linen trousers, a blue cotton jacket, a cap, and red worsted slippers. Covering his head was a dilapidated straw hat, but it was observed that his shirt was of the finest linen, and in it were gold buttons. Upon being questioned, the captive finally admitted that he was Santa Anna, and re-

quested to be taken to the residence of General Houston. The latter was then reclining on a pallet under a large tree, little more distinguished in appearance than his captive, while a surgeon was dressing a wound in his leg. His horse had been killed beneath him, and he himself had been shot through the ankle.

As soon as the news spread that the famous and infamous Mexican commander was a prisoner, curiosity drew a large crowd whose only object was to catch a glimpse of him. Santa Anna himself was very much disturbed for fear that the spirit of revenge would animate these men, whose hearts were still bleeding over his misdeeds.

"I am General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, President of the Mexican Republic, and I claim to be a prisoner of war, at your disposal. . . . That man may consider himself born to no common destiny who has conquered the Napoleon of the West. It now remains for him to be generous to the vanquished."

"You should have remembered that at the Alamo," rejoined Houston. Santa Anna then endeavoured to excuse himself for that action.

General Houston, instead of wreaking retribution upon the head of the Mexican chief, who was also president of the Mexicans, sent him to honourable captivity. An armistice was arranged, according to which the Mexican troops were to withdraw beyond the Rio Grande. By a secret treaty Santa Anna was to be released on his solemn promise to use his influence to secure a recognition of Texan independence. Because of the indignant protests of the enraged army, however, this was abandoned by the Government, and he remained a prisoner for several months. At last he was released and sent to Washington. It has long been a question whether Houston acted wisely in being so magnanimous, for Santa Anna caused a great

deal of trouble for his own country as well as ours during the remaining years of his life.

To those who believe in retribution even in this life, I would give a picture of this man by Rev. William Butler, who visited Santa Anna about a year before his death on the 20th of June, 1876:

"Santa Anna was living in an obscure street, neglected and forgotten by all parties. On entering the apartment we found the old man sitting on a sofa, behind which hung a picture of his wife, 'her serene highness, Dolores Tosta de Santa Anna,' arrayed as a vice-queen. The magnificence of the painting contrasted sadly with the poverty-stricken aspect of the room and furniture. To him, however, this could make but little difference, as we soon saw that he was totally blind as well as feeble and broken in spirit, with a tendency to mental weakness." He was buried in the cemetery at Guadalupe, just outside the Mexican capital, without honours or recognition by the Government, and his remains still rest there. As I gazed upon his tomb, I could not help thinking of the horrible events in the history of Texas with which his name is associated.

CHAPTER IX

FOLLOWING THE SETTING SUN

"If I owned hell and Texas, I would rent Texas and live in the other place." This is a statement attributed to that picturesque old warrior, Phil Sheridan. His acquaintance with Texas was while a lieutenant on duty on the frontier of that frontier State prior to the Civil War. Taking this statement, put in such an epigrammatic way, as their clue, many correspondents and newsmongers have coloured their pictures of Texas in harmony with it. That State has likewise been depicted as the abiding place of the most diabolical villains that the fertile brain of the most extravagant writer of fiction has been able to conceive. But there is a closed season for "bad men" in Texas now, and that "off" season extends from January 1st to December 31st of each year. If the county officials become a little remiss in their duties, the Texas Rangers may be trusted to put on the finishing touches. Not only is gun-carrying tabooed, but you cannot even play an innocent little game of "seven-up" on a train in Texas.

Dry, did you say? Well, it is somewhat anhydrous in big sections of the map. Texas, let me inform you, is one of the driest States in the Union. In the six hundred miles from San Antonio to El Paso there is scarcely a "wet spot." You can travel for two hundred miles without discovering a single oasis for irrigating a parched throat. You might think that the counties in this arid

TYPICAL VIEW ON A TEXAS RANCH

belt would welcome every sort of moisture, even of the distilled and fermented kind. But they do not. Hop juice and corn extract have gone the same way as the "bad man." Coca cola is about the strongest mixture you can get, and I must say that it is quite popular. The thirsty inhabitants line up at the soda fountains like they formerly did at the bars, but somehow their feet never get intorted, and they are always able to navigate homewards by the means of locomotion with which they were endowed by nature.

The cowboy saves his money now after pay day, so I am told, for only in isolated instances can he ride pell-mell to a nearby town and hold carousal with himself, like in the days of old. These southwestern counties and the Panhandle district, the wildest and wooliest parts of Texas yet remaining, are the strongholds of prohibition, while the eastern section, that lying nearest to the "effete" and cultured East, is where one still finds the means of gratifying his thirst for alcoholic stimulants without restraint or subterfuge.

"Oh, no, we are not sorry that the cowboys with the gun and the unquenchable thirst are gone," said a rancher. "In their place we have a finer lot, who will do more and stand more than the old ones. They're an odd lot of ducks, but we couldn't do without them."

In going west from San Antonio the traveller gradually approaches the most arid section of the State. Ranching soon overshadows all principal industry. Large herds of cattle will be seen, interspersed with sheep or goats. The grass which uprears itself here in clumps is extremely nourishing and palatable. Stock eagerly eat it, and it grows with great vigour and beauty over these prairies and valleys. Even a frost does not seem to kill it or render it unpalatable to grazing animals, and it is owing to

this fact that cattlemen have succeeded so well throughout all this territory.

"A farm of one section is small here," said a Texan to me. "Ten to fifty sections are far more common."

The mesquite which, near San Antonio, is large and thick, gradually becomes dwarfed and thinner. This mesquite is said to be one of the finest of hardwoods, and is used in a great many ways. The small size and twisted contour of the trunk, however, bars it from many uses to which it would be well adapted. Mixed with other thorny shrubs as an undergrowth, all together called chaparral, it frequently forms over acres together an almost impenetrable mass when there has been no effort at clearing. The prickly pear is quite thickly scattered over the ground in many places, and one will find many other plants which grow only where rain is infrequent.

It is not long after San Antonio has faded from view until the Sunset Route reaches the lands occupied by the old Castro Colony, which is mentioned elsewhere. D'Hanis was likewise a settlement of Alsatian colonists. Uvalde and Del Rio (meaning "by the river") are fairly good sized county towns, which are passed on the journey toward the disappearing sun. Uvalde County for a long time occupied a prominent position on the southwestern frontier. It was infested with Indians, and they, together with American and Mexican outlaws, made it an insecure dwelling place until the construction of the railroad introduced settled conditions.

The Canyon de Uvalde was a favourite resort for the savages, since it provided them with shelter and a natural defence. Just a few miles south of the city of Uvalde was located Fort Inge, which was an important military post in the middle of the last century. The mail routes to the more distant west and to Mexico here intersected, and

the pony express riders were a common sight in Uvalde. It was under the protection of this fort that the first settlers located in this neighbourhood in 1851. The city is now a flourishing municipality, and is a commercial centre for the great stock country all about. More honey is said to be shipped from here than any other city in the United States, for the bees make a most excellent honey from the flowers of the range.

Many were the forts scattered over this western country at one time or another. One of these interesting advance outposts of the Anglo-American occupation to follow was that known as Camp Verde, which may still be found as the name of a small place in Kerr County, a little north of Uvalde. This old and historic frontier post was established in 1855, and it is a reminder of one of the strangest innovations ever attempted by our Government. Forty camels were imported from the Orient, together with a dozen Armenian drivers and their families. A sketch had been made of a caravansary in Asia Minor, and this camp was reproduced at Camp Verde in every minute particular. It was constructed in a rectangular shape, except the north wall which made an angle, the distance from each corner of this angle being exactly one hundred and fifty feet. This wall was sixteen feet high and made of concrete and timber, the latter having been transported all the way from Florida.

The idea of employing camels on the Texas frontier was an idea which had its inception with Jefferson Davis. He believed that camels could cross the desert country with more ease and quicker than horses. Because they could go longer without water, their employment would greatly facilitate the carrying of despatches and following of the Indians, so he represented. This might have proved true, if the western country had consisted of

desert sand. Camp Verde, however, was situated in a mountainous and rocky country, over which the camel with his soft and spongy feet could make but little progress. The tough little Spanish pony could outdistance him. The camels, being a failure so far as following Indians was concerned, were sold in 1868. The forty had increased at that time until the original number was more than doubled. A few of the camels escaped to the *Llano Estacado,* and it is said that their descendants are still occasionally seen in that section of Texas and New Mexico. Many stories are told of the frights experienced by the Indians and white men when these strange apparitions came unexpectedly upon them.

Del Rio is rather an attractive place, only a couple of miles from the Mexican border. An abundant supply of excellent water is provided by a number of large flowing springs. The largest spring is about fifty feet across, and an almost incredible amount of water issues from it. It was the neighbourhood of such an unfailing supply of pure water that determined the first settlements here. These settlements gradually grew into the present city. At the present time Mexicans seem to predominate among the population. Away from the valleys here in the great Valverde County, the general surface is rough and broken, but in the valleys there is considerable land that will lend itself to irrigation. Development by irrigation on a considerable scale has been initiated with water from the Rio Grande, and it promises considerable success here as at other places along that international waterway.

Have you, gentle reader, been harbouring the belief that the whole of Texas was either level or rolling prairie? Then let me proceed to dispel this phantasy. Proceeding westward in obedience to the command given

young men some time ago, we find that there is a gradual rise in the level of the land. The traveller soon learns that Texas is not all prairie, and that the mountain peaks here will greatly overtop anything east of the Mississippi. Some of the scenery, as the train winds around the peaks and across the valleys, is exceedingly beautiful. It may not equal, and certainly does not transcend, the Rockies in sublimity and grandeur, but these mountains of Texas possess a beauty and charm all their own. The Rockies have an awfulness and a terribleness that almost repel the onlooker, as he might shrink from an impending calamity, but these mountains attract and charm. At Paisano the divide is crossed at an altitude of more than five thousand feet. At Alpine and beyond, there are peaks in sight which are uplifted from one mile to two miles above sea level. With broad and level valleys spread out between them, these great mountains standing out against the distant horizon look wonderfully impressive in the translucent atmosphere of this region.

The territorial divisions along the upper Rio Grande are all princely in dimensions. El Paso County has been reduced once or twice, but it is still larger than Connecticut. Presidio County, just below, is greater in extent than Delaware, and Brewster County is about the same. But the population is not in proportion to the amplitude. The people do not number much more than two to the square mile, of whom about one-half are genuine Mexicans. Outside of some irrigation along the rivers, there is little development. For instance, out of two and a half million acres in one of these divisions, only seven thousand are classed as "improved land." It is not difficult to see that agriculture is in its infancy. But large herds of cattle, sheep, horses, and goats are pastured and thrive exceedingly well.

Brewster County contains some of the loftiest mountains to be found in Texas. There is another Grand Canyon here that has walls which in places rise perpendicularly almost two thousand feet. In these mountains and canyons and valleys considerable mineral wealth has been discovered. One of the largest quicksilver mines in the United States is in operation here, besides those which produce many other minerals, such as lead, iron, copper, and silver. Because of a lack of transportation, however, and an inadequate water supply, the great mineral wealth has not yet been fully developed. It certainly required indomitable pluck and unconquerable energy to push the Southern Pacific railroad out across the vast and—the then—almost unknown plains and mountains of Texas. It began with the old Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad. Mile by mile, almost foot by foot, struggling against difficulties seemingly insuperable, this railroad was pushed forward from Houston until it reached San Antonio, where its engineers were greeted with ovations by the delighted inhabitants. Thence it crept westward into the sunset. But another railroad was also headed eastward, which likewise aimed to cross the expansive leagues of Texas. The outcome was a compromise, and the two roads became the Southern Pacific, by which the East and the West were again united.

The nearer we approach the western boundary of Texas the more noticeable become the signs of aridity. A wit made the remark that it was so poor here a crow "would have to tote his rations over it." Another wag averred that it would take the moisture from a couple of acres to rust a nail. In places it might hustle an active goat to get a good day's feed from an acre. The sagebrush and the graceful Spanish bayonet are practically the only signs

AN IRRIGATING CANAL

of vegetable life at times. It is a country of barbs and spines and bayoneted shrubs, which tear and fret the hands of any who come in collision with them. The sun also sheds a glare, which accounts for the wide hats and the gathered wrinkles nesting at the corner of men's eyes, because they have been squinting at it for years. Nevertheless, the hundreds of windmills at work demonstrate the fact that water is present not far from the surface. In some of the towns a windmill will be found in almost every yard. As El Paso is approached the landscape becomes a dreary waste, until a dozen miles away irrigation begins. The fertility of the soil is indicated by the eagerness with which it responds to the application of water.

"No se Ingles" (I do not understand English), is a common expression heard throughout this section of Texas. It may come from some one who looks as white as you or I. He is a Mexican, but has none of the Indian blood in him. Isolated thatched houses are encountered which might come from interior Mexico. The women may be seen rolling and patting *tortillas* on the *metate,* just as they do in their native home. Strings of chili and garlic ornament the outside of the doorway. The donkeys, the pigs, and the chickens have the entrée to the best the house affords. An equal number of lean and hungry dogs infest the doorway.

Many reach El Paso via the Old Texas and Pacific from Dallas or Fort Worth. Not far distant from the latter city on the southwestern journey is the dividing line between the black waxy belt and West Texas. Diversified farming is still followed for some distance, until at length the rainfall diminishes to such an extent that either dry farming methods or irrigation are necessary. Indian depredations were common here until long after

the Civil War. Weatherford is quite an important town and railroad centre. It is rather an old place for a West Texas town. A writer in 1857 said of it: "Weatherford, a new town and county seat, is rapidly increasing. Not twelve months ago the site was laid out, and yet there are already a courthouse in process of construction, and several other public buildings, one hotel, several stores, private dwellings, and other marks of civilization." To-day several railroads reach Weatherford, and it is a thriving little county capital.

West of Weatherford the settlement is much more recent. The few settlers who were there antecedent to the seventies were a sort of advance guard against the forces of barbarism that still prevailed over the entire western region of Texas. Its real development has simply followed the railroads. As the buffalo were finally hunted from the plains, they were followed by great herds of domestic cattle and the old-time stockmen. For a few years these men were the supreme lords of the domain of these grass-covered prairies. The natural grasses would shoot up from one to three feet high, and sometimes as high as a cow's back. To-day, with the agriculturist cultivating much land, there are still more and better cattle than ever grazed on this range in the palmiest days of the old cattlemen. Sweetwater has become a railroad centre of considerable importance. From it the iron rails radiate to all points of the compass. The ranchman is still here, but cotton and other crops are becoming of greater importance each year. And yet a county government was not organized here until 1881.

Leaving Sweetwater, the rainfall decreases, but there is an abundant supply of underground water, and windmills dot the landscape. Big Springs was so named because of the large springs located near the town. The railroads

and settlers have found this gushing water as valuable and refreshing as did the buffalo and the cattle of an earlier day. The population becomes sparser. Winkler County had a population at the last census of four hundred and forty-two, less than one inhabitant to each thousand acres of land. In the Pecos River Valley a number of irrigation projects are being worked, which water many thousands of acres of very fertile land. Pecos City is the most important town. The Texas & Pacific Railway intersects the Southern Pacific at Sierra Blanca, almost a hundred miles from El Paso.

The gateway to Southwestern Texas, and the only large city in that section, is El Paso, which is situated not far from the borders of New Mexico. It is not only in the extreme southwest, but the extreme west of the State as well. It is a great relief to land in this modern city, with every convenience for comfort, after a long journey across the arid plains in midsummer. The oldest settlement within the present confines of Texas was at Isleta, or Ysleta, about twelve miles distant from El Paso. This village began as a settlement of the Tigua Indians, who had been driven from the village of the same name a few miles from Albuquerque, New Mexico, by the uprising of 1680. They were friendly to the Spaniards, and were colonized here by the Spanish governor. The new village was named after the older New Mexican pueblo.

Although the oldest settlement in Texas, Isleta has had little share in the life of the State, for it was always, until quite recently, an Indian town. It is very probable that no Spaniards other than a padre or two dwelt there. It has, however, had a continuous existence since 1682, and some claim for several decades longer. The first effort of the priests was to found a mission after their custom. As a matter of fact, they established five villas

on the north bank of the Rio Grande, each of which possessed its church. A few of the Indians of Isleta are still left and dwell within the shadows of the old church, which is in a very good state of preservation. The outside walls have been re-plastered, but the service is conducted by black-robed priests before the identical altar where the Spanish padre intoned his prayers centuries ago. The hand-beaten bells of bronze ring out as they did in the days of the seventeenth century, when the "Priest was Lord of the Land," summoning the faithful to worship as of yore.

"I am an Indian," was the proud remark of one of the inhabitants of Isleta, when I questioned him about the Indians living there. Isleta is one of two places where any of the aboriginal race still dwell within the great State of Texas, which was once the home of tens of thousands of the wildest of the wild red men. Isleta was at one time the county seat. To-day it is a quaint old place worthy of a visit, and an electric line transports the visitor out in half an hour.

There is a reason for El Paso. It is in a valley from one mile to three miles across and nearly forty miles in length. The banks of the river here are low and easily approachable, while at Eagle Pass and Laredo they are high. It is situated at the lowest pass across the continental divide between the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and the Arctic Sea. It stands at the crossing of several of the oldest highways established by white men on this continent. An overland automobile route, which is open all the year round, also passes through this city of El Paso, which means The Pass. It has been of strategic and commercial importance ever since Coronado crossed the river at this point on his famous expedition into the Santa Fé country, about 1540. At the close of that cen-

tury the Spaniards formally asserted their claims over the country of the upper Rio Grande, and for a very brief time the seat of authority was at Paso del Norte.

To realize that El Paso is in a region of little rain, one has but to observe the desert character of the surrounding country. But this fact, combined with an elevation of three-fourths of a mile, makes what her citizens proudly term "the most delightful all-the-year-round climate in the world." The altitude tempers the heat, which otherwise might make the summer temperature most uncomfortable. The most disagreeable feature of the climate is the sandstorms which occasionally sweep down over the city.

The normal territory of El Paso is enormous. It is the largest city and, in fact, the only large city from San Antonio west to Los Angeles, a distance of fifteen hundred miles. To the north there is no city until you reach Denver. It is one of the main gateways of Mexico, and it is the natural outlet for that Republic for several hundred miles south of the border. A number of transcontinental railroads pass through here on their way north or south. All of these facts have developed El Paso into a great natural concentrating and distributing point, and a very important railroad centre as well. It does not require the gift of prophecy to foretell that El Paso will be a much greater city at a not distant time in the future.

The territory tributary to El Paso is a great plateau, which is, at its highest point, more than a mile above sea level. It is ridged by mountains into isolated peaks and ranges. Within this area almost every climatic zone of fauna may be found, from the palm and the desert cactus to the pine and the oak. Even though much of it has the appearance of desert, however, the soil is wonderfully rich and only needs water to bring out the life that lies

dormant. The average precipitation is less than ten inches, which comes chiefly in summer showers. In the immediate neighbourhood of El Paso there are several thousand acres of the desert that have been devoted to the use of mankind by utilizing the waters of the Rio Grande. Here will be found pear and plum orchards on a large scale, while alfalfa will produce several crops in a season. These environs of cultivated land contrast forcibly in their vivid green with the grey alluvial hills and rocky mountain crests, and they impart a charm which is peculiar to the scenery of Northern Mexico and resembles somewhat that of Northern Africa.

The Government is now spending ten million dollars on the Elephant Butte Dam, the largest irrigation reservoir in the world. It will store more than fifty per cent more water than the famous Assuan Dam on the Nile, and twice as much as the Roosevelt Dam in Arizona. It will form a lake forty-five miles long and one hundred and ninety-three feet deep, "enough (note that I quote) to fill a standpipe eleven feet in diameter reaching to the moon, or to cover the State of Massachusetts six inches deep." It will irrigate an area of three hundred square miles, and will store enough water to tide over three or four dry years. The canals will extend for a distance of thirty-five miles below El Paso. Under an agreement with Mexico it will be necessary to deliver sixty thousand acre feet of water into the Mexican canal above Juarez. In return the Mexican Government waives all right to water above here. This dam is on the Rio Grande River above El Paso and in New Mexico, but El Paso is really in the centre of the activities that will follow.

"And rain," so the Western farmer says, "is only a poor substitute for irrigation."

To appreciate El Paso one should first of all go across

ALFALFA FARM, NEAR EL PASO

the international bridge and become acquainted with Ciudad Juarez. This city was originally called El Paso del Norte, but the name was changed in honour of the famous president of Mexico. Here is a place that had just as much reason for its existence, and had even a better start than the American city. Before the Mexican War no settlement of any size existed on what is now the American side of the Rio Grande, while Juarez was a city of thirteen thousand—a big population for that period. For a long time it was the border town separating Mexico from the regions beyond. It represented the outpost of Spanish civilization, and was the point from which and through which the conquerors advanced the interests of the government of Spain and of themselves individually as well. From there they penetrated farther into what is now New Mexico in one direction and into Texas in the other.

The Juarez of to-day is a city of low adobe structures, with dirty and unsanitary streets, and with few evidences of modern advancement. The most imposing buildings are the station and the railroad buildings. It would have remained an absolutely unpretentious mud village, if only those restless Americans would have permitted it. But no, those Yankees would come over, and they would instil a little life into it, and push their apathetic sister into some prominence. It is well worth the trip across the long wooden bridge which spans the Rio Grande and joins the State of Texas with the Republic of Mexico. Ciudad Juarez has changed hands so many times in the recent revolutions, and been attacked so frequently, that the little enterprise which formerly existed has been destroyed.

The most prominent monument is the Plaza de Toros (bull-ring), and its most flourishing business is the race-

track, where gambling of every sort is permitted. Of course it is not much credit to Americans that the promoters and managers of these races, as well as of the bull-fights, are generally our fellow countrymen. But such is the fact. One will find all along the Mexican border, at Tia Juana, Mexicala, Naco, Nogales, Nuevo Laredo, the same conditions existing as at Juarez. Men who have been driven out of the United States, as the laws against vice become enforced, drift across the border and locate in the contiguous towns in order to continue the fleecing of their fellow countrymen. Not much relief can be expected until there is a complete transformation in that unfortunate country across the international boundary.

Those who are interested in antiquity will enjoy a visit to the old church of Guadalupe. Remote tradition claims the original founding of the mission as far back as 1549. It was doubtless by this route that the Spanish expeditions came which first settled at San Antonio and resulted in the continuation of the missions near that city. The bells of the Guadalupe mission were brought overland from Vera Cruz, a distance of more than one thousand miles. To-day the rude walls are covered with pictures of the saints, while the ceiling beams are composed of rudely carved logs that were brought from the mountain tops to the city. To-day the worshippers come and go as they have for many generations, kneeling and crouching upon the floor in the dim light and before the chancel altar with its many tapers.

One does not need to go far into the interior of Mexico to see the people living just as they did in the time of Christ. One of the main lines of the Mexican railway system runs from here to the City of Mexico. It passes through the important cities of Chihuahua, Zacatecas,

Torreon, Aguas Calientes, while branch lines carry the traveller to Guanajuato and Guadalajara. It is a most interesting trip for the traveller who has the time and the inclination. There are many sights which are as novel and foreign as can be found anywhere in Europe.[1]

Forty years ago much of what is now the principal business district of El Paso consisted only of a few adobe houses. A well-known writer of a little later (1885) says of it: "The town—whose inhabitants will doubtless be mortally offended because I did not call it a city—is about half a mile across, and situated in the centre of a verdureless, mud-coloured plain, with a semicircle of gravelly hills on one side and the Rio Grande on another. Its buildings are mainly new, as houses of wood and brick are fast replacing the old adobe hovels." Now that same section is compactly covered with large modern buildings equipped with every convenience. A few years ago El Paso cleaned out its gamblers. As is always the case when a reform is agitated, many said that gambling was absolutely necessary to the city's prosperous existence, situated as it was out amidst the desert lands. The better citizens said "No," and proceeded to abolish it. Business at once forged ahead, bank deposits grew, and buildings increased. The character of the population likewise improved.

It is indeed a gratification to the traveller to alight in such a city as El Paso, after a long and dusty ride over the arid plains extending in every direction. A hotel and business block now occupies the site of the old ranch house of Juan Marie Ponce de Leon, built in 1827, the premier house on the east bank of the Rio Grande opposite the ancient city of Paso del Norte, now Ciudad

[1] See *Mexico and Her People of To-day* by the same author, published by The Page Company, Boston.

Juarez. Busy retail stores and crowded office buildings have now taken the place of his establishment. Ponce de Leon at that time was one of the wealthiest, most enterprising, and most influential gentlemen of this neighbourhood. He was a man of means, and he had a monopoly of transportation with his wagon trains. Outside of an occasional raid of Indians, there was little to mar the quiet of the settlement so far removed from the stirring scenes of the Texas Revolution. Ponce de Leon fought with his country in the Mexican War, but was defeated, and the United States troops took possession of the country.

It is really from its occupation by the Americans in December, 1846, that the history of El Paso as an American city begins. A large military post, called Fort Bliss, was established, and possession ever after maintained. During the Civil War, El Paso was alternately occupied by Confederate and Federal troops. After the war it was an isolated border town for a decade and a half, until the transcontinental railroads reached it. The first railroad train entered it on May 25, 1881.

The city is now stretching out towards Fort Bliss, and up the slopes of the overhanging mountain. The strata of this mountain lie at an angle of forty-five degrees or more, showing that there has been a tremendous upheaval of nature at some time in the past. It is a city of substantial homes, for only a very small percentage of the houses are frame. The bungalow type of dwelling is very popular among the cheaper homes. The influence of the Spanish style of architecture is also frequently seen. The streets are generally wide, thus giving abundant opportunity for a park between sidewalk and curb. The homes are supplied with as many flowers and vines and shrubs and trees as in cities where there is greater rainfall. The effects and beauties achieved in the parks

PARTIAL VIEW OF FORT BLISS, EL PASO

belie the idea that it is absolute desert around El Paso, for water is the only element lacking, and there is water in abundance to take the place of rainfall. There is an amplitude of sunshine, for El Paso claims to have three hundred and twenty-nine sunshiny days in a year.

El Paso has experienced much excitement in recent years, owing to the revolutionary troubles in Mexico. Fort Bliss is the permanent barrack, and is one of our largest military posts. It is delightfully located from a health standpoint, about five miles from the centre of the town. For several years during the border excitement several thousand extra troops have been stationed in and around the city and acting as a border patrol. The khaki is indeed a familiar spectacle on the streets of El Paso, and the police guard of the camp may be observed almost any evening rounding up those who forget to return to camp at the prescribed time to retire. Thousands of Mexican refugees have likewise been living there. The poorer ones have helped to congest the Mexican quarter, already full, while the wealthier ones have added to the revenue of the large hotels.

CHAPTER X

THE GULF COAST

THOSE were indeed stirring times when the early explorers on this continent were treading the pathless wilderness and sailing over uncharted waters. It required no lurid melodrama to provide any needed thrills, for the dangers of the way and the treachery of the red men supplied an abundance of excitement. One of the most fascinating incidents in connection with the Gulf Coast of Texas is that involving its discovery by the Chevalier de La Salle. This intrepid explorer found his way down the Mississippi and into the great inland sea known as the Gulf of Mexico. One by one the Great Lakes had been discovered. Joliet and Marquette reached the Mississippi, and followed that stream as far as the Arkansas in 1673. But apprehension caused them to return. In 1681, La Salle, with a body of fifty followers, started on the same journey and sailed the Mississippi to its mouth in the following year. Unaware that the Spaniards had already been there, he named the country Louisiana in honour of his king, and claimed the territory for France.

"Henceforth," proclaimed La Salle, "my God and my king are supreme, forever, over the innumerable souls and immeasurable lands of this great Continent." Shortly afterward he returned to France to report his discoveries. Louis XIV was at this time at the very zenith of his glory. The prospect of a new empire appealed to his

vanity, as well as to his judgment. La Salle was no doubt fully as enthusiastic as the project warranted in his interviews with the monarch. At any rate, when La Salle retraced his steps for the New World, in 1684, he was accompanied by four ships, with a captain of the royal navy in command of one.

La Salle intended to establish a military post at the mouth of the Great River, in order to protect the French settlements to be established farther up. His good fortune had ended, however, as succeeding events proved. One ship was captured by buccaneers in the West Indies. But the severest trial of all was that he missed his destination, and finally succeeded, in February, 1685, in effecting a landing at Matagorda Bay, on the coast of Texas, hundreds of miles southwest of the river sought. La Salle firmly believed this bay to be one of the mouths of the Mississippi, and so established a temporary camp on the shore. In entering the bay another vessel was wrecked, and shortly after landing the naval officer sailed for France with a third, because he could not work in harmony with his rather irritable chief. Thus only one rather small vessel, the *Bella,* remained at the service of the new colony. Even this vessel was finally lost, so that the colony was without the means of leaving the country by water.

After landing, a little search soon revealed the fact that the bay which they had entered had no connection with the Father of Waters. This was indeed a tremendous disappointment to La Salle, but he was not yet downhearted. In order to find a suitable site for a camp until the Mississippi could be located, a voyage was made up a river emptying into the bay. The river was named La Vache, or the "river of beeves," which the Spaniards later translated into Lavaca, the name which the river

still bears. It was so named because of the great number of buffaloes. The fort which he built was named Saint Louis, in honour of the sovereign who financed his expedition. La Salle gave the same name to the bay, but the Spaniards named it Espiritu Santo, and sometimes called it San Bernardo.

Bad luck continued to follow the La Salle expedition, even after Fort St. Louis was established. Two of the members deserted almost immediately, one was hung for a crime, and one of his best men died as the result of a snake bite. Before the first summer had passed, thirty had succumbed to disease. Treacherous Indians on all sides threatened the security of those remaining. Let the imagination of the reader fill out this scene on the shores of Matagorda Bay. An unhealthy shore, provisions scarce, fear of the natives, no way of returning home, exact location unknown—these were only a few of the troubles. It was enough to daunt the staunch heart of the most fearless explorer. Some of his men became mutinous and clamorous. A weaker man would have yielded to despair. It was not so with La Salle. In October, 1683, La Salle set out to find the Mississippi, but returned a few months later unsuccessful. In 1686, he began a second attempt, but only reached the Trinity River. Here he was attacked by a fever, which delayed him two months, and again he found it necessary to return to Fort St. Louis. He started on a third overland journey in January, 1687, in an attempt to reach the French settlements in Canada for succour. He had not proceeded far when he was assassinated by some of his own men. A couple of shots rang out from the tall grass of the prairie, and La Salle dropped dead with a bullet in his brain.

Thus ended the career of one of the most intrepid ex-

plorers of the days of great discoveries in the New World, at the early age of forty-three. His only reward for adding an empire to the realm of his sovereign master was the bullet of an assassin. He was a lonely and uncommunicative man, who made no confidants. His temperament was gloomy and unsocial, and this, combined with a fierce temper, undoubtedly angered some of his followers, many of whom were of the scum of Paris, and led to the death of the only man who might have brought succour. But he was a knight of spotless purity, of dauntless courage and of unbounded self-reliance, so we are told. His loyalty to his sovereign was of the nature of a religious sentiment, while his devotion to his church would have stood the test of martyrdom. The exact place where this tragedy took place is unknown, and several sites are claimed, but a recent authority says it was near the present site of Navasota.

Fort St. Louis survived a couple of years longer. The colony on the Gulf was left to its fate by the "Grande Monarque," Louis XIV. In his gorgeous palace at Versailles he turned a deaf ear to the account that reached him concerning the unfortunates at Fort St. Louis. Several expeditions were sent both by sea and by land by the Spaniards, to locate and destroy the French settlement, all of which were unsuccessful. One day a Spanish ship, said to have been guided by deserters from La Salle, sought out the spot where the colony had been, intent on its destruction. But the destroyers found the place silent as the tomb. The weather-beaten palisade was dilapidated, and the roof of the storehouse had tumbled in. The dismounted cannon lay scattered around in the mire. The whole place had fallen into decay. Looking a little farther the Spaniards came upon a cluster of human skeletons, lying as if they had fallen there in death.

Awed by the mystery of the place, the strangers were about to leave when two men, looking like Indians, came up. They said that many of the colony had died from small-pox, and the rest had been murdered by the Indians. They were the sole survivors of the colony. They were made prisoners of war and sentenced to life imprisonment. Thus disappeared the colony established by the intrepid La Salle in Texas. Thus ended the first attempt to establish a settlement of Europeans on the soil of Texas. But it was the French attempt that did finally lead to the Spanish settlement and development.

Although the Spaniards took possession of this Gulf Coast, the title of Spain was in dispute for more than a century. France at all times laid claim to it by reason of the discovery and settlement by La Salle. With the Louisiana Purchase this claim was passed on to the United States in 1803. It was not until the general settlement made with Spain by Uncle Sam in 1819, which was a part of the general bargain by which Florida was acquired, that the right of Spain to this part of the Gulf Coast was recognized. This was only two years before the title was again lost as a result of the successful revolution of Mexico.

It is doubtless true, however, that the Spaniards first set foot on Texas soil. In the year 1532, three white men and a negro arrived in Mexico. They related one of the strangest and almost unbelievable stories of shipwreck, suffering, captivity, and ultimate escape ever spoken by mortal lips. Cabeza de Vaca was the leader of this party, all of whom were survivors of an expedition led by Narvaez, which had been sent out by Spain to subdue Florida, the name then applied to the entire coast. They had been shipwrecked somewhere along the Texas coast, and had been held in slavery for several years by the

Indians. From all the accounts that we have these men were the first to tread the soil of Texas.

Matagorda Bay and its adjacent waters which indent the coast have been the scene of many later historical incidents. These include Lavaca Bay and River, Espiritu Santo Bay, and the San Antonio and Colorado rivers. The shores have been the seat of many ambitious towns and seaports, but the locations of some of them can be found with difficulty. Prince Solius Braunfels selected a site here, which he called Carl's Haven, as the landing-place for his immigrants. Large numbers of these unfortunate Germans succumbed to a pestilence while awaiting transportation to the interior. Indianola was once an important town and the second seaport in Texas, but it is now a "lost town." Other towns at one time promising were Cox's Point and Dimitt's Landing. A great storm in 1875 destroyed the old port, and a majority of the inhabitants were drowned. At the present time hardly a building indicates the site of this once flourishing seaport. Matagorda was formerly the leading town here, but Port Lavaca is much larger to-day. The bottom lands at the mouth of the Colorado are among the richest in the State, but the lack of drainage long prevented development. The level land and abundance of water, however, were just the necessary conditions for rice cultivation, and this has been developed on a large scale.

There are many other places of historical and general interest on the Gulf Coast. It is claimed that the site of Corpus Christi (Body of Christ) was discovered by La Salle, and was named Corpus Christi Bay because it was discovered on the day of that celebration of the Roman Catholic Church. The news that Texas had accepted the proffered terms of annexation, which was to be the signal for General Taylor to land his troops on the fron-

tier of Texas, reached New Orleans on July 21st, 1845. On the following day the "Army of Occupation" embarked for Texas, with explicit instructions to limit its activities "to the defence of the territory of Texas," now "an integral portion of our country." Ten days later, General Taylor took up his quarters on the site of the present city of Corpus Christi, at the mouth of the Nueces River.

For seven months Taylor remained here, wholly inactive, awaiting the fulfilment of Mexico's threat that news of the annexation of Texas would be deemed cause "sufficient for the immediate proclamation of war." About the middle of March, 1846, this army began its weary march across one hundred and fifty miles of plains, which separated it from the mouth of the Rio Grande. It is said that there was not a white inhabitant to be found. To the soldiers, unused to treeless plains, the country had the appearance of a desert. Cattle and horses which had become wild roamed over the plains in almost countless numbers. It was not until after the Mexican War that the re-population of the country began.

Up to the time that General Taylor landed at Corpus Christi, there was only a very small settlement at this point. There was a little town on the hill which was called Bluff City, but the town of Corpus Christi is directly on the shores of the expansive bay, which is landlocked and twenty-five miles across. The bluff here is the highest land on the Gulf Coast lying within the State of Texas, so that the settlement was appropriately named. After the Mexican War Corpus Christi became the chief port between Galveston and the Rio Grande. In 1862 the little city was captured by Lieutenant Kittridge in command of a couple of small boats. He captured several Confederate boats and necessitated the destruction

A VIEW IN CORPUS CHRISTI

of others. Like all Texans, the inhabitants of this city are very hopeful, and they look forward with great confidence to the future of their city. It is to-day the most important as well as the most attractive city on this coast south of Galveston. The hopes of the citizens are not altogether without reason, for the Bay of Corpus Christi is both broad and beautiful. It affords a magnificent setting. The city has a sweeping bay front of four miles. The one drawback, a deep harbour, is even now being remedied, and Corpus Christi will doubtless take its place some day as one of the great ports of the Gulf, when the contemplated improvements are completed.

Corpus Christi has had a splendid and substantial growth for a number of years. The city, which used to be a sleepy and dreamy sort of place, is growing rapidly and is improving in every way. And yet it has not entirely lost the air of Old Spain and the Spanish grandees. A great causeway has been built across a bayou, which affords better access to the mainland, so that the city will not be isolated so much as in the past. It has become a very popular resort both winter and summer, rivalling in a measure its greater rival, Galveston. Large and comfortable hotels are ready to welcome the traveller. The bathing is said to be absolutely without undertow, and can be indulged in almost the entire year.

Tarpon fishing is one of the sports that many fishermen indulge in at Corpus Christi, and it is exciting enough for any of them. To read the literature put out by the city, one would even think it was a sort of Elysium. Four railroads already tap the city, one of them being a direct branch of the Mexican railways. This railroad was first a narrow gauge and was called the Corpus Christi, San Diego and Rio Grande; it connects that city with Laredo. It was built in 1879, and did much to bring about settled

conditions throughout the territory traversed by it. It also helped to develop and bring prosperity to Corpus Christi.

Just a short distance north of Corpus Christi is another harbour, or bay, known as Aransas Pass, which has been navigated from the very beginning of Texas colonization. Here was also the historic Copano Landing, which was of great importance for the landing of supplies during the Texas Revolution. After the war Rockport and Fulton arose, and both became important shipping ports as well as commercial centres. Cattle were driven here from the back country for shipment or for slaughter. In recent years the Government has expended considerable money in deepening harbours and the construction of jetties so that vessels of deeper draught can enter the bay.

The territory all about here, now represented by Refugio, Aransas and San Patricio Counties, was included in the concession granted for Irish colonists to Hewitson and Power, or McMullen and McGloin. The capital of the former was at Mission del Refugio, and the latter at San Patricio. The mission at Refugio was destroyed not so very many years later, and only a little settlement remained at the time of the Revolution. Near San Patricio there was a Mexican fort, called Fort Lipantitlan, which was captured early in the Revolution. These Irish settlers came in from 1829 to 1833. San Patricio is one of the original counties of Texas. The boundaries have been changed several times, and the thriving town of Sinton has succeeded San Patricio as the county seat. The Irish are now only a very small proportion of the population.

Artesian water assured life and prosperity to a large section of the Gulf Coast. A great drought of 1901 brought it about. The death of thousands of cattle had made the ranchers desperate. A geologist had reported

A FLOWING ARTESIAN WELL

that a sheet of water underlay the whole coast country, and it was determined to find it or prove the report false. When a stream of limpid and clear water spouted out of the hole, and spread over the browned and parched prairie, there was great rejoicing. The discovery added another empire to Texas. It brought about the railroad extension to Brownsville. Towns arose along the route like mushrooms.

Until the artesian belt was discovered this land between the Nueces and the Rio Grande was considered worthless, except to the big ranchers. It is said that there were only a half-dozen houses in which white people lived in the last one hundred and fifty miles toward Brownsville. Now it is becoming a populous region of farmers as well as ranchmen. Other wells were put down. The flow of clear and sparkling water continued to come to the surface. The wells are generally from five hundred to twelve hundred feet in depth. The water comes up from this great underground river quite warm, and must be cooled to make it palatable to drink. No man can put down more than one well on his farm, and the well must be properly made. In this way the future water supply is husbanded.

One of the most interesting features of the development of the Gulf Coast is the inner waterway. The entire coast is lined with a series of lagoons, as a glance at a good map will show. The Laguna del Madre extends from within a mile of the Rio Grande to Corpus Christi Bay, a distance of a hundred miles, with a natural depth of three feet of water. From there there is little solid digging to Matagorda Bay. The route to Galveston involves several miles of solid excavation. But the bottom of the lagoons is generally soft mud, which is easily deepened by means of dredges. It is planned to connect these lagoons

with a series of canals, and to deepen the lagoons where necessary, so that there will be a storm-free route for vessels to sail from Sabine Pass to the mouth of the Rio Grande. Already this work has been completed as far as Galveston. It will doubtless be excavated as far as Corpus Christi before many years. The idea of such a waterway is not a new one, for the Congress of the Texas Republic had considered such a project, but the lack of money prevented its realization. Mexico has taken up this same work in the neighbourhood of Tampico, and has done scores of miles of dredging. That government had planned to extend it to the American border and unite it with the American end. But the revolution of 1910 put a quietus to this project so far as Mexico is concerned, just as it did with many other meritorious propositions.

In the early part of the last century the Gulf Coast of Texas became very troublesome for shipping. Especially were there many buccaneers and fillibusters who preyed on the commerce of Spain. With its long, low and bare islands, it was almost an ideal place for pirates. For the motley crowd engaged in this occupation, which were gathered from all nations, Galveston Island became the special rendezvous. It was not only a good harbour, but it was within easy striking distances of the Spanish fortresses. The first known occupation of the island was in 1816, by some of the struggling republicans of Mexico during the revolution. At that time Commodore Louis De Aury set up an organized government there in opposition to the Spanish authority. To him came Xavier Mina with a couple of hundred men and several ships. The principal occupation of these leaders was plundering the Spanish commerce, and incidentally that of slave-trading. The aim was to capture slaves and then smug-

gle the blacks into Louisiana, as the customary price of a slave was a dollar a pound. Several hundred men were soon attracted to this island, among whom, it is said, were many citizens of the United States.

While the forces of Aury and his associates were engaged in an expedition against Mexico, Jean Lafitte quietly took possession of Galveston Island. It was simply one pirate stepping into the shoes of another. Lafitte has been called the Pirate of the Gulf. In a duel in Charleston, South Carolina, about an affair of the heart, he killed his antagonist, after which he adopted the life of a buccaneer. For his services in the War of 1812, Lafitte was granted an unconditional pardon. But after peace with England was declared, he returned to his old calling. Thus it is that we find him at Galveston. For a time previous to this, Lafitte had been engaged in operating near the mouth of the Mississippi until it became too warm for sea rovers there. His establishment in Barratavia had been broken up in 1814. Once established on this island, Lafitte erected buildings, built a fort, and organized a complete government with heads of several departments.

Lafitte claimed that it was only Spanish vessels which he attacked, and justified this course by saying that he had once suffered from the Spaniards, so that he had declared eternal war on Spain. It is said, however, that his men showed a remarkable degree of impartiality in their unlawful enterprise. It was indeed their willingness to make captives of United States vessels that hastened their downfall. The fortification built by Lafitte on the site of the present city of Galveston, and the flourishing town established by him, was named Campeachy. His own house was the most conspicuous building, and it was painted red—an appropriate colour. By his men

he was known as Lord of Galveston, and he exercised almost absolute authority.

In 1821, after the attention of the authorities at Washington had been attracted to the work of Lafitte, an expedition was sent to the island with orders to break up this nest of pirates. Lafitte received the commanding officer and entertained him with princely hospitality. When he found that the Lieutenant's orders were imperative, he took his favourite ship, the *Pride,* a foretopsail schooner that mounted fourteen guns, and sailed out of the harbour with a hundred picked men. He never returned to the Texas coast, but died a few years later in Yucatan. The rule of pirates on the island of Galveston was then at an end.

If there always seems to be something romantic about an island, Galveston has her full share of romance. It was named "Galveston" after Count Bernardo de Galvez, who was Spanish viceroy to Mexico when this island was a part of that country.[1] The Mexican Government established a miltary post and custom-house here in 1830, and the "Port of Galveston" came into official existence. It still remains, and includes a much greater territory than the island itself. The City of Galveston secured its first charter from General Sam Houston, when that famous warrior was President of the Republic of Texas.

Like Houston, Galveston was promoted by a private company. But its very situation destined it for a great port. Here is the largest and safest harbour along the

[1] Galvez was one of the most enlightened and liberal rulers that ever occupied the vice-regal throne in Spanish-America. He introduced many reforms. He had been a friend of the American revolutionists. The Mexicans, many of them at least, wanted to throw off the Spanish yoke and make Galvez king. He declined to consider the subject. He died suddenly in 1794, as a result, so his friends believed, of poison administered by enemies.

coast of Texas, and near it are some of the richest and most populous counties. Before the time of railroads, water provided the only outlet, and Galveston had assumed great importance even before the war of the rebellion. For four years during that conflict, however, business was at a standstill. The only boats in the harbour were the gunboats of the opposing forces. In 1862 a force of federal marines landed and remained several months. It was then recaptured by the Confederates. Nevertheless a close blockade was maintained by the Federal fleet until the close of the war, and it was finally occupied by the troops of the Union again in 1865. Hence it is that one is treading on historic ground when walking about the city of Galveston.

Galveston is probably better known to-day because of her calamity than any other single incident in her history. It frequently requires misfortune to bring out the best that there is in man, and so it seems to be with a municipality. Galveston was a growing and prosperous town prior to the great disaster which befell it on the 8th of September, 1900, when approximately five thousand lives were lost and a third of the property destroyed. Within a few short years it has arisen above this disaster, and the Galveston of to-day is a far greater city than it ever was before. There is no finer example of real spirit and pluck existent in America to-day than Galveston. History might perhaps overlook the storm of 1900, if it were not for the fact that out of that calamity arose new forces, whose influence is significant not only in this city but throughout the entire United States.

The night of terror in the opening year of the twentieth century, during which great damage was wrought to Galveston, was enough to crush the spirit of the strongest man. Wind and wave together devastated almost the

entire area on the eastern and southern sides of the city. Frame buildings were swept from their unsubstantial foundations; they were tossed about like small boats upon a reef. Thousands left their homes and waded the swift current in the streets to find security in the schools and other solid buildings. But many failed to realize the danger until it was too late. They remained in their frail houses, and in the final wreck were either drowned or crushed among the falling timbers.

The tidal wave occurred on Saturday, and, when Sunday morning opened, the flood had withdrawn almost as quickly as it came; but the city was a ruin. Fully half of the improvement values had been destroyed. Even to one whose immediate family did not suffer, the scenes of wreck and death were enough to unnerve him. This, and the fear of another similar occurrence, caused thousands to leave Galveston and seek new homes elsewhere, and only a very small percentage ever returned to the city. But those who remained were stout-hearted. The great majority had no thought other than to restore their homes and institutions. Sparta is now nothing but a memory, but Spartan courage has not been forgotten. Galveston is still with us, and its courage in the face of disaster is still a living remembrance.

I brought all the forces of imagination to play in an effort to picture in my mind the Galveston following the great tidal wave. One gentleman, who had lived there at that time, drove me over the city in an automobile, pointing out to me on the way the line where the destruction of houses ended. He gave me a vivid picture of the scene that he had witnessed, in which his own family had suffered greatly. But words alone could not depicture the terrible fury of the winds, the terrific lashings of the waves, the ominous crackling of the heavy timbers

as they yielded to the destructive forces of wave and wind.

The majority of the inhabitants of Galveston met the situation brought on by the disaster bravely. Public meetings were held and committees were appointed; plans were immediately initiated to rebuild the city, and to provide reasonable assurance that a similar disaster might never occur. All petty differences among the various factions in the city, which existed there just as they do everywhere, were forgotten, and the entire populace seemed to work as a unit in the upbuilding of their stricken city. An unofficial body of fifteen business men, without real political authority, known as the Deep Water Commission, assumed the direction of affairs until the reorganization of the city government was effected. This committee was in almost continuous service for many weeks following the storm. It was to this spirit of co-operation, and the common desire for uplift, that was due the birth of the commission form of government which has spread so rapidly over the country.

There had been so much politics in the previous administration of Galveston that every one was anxious to eliminate this problem for the future. Business men and professional men alike dedicated their best thought and endeavour toward solving this question which has troubled all our American municipalities. Hence the commission plan was adopted to eradicate the evils of partisanship in municipal affairs, and the success was so great that the "Galveston Plan," as it is everywhere called, has been adopted in several hundred municipalities throughout the United States. By this system the mayor and four commissioners conduct business in the same way as do the heads of a great business enterprise. Notwithstanding the heavy municipal debt inherited from previous admin-

istrations, and the necessity of unusually heavy expenditures immediately, this body of business men accomplished wonders.

Galveston is situated on the east end of Galveston Island, which is on one side of Galveston Bay and in Galveston County. The island is thirty-six miles long, and from two to two and a half miles wide. The total area is about thirteen square miles. It is an island of sand, and before the disaster was only a few feet above the level of the sea at its highest point. The tidal wave, impelled by tempestuous winds, poured its waters over the island, while wind and water together spread destruction everywhere. It was decided to raise the level of the city an average of about seven feet. The total area to be thus elevated was about three square miles. It does not necessitate much calculation to realize that the amount of sand required to cover a surface of three square miles to a depth of seven feet, is almost incalculable. It runs into the millions of cubic yards. A canal two hundred feet wide and a mile and a half long was cut into the centre of the city to facilitate the filling process. The work was done by sections. In each section the owners of the houses were obliged to raise their homes on stilts to the required height, and the city then filled in the lot at public expense.

At the completion of this work of filling, the average level of the island on the side facing the sea was seventeen feet above sea level. To protect this filling a concrete wall was built, which follows the contour of the island for a distance of five and a half miles. This wall is sixteen feet wide at the base, seventeen feet high, and five feet wide at the top, with a concave outward face to break and turn back the force of the waves. The entire structure rests on a foundation of piles driven forty feet

A GLIMPSE OF THE CONCRETE WALL, GALVESTON

in the sand. Adjoining the wall is a splendid boulevard, with cement sidewalk and brick roadway throughout its entire length, and with concrete benches at regular intervals where people may sit and enjoy the seaward outlook.

The two mile stretch between the island and mainland has always constituted a serious obstacle to commerce. The first bridge was destroyed by a storm in 1867. Before the disaster there were several bridges for railroads and one for wagons, but all were destroyed. The one damaged the least was repaired, and for ten years constituted the only connecting link with the mainland. To connect the island with the mainland, a concrete roadway was constructed through the combined efforts of railroads and city. It is two and a half miles in length and one hundred and fifty-four feet in width, excepting the lift-bridge section, which is narrower, and is considered a triumph of concrete construction. Over this roadway all the railroads, including one interurban line, cross into the city. Before the flood the tracks were all on piles and were completely destroyed. The amount of traffic that passes over this causeway is enormous, for Galveston is the second largest seaport on the Gulf of Mexico. It is probably the greatest cotton-shipping port in the world.

The first great test of the new and reinforced Galveston came in August, 1915, just a few days less than fifteen years after the one above mentioned. It is said that the wind reached an even greater velocity than on the former occasion, but the newer city has been built more substantially and resisted the storm king nobly. A few buildings were wrecked, but the great concrete wall withstood all the attacks and counter-attacks of wind and wave. The only serious damage was in the wrecking of a small portion of the causeway, so that communications were interrupted for a time. The loss of life in Gal-

veston was no greater than in a number of coast cities on the mainland. The wisdom of those who planned the protecting wall has been fully demonstrated.

Galveston's exports are said to be exceeded in value only by New York. From the North, the Northwest and the West, a ceaseless tide of products come to this great seaport for shipment to the markets of the world. Great ocean liners are present at the wharves at all times ready to sail to all parts of the world. The flag of every carrying nation on the globe may be seen here at the docks, and sailors of every nationality walk the streets of Galveston. After a long fight the efforts of the citizens in inducing Congress to dredge the two bars which prevented the gigantic ocean liners from reaching the wharves were crowned with success. The Federal Government has expended eleven million dollars in this work.

The main streets of the city are rather unimpressive and old-fashioned, but a walk down along the wharf, where as many as forty ocean ships have lain at a single time, discharging and receiving cargoes, is an interesting experience. The smell of tarred rope, which always seems present in an ocean port, can readily be distinguished here. There are no real skyscrapers, as the foundation is probably deemed a little too uncertain for so lofty a structure. One of the most interesting buildings is the picturesque old City Hall. Here the "Galveston Plan" had its birth, and here it had its first trial. As a city hall it will soon be replaced, however, by a splendid new building which is now under construction.

Much of Galveston now blooms with the rose, and especially with the oleander, which here grows to a gigantic size. It has been called the "City of Oleanders." To grow anything it was necessary to bring in soil from the mainland and mix with the sand that had been superim-

OLD CITY HALL, GALVESTON

posed. The streets are lined with palms, and many yards are brightened with these same graceful plants. They give a charming aspect to the place which attracts many winter visitors. Galveston is generally a city of balmy breezes, and it is possible to bathe in the surf even in midwinter. It is the most popular bathing resort in the State of Texas. It has been looked upon as a resort both winter and summer, and much enterprise has been manifested to improve the attractions and facilities of the city for this purpose. The Gulf breezes usually temper the summer heat, and the winters have only occasional chilly spells of short duration. A magnificent hotel was built by public subscription to take care of the resort seekers, which is only another instance of the public spirit to be found here in Galveston.

Everywhere in Galveston one encounters reminders of one of her famous citizens. Few cities of the size have so many examples of private munificence. In 1843 a poor Swiss immigrant came to that city and began to peddle notions on the streets. A little later he embarked in the mercantile business, in which he seemed to be successful from the very start. He realized, however, the obligation that a successful business man owes to his community, and began his benefactions before life had closed in for him. We find there a handsome public school as one of his benefactions. He also built the Young Men's Christian Association, with gymnasium, baths, reading-rooms and dormitories; the Grace Episcopal Church, a fine stone structure, is one of his monuments. A Home for Old Women, where aged and homeless old ladies may live, and an Orphans' Home were also erected with money left by him. He established a Public Library, with an endowment of four hundred thousand dollars, which is one of the finest libraries for a town of its size that I have ever

seen. On the most prominent street in the city stands a notable monument to the heroes of Texan independence, which, we are informed by an inscription, was built by Henry Rosenberg. It is no wonder that the memory of Henry Rosenberg is ever green in the hearts of his fellow townsmen.

A little way up the Bay of Galveston one will find the old port of Anahuac. Under the Mexican rule the collector of the "port of Galveston" resided near the mouth of the Trinity. A fort was built there in 1831 and was given the name of Anahuac, the ancient title of the City of Mexico. This fort, constructed of brick, was on the bay shore, and the outline could be traced until recently. It played a conspicuous part in the early history of Texas, and the name is almost as familiar as Goliad and Nacogdoches. Just a short distance away is Turtle Bayou, where the famous "Turtle Bayou Resolutions" were promulgated. In 1836 as many as thirty houses in addition to barracks for the soldiers were seen there by a traveller. It is now the county seat of Chambers County, and has again become of some importance. The greater city of Galveston, however, overshadows Anahuac, and few travellers ever take the time to visit this historic old landmark.

THE WATCH ON THE RIO GRANDE

CHAPTER XI

ALONG THE RIO GRANDE

Some inspired poet ought to arise and compose *The Watch on the Rio Grande.* Such a song would have its genesis in fact, and it would not require a very vivid imagination to supply the necessary romance. *The Watch on the Rio Grande* would be more appropriate to-day than *The Watch on the Rhine,* for, with the French boundaries forcibly removed from that historic river, as they were in 1871, the immediate occasion for that inspiring hymn disappeared. Along the Rio Grande there has been more or less necessity for a guard ever since Texas affiliated with the United States. It existed during the time of the Republic of Texas.

During the whole of the troublous years following the downfall of Porfirio Diaz, beginning in 1910, thousands of the boys in khaki have paced their beats along this lonely river all the way from El Paso to Brownsville. At one time President Taft mobilized the greater part of the regular army within easy reach of the Texas-Mexican border. On several occasions, as withdrawals have taken place, reinforcements have been hurried to Texas. During this period of several years, parts of the border have been patrolled at all times, and there is scarcely a mile which has not at some time echoed to the steady tramp of the advance sentry of Uncle Sam. For a number of these brave boys, the patrol along the Rio Grande has been the last beat, and "taps" was

sounded. A flash in the night, and an American boy was no more. Sometimes the bullets were fired purposely by some sombreroed son of Mexico, and again the tragedy has been the result of a stray shot across the border. The contending forces on the Mexican side have not been particular about the direction in which their guns were aimed. In either event the result was the same—mourning in some home on this side of the international boundary; a freshly-made grave for the victim of an untimely death.

I had a little personal experience with the recklessness of the Mexican revolutionary troops. In company with three newspaper correspondents, I was exploring the American side of the Rio Grande near Brownsville and directly opposite where a desperate battle had been fought a few days before. Many bodies of dead horses on the river bank, and in the fields adjoining, marked the scene of the skirmish, in which three hundred Villistas were slain. The whole scene was plainly visible from our point of observation, for the river is not very wide at this point.

Some fresh marks in the sand near us prompted our curiosity, since they looked as if something had entered the sand from the direction of the Mexican shore. In each case we would find a bullet imbedded only a few inches in the sand. They had undoubtedly landed there at the time of the battle. At least two of the bullets were of the dum-dum (soft-nosed) variety, so condemned in modern warfare. All this time rifles were cracking from the trenches, which were not more than four hundred yards distant. Occasionally the peculiar sound of the Mauser bullet was heard. We could see a couple of scouts of the enemy concealed in some corn at which they were evidently shooting. Finally one bullet sounded as if it

exploded almost over us. It startled but did not alarm me.

"It is time for us to skip," said the New York man, who had followed the Villa forces for two years, and had witnessed many a skirmish. "I know that sound, and that bullet was too near for comfort."

"You are right," said the San Antonio representative, who had served three years in the United States Army, and knew something about bullets. I knew nothing about bullets, but I was willing to accept the advice of those who were wiser than I, and I followed the others up the bank and back into the cane. It was interesting enough finding the bullets in the sand on the bank of the Rio Grande, for they were perfectly harmless there.

During the late summer and early autumn of 1915, up to the time of the recognition of Carranza, the disturbances along the Rio Grande reached their climax. Organized bands composed of Mexican soldiers and refugees terrorized a large section in and around Brownsville, and reaching almost to Laredo. Some of their raids extended from fifty to seventy-five miles north of Brownsville. This has not been a difficult feat because of the thinly settled character of the country, while the mesquite and chaparral furnished abundant cover. Furthermore, the fact that at least two-thirds of the inhabitants were of the same race, promised additional security, for they were reluctant to betray those of the same blood. The most audacious act of the Mexican desperadoes was the wrecking of a passenger train just a few miles north of Brownsville, by which lawless act and the shooting that followed, a couple of Americans were killed and several severely wounded. Almost every home of Americans in that section became an armed camp. The anti-arms law of the State was openly violated, and people

went about armed and ready for any trouble. They formulated themselves into walking arsenals. Cattle and horses were stolen by the raiders and driven across the river.

It was claimed, and some proof was adduced, that an organized movement had arisen to win back a section of the country for Mexico. The invaders evidently believed that the entire Mexican population would welcome them with open arms. Several hundred United States troops were again despatched to Brownsville and other points to stop the depredations and capture the depredators. In this work the small body of rangers assisted, and special deputies were sworn in by the county sheriffs. Several United States troopers, and a still greater number of Texans lost their lives. Several pitched battles occurred between small bodies of Mexicans and the Americans, but as usual the Mexicans fired wildly, while the Texans and troopers were more deliberate and their aim was better. The number of Mexicans who were slain has never been made known, but it must have been many score.

It was a strange looking body of revolutionists that I visited opposite Brownsville at the time of these troubles. You would have thought them bandits, or guerillas. Their uniforms were all shades of khaki, and tan. Some wore fatigue hats; in other cases hats inclosed the wearers. All were "armed to the teeth" with guns, pistols, knives, and cartridge-belts. Are these soldiers, or has a boy scout troop been turned loose here? This was the thought that occurred to me, as I saw some of the "soldiers" walking about the camp.

"How many years have you?" I asked a boy in the idiomatic Spanish.

"Fourteen years, señor," he said in a boyish voice.

GROUP OF MEXICAN INSURRECTOS, OPPOSITE BROWNSVILLE

But he had already seen two years of service in the revolutionary armies.

Seated on their horses, these boys were almost hidden by their big hats, and they were so small that they seemed entirely out of place in the big Mexican saddles. These are the kind of soldiers that filled the ranks of all the contending parties. Few commands carried a commissary department, but the soldiers were compelled to forage for themselves. As forage became scarce on the Mexican side, these men had no scruples against crossing the Rio Grande into a land of plenty and helping themselves. Having been accustomed for months, and even several years, to taking private property on the Mexican side without questioning ownership, it was an easy matter to stifle any scruples that might yet remain when necessity arose and only a river lay between want and abundance.

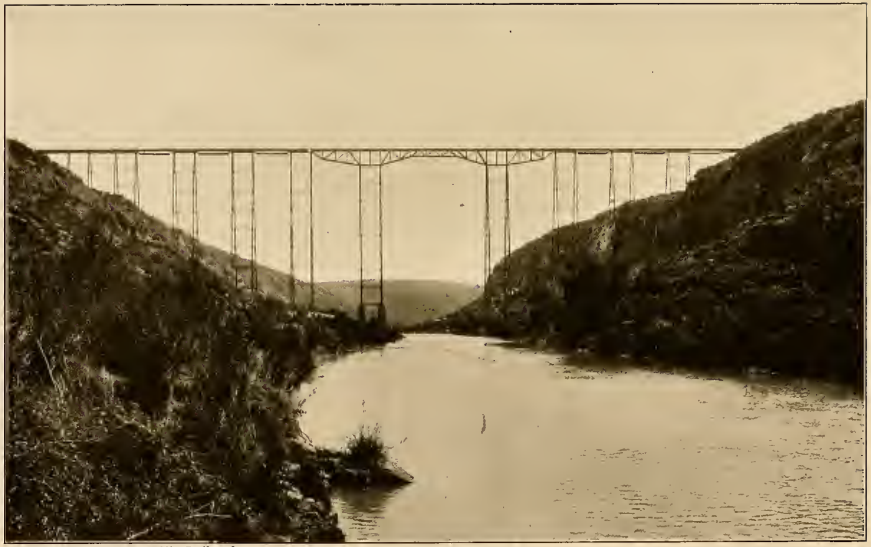
When there has been no revolutionary disturbance in the years past, the border patrol has been obliged to look out for smugglers, of whom there were many. The smugglers were as likely to be Americans as Mexicans. Sometimes a venturesome stockman would attempt to drive an entire herd of cattle, or a bunch of horses, across the Rio Grande in order to evade the duty. It might only be a little tobacco. It was the revenue officers' duty to prevent all smuggling of every sort. The barrier was not without its loopholes, but they did very well considering the paucity of men and the hundreds of miles of border. Uncle Sam may well be proud of his officers.

In descending the Rio Grande from El Paso there is no really important port until Eagle Pass is reached. Presidio, in the county of the same name, is an old settlement and has long been a port of entry and the seat

of a custom house. It is opposite the Mexican town of Presidio del Norte. Upon the completion of the railroad headed this way, Presidio will undoubtedly become a town of much greater importance. Some of the scenery along the Rio Grande between El Paso and Eagle Pass is beautiful, and its loneliness is seldom disturbed by the traveller. One of the grandest and most imposing sights is where the Pecos River pours its waters into the Rio Grande, a short distance above Del Rio. The Pecos approaches the larger stream through a canyon which it has carved out to a depth of several hundred feet. The Rio Grande, formerly the Rio Bravo, also runs between walls of garnet and grey rocks which are hollowed out into natural caves. Above the Pecos the waters of the Rio Grande are clearer than below, for the yellow and turbid flood of the Pecos colours it.

"O vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and vines;
For Lo! the pale land seekers come, with eager eyes of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds, on broad Salada's plain."

Eagle Pass has become quite an important border city in recent years. Here a branch of the Southern Pacific meets the Mexican National and forms what is called the International Railroad. Eagle Pass is one of the natural outlets for Mexican trade, as it lies at the entrance to one of the most fertile regions of the Mexican border. It has now developed into a prosperous little city, far surpassing the town of Piedras Negras, or Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, on the other side of the Rio Grande. Near Eagle Pass is old Fort Duncan, which, for many years, was one of the most important military posts of the border.



Courtesy of Southern Pacific Railroad

THE PECOS RIVER

This fort had its beginning soon after the Mexican War when a company of soldiers established Camp Duncan here in March, 1849. A little later the site was acquired by the United States, and eventually a modern fort with substantial stone buildings was constructed. It was abandoned in 1905 and remained unoccupied for almost five years, when the troubles across the border caused it to be occupied once more. The first settlement established here was called California Camp, as so many California immigrants were stranded here during the gold excitement. Many of these afterwards became gamblers and highwaymen, so it is said by local authorities. During the Civil War, and for a few years afterwards, there were no soldiers here and the conditions were almost unsafe for a law-abiding white man. For almost a decade it was abandoned to the Indians, a few renegade white men, and unscrupulous Mexicans.

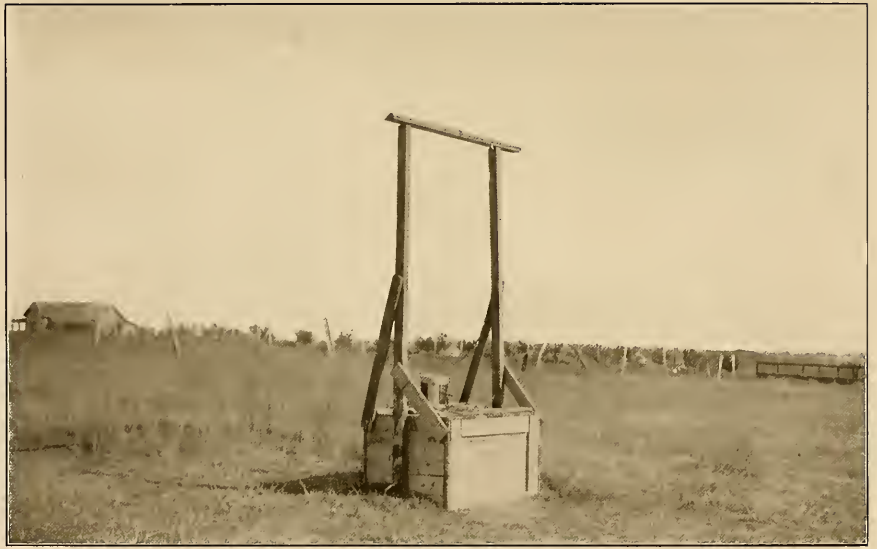
Through Eagle Pass formerly ran a great trade route from Durango and Chihuahua northward to San Antonio and St. Louis. This was carried on by means of caravans, and was an active competitor of the famous Santa Fé Trail. It took a merchant about forty days to go from Chihuahua to New York by way of New Orleans, and he was lucky to receive his purchases within ten months from the time he left his home city. One will still see relics of that age in the *carretas,* or wooden-wheeled carts, without a particle of iron in their construction, across the border. The wheels are hewn from a single block of wood, and they are yoked to the patient oxen by a rigid cross-bar lashed to their horns.

The most important border point in Southern Texas is Laredo. This city is generally reached by travellers over the International and Great Northern Railway from San Antonio, about one hundred and fifty miles almost

directly north. The route traverses a country of ranches covered with mesquite and the prickly pear, not greatly unlike the territory west of San Antonio. There are immense tracts almost immediately tributary to the railroad that are practically unoccupied. The trouble is that it is owned in large tracts by wealthy men, who have never attempted any intensive improvement of their holdings.

Laredo is one of the oldest settlements in Texas, since its history covers more than a century and a half. For a long time it was the only permanent settlement on the north side of the Rio Grande. It was founded in 1755 by one Don Thomas Sanchez, to whom liberal concessions were made. Its founding differed from the older settlements of Texas in that there was neither mission nor presidio, and there was not even a resident priest. It was simply an armed camp of settlers like those early settlements of Anglo-Americans. As the settlement was not bothered by Indians, it became quite prosperous. It proved to be the only permanent settlement of Spaniards on the lower Rio Grande.

Ranches and haciendas gradually extended over the country toward the Nueces, and in the early part of the last century extensive herds of cattle were pastured between those rivers. The remains of the stone buildings, wells and water-tanks may still be seen. During the troublous times following the attempts of the Mexican people to separate themselves from Spain, however, the savage tribes again made raids upon this country and caused much devastation. The war of the Texas Revolution disturbed the peaceful security of the inhabitants but little. In 1842 Laredo was occupied by Texas troops, and again during the Mexican War the soldiers of the United States took possession and a military post was



AN OLD AND PICTURESQUE WELL

established. Fort McIntosh was constructed at that time. It has since been rebuilt until it is one of the very important border posts.

Laredo still retains many reminders of its early years. Until the construction of the railroads, it was absolutely isolated from the rest of the State and in much closer touch with Mexico. The prevailing architecture is of plain stone or sun-dried adobe brick walls, and many of these buildings are covered with thatch roofs. In them dwell the Mexican labourers who constitute the majority of the inhabitants. The railroad above mentioned, and the old Texas-Mexican which runs to Corpus Christi, together with the Mexican National which connects the border with the City of Mexico, have given Laredo the title of "Gateway to Mexico." Just across the river is the Mexican town of Nuevo (new) Laredo, which is a typical Mexican town, and has suffered a great deal during the latest revolutionary troubles.

A few years ago an enterprising citizen discovered that the soil here was well adapted for truck farming, and that the Rio Grande would provide the necessary moisture which was not more conveniently bestowed by natural rainfall. He specialized in the Bermuda onions, and, as a result of the development of this industry, Laredo has become one of the greatest shipping points for this odoriferous vegetable, so pleasing to many palates if not to the olfactory nerves. They are among the first on the market, and as many as two thousand carloads have been shipped from here in a single season. Tremendous returns were realized for a time, but distance from markets and troubles with commission houses have been at times serious drawbacks.

Turn to a map of Texas and follow the Rio Grande to the mouth. You will there find a triangular section

of country bounded by the river on one side and the Gulf of Mexico on the other. This forms what might with truth be called Uttermost Texas. It is also Southernmost United States, for the lowest point is nearer to the Equator than the mainland of Florida. A map of Texas, published a little more than half a century ago, designated it as "a wilderness occupied only by droves of wild horses." On a map published in 1839, which I examined, the following explanation was printed across this great section: "Of this section of country very little is known. From the fact that the Nueces on the south side and the Rio Grande on the north side are without any considerable tributaries, it is inferred that it is mostly a dry elevated prairie." This is all the information that was vouchsafed about that section of Texas, larger than our Middle West States, lying between those two rivers and as far west as Laredo, and on a line drawn northeast from that city to its junction with the Nueces.

It would be a surprise to that cartographer to visit to-day some parts of this vast domain, which he dismissed with a single paragraph. This territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande was always a subject of contest between the Texans and Mexicans, which was only settled after the Mexican War. When the question of sovereignty was adjudicated, the territory was divided into a number of counties and the name Cameron given to the most southerly one. It remained a scene of disturbance for a period even subsequent to our own Civil War. As late as 1867 it was said to be "subject to occasional raids from Indians and Mexicans, and only suited to those who are willing to live where they are subject to such occurrences." Mexican revolutionists freely crossed back and forth and added to the turmoil. At that time fully four-fifths of the population were Mexican, but

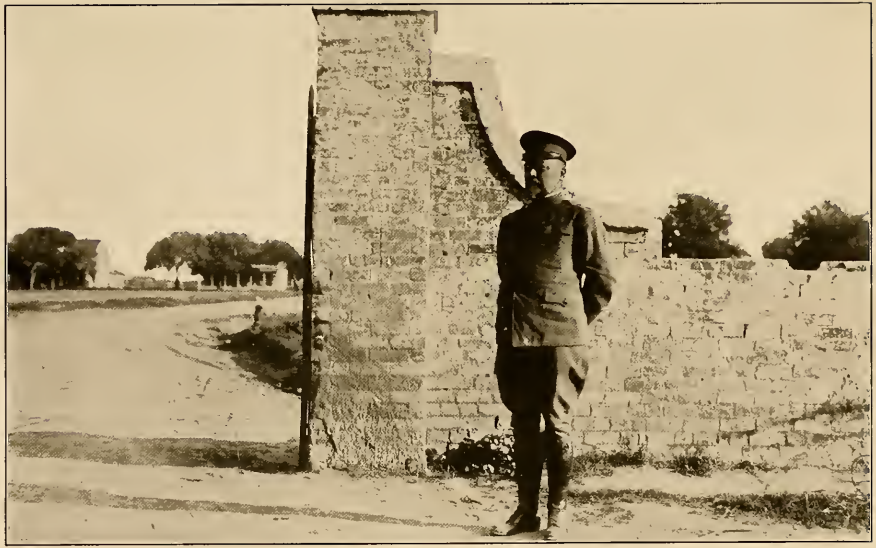
THE RIO GRANDE

now the proportion as a whole is about half. In some sections the proportion is much greater. With the exception of Brownsville, the whole region was practically uninhabited up to 1890, save for herdsmen with their thousands and tens of thousands of cattle, horses and sheep. One realizes in travelling down here that although Texas has been occupied by the white man to some extent for almost four centuries, it is still somewhat new in spots, and big spots at that.

Proceeding down the Rio Grande towards its mouth from Laredo, there are no towns of great importance until Brownsville is reached. The population is sparse and scattered. Large regions are still not provided with railroad service. Stock raising is the principal industry, and large numbers of cattle feed on the range. Even though it does require ten acres to feed one steer, there are so many acres that the number of cattle mounts into the hundreds of thousands. Although tin cans may not be superabundant, goats seem to thrive on the prickly pear and other cacti, and may be found by the tens of thousands. The old settlement of Carriza has been renamed Zapata, and is the county seat of the county of the same name. Rio Grande City is the county seat of Starr County. Both of these towns are on the river. Opposite Roma is the old Mexican town of Mier, which was the objective point of the disastrous Texas expedition in 1842. The Texas Almanac of 1857, in speaking of this section of the country, says that the population are said to be nine-tenths Mexican, engaged in agriculture and stock raising. Three-fourths of the Americans were reported to be teachers and merchants, and the other fourth gamblers and blacklegs. The writer may have made the latter proportion a little too small from a natural prejudice in favour of his State.

Up to 1905, when the railroad was completed into Brownsville, this lower section of the great State of Texas was absolutely isolated. It was necessary for the people to travel more than one hundred miles by stage to Alice, the county seat of the new Jim Wells County, a journey of almost two days, to reach the nearest railroad connection, if they wished to go to the capital or any other section of the State. As a result they did not go visiting very often. It is probably for that reason that this district has remained the most backward section of the State, and one will find still in existence the most primitive methods of agriculture. You might easily imagine yourself in Mexico, for the Mexican characteristics seem to prevail. You will see many a Mexican ploughing with a yoke of oxen which are yoked by the horns in the cruel way characteristic of Mexico. Wagons and carts are also drawn in the same way. The great eyes of the poor beasts bulge out as though ready to fall from their sockets when travelling over a rough road. I saw many thatched and reed huts, which are exactly the same as one will find in the tropical parts of Mexico and Central America as well. They look anything rather than American, and one is surprised to find such dwelling-places within our own borders. One or two rooms will accommodate a very large family.

The city of Brownsville had its origin just prior to the Mexican War, when General Zachary Taylor established a fort on the Rio Grande not far from its mouth. It was on the 25th day of March, 1846, that the "Army of Occupation," under the command of General Taylor, reached Point Isabel, on the Gulf near the mouth of the Rio Grande, which Taylor intended to use as a base of operations and a depot of supplies. Leaving a garrison here, he advanced up the Rio Grande to a point almost



GENERAL FUNSTON AT THE GATEWAY OF FORT BROWN, BROWNSVILLE

opposite the Mexican town of Matamoras. Here he erected Fort Brown, which was named after Major Brown, whom he left in charge. During a month spent in the construction of defensive works numerous communications came to him from the Mexican commanders. As his instructions were to do nothing aggressive until an "open act of hostility" occurred, General Taylor remained inactive. Hearing that the Mexicans were crossing the river, however, both above and below the fort, he despatched a small reconnoitring party under Captain Thornton. Just how the engagement began is not settled, but the Mexicans were victorious and captured all of this party who were not killed.

This was the "open act of hostility" for which Taylor waited. He reported the occurrence to Washington, and President Polk sent the memorable message to Congress, in which he said: "Mexico has invaded our territory and shed American blood upon American soil." This message led to a declaration by Congress that a state of war existed between Mexico and the United States.

Taylor returned to Point Isabel, after leaving a garrison of five hundred men with some artillery to defend Fort Brown. On May 3rd the Mexicans began an attack upon Fort Brown which continued for six days, with inconsequential losses to the Americans. One of them, however, was Major Brown, after whom the fort had been named. Taylor could hear the cannonading from Point Isabel, and he turned his face again toward Fort Brown. In the afternoon of May 8th, at a point almost midway between Point Isabel and Fort Brown, and known as Palo Alto, he encountered the Mexicans blocking his way. It was a head-on collision between hostile forces, for dense thickets lined the road on either side. The Mexicans greatly outnumbered the American troops,

but the latter had better guns and were more accurate gunners. When night fell, the field was in the possession of General Taylor's army, the enemy having been gradually forced back from their successive positions. Such was the battle of Palo Alto, which was an indecisive engagement and fought almost entirely by artillery. The enemies' casualties were over six hundred, while Taylor's loss amounted to but fifty-six men.

At dawn of the following day General Taylor resumed his march toward Fort Brown, although he was fully aware that another battle must be fought before he could reach that fortress now under siege. Strong reinforcements joined the Mexicans, who occupied a strong position upon a great ravine called Resaca de la Palma. The Mexican General Arista had selected this position with care, and he had his cannon strategically placed. A fierce charge of the American cavalry and a succession of bayonet charges, however, won the day. As the Mexicans fled, the Rio Grande became filled with the corpses of those who had ventured to swim its current in an attempt to reach the other shore. By this battle the boundary line between Mexico and the United States was definitely fixed at the Rio Grande for the first time. With odds against him of fully three to one, and with a paltry loss of one hundred and thirty-seven men, Taylor had won an important victory. Fort Brown was relieved, and a few weeks afterward Taylor started on his victorious march down into the interior of Mexico.

Following the Mexican War a settlement grew up at one side of Fort Brown. The original fort has disappeared, but a later one still stands, although it has been abandoned as a permanent fort. Brownsville has now become a considerable place. Until recent years it was chiefly important for its military post. During the Civil

WATERWORKS, BROWNSVILLE

War it was captured and garrisoned with Federal troops for a time, thus cutting off the Confederate trade from up and down the river. It was in August, 1906, that the notorious "Brownsville Raid," by coloured soldiers of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, occurred on the Fort Brown reservation. For several years after that the post was unoccupied until it was made one of the points of occupation for the American army guarding the border after the Madero revolution in Mexico.

Brownsville is the metropolis of the lower Rio Grande region, with a population of some seven or eight thousand. The majority of the people that one sees there even to-day are Mexicans. It has managed in some inexplicable way to retain its old Spanish atmosphere. The strenuous air of the American city is indistinguishable. The Spanish tongue will be heard more than the English. The waterworks for the greater part of the city consists of a barrel, mounted on two wheels, and drawn by a burro. It is just the same as you will find in many towns south of the Rio Grande River, but which I have never seen in any other city under the Stars and Stripes. Mexican candy vendors will be found stationed at many corners selling the "dulces," and women will offer for sale exquisite pieces of drawnwork, which has been smuggled into the country. Around the market the usual crowd of loafers, both men and women, will be gathered.

There is the same easy-going, "to-morrow" spirit visible in Brownsville that is so common in Mexican towns. On Sunday mornings the women will be seen on their way to church with faces enshrouded in black shawls after the Spanish custom. The men go across the river to Matamoras to see the bull-fight that is forbidden on this side. The cab driver and his horses alike seem to belong to the last century, and appear to be enjoying a

sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep. The population is an amazing mixture of old-time, quick-on-the-trigger Texans, who would brook no insult, and the more abrupt and business-like man from the North; from the successful Mexican merchant who has made his pile in the States, and would not return across the Rio Grande to live under any circumstances, to the drifting and floating peon who is here to-day and there to-morrow.

It is only a short ride by ferry and horse car from Brownsville to the Mexican city of Matamoras, which used to be the capital of the State of Tamaulipas; or one can walk there by crossing the international bridge, completed in 1910, and situated a short distance above Matamoras, and which would probably be a walk of three miles. This bridge was intended to be used for a railroad connection. The ferry owner has made so much money that he lives in such cities as New York and Paris. The fare is only three cents in American money. Brownsville was laid out by the father of this millionaire, and it is for that reason that he still retains an interest in the town of his birth by operating the ferry. The only narrow gauge railway in Texas connects Brownsville with Point Isabel, and it is a relic of the old days. It was used to convey freight to Point Isabel where it could be transferred to the coasting vessels. Its antiquated equipment is now better fitted to ornament a museum than for actual use. The completion of the other railroad made the water connection of less value than formerly.

The Wild West of the shows is no more. A Wild West show would not be so exciting, but it would be more truthful. If you see any one carrying revolvers, he is sure to be an officer—deputy sheriff or otherwise. The revolver is the Texan officer's insignia of office; it corresponds to the policeman's badge at home. A few Texas

Rangers still exist, about twenty in all. I saw several of them at Brownsville, where they had been called by border troubles. This semi-militia, semi-military organization has had a brilliant career, and it did more toward bringing order out of chaos on the broad plains of Texas than any other one influence. The Rangers are a picturesque body, but wear no regular uniform or badge, except the belt of cartridges around the waist. They are also adorned with the big Texas hat, the very largest size obtainable. We are accustomed to think of them only as mere shadows drawing away into the dimness of times long past; only as part of the romance of life which we came too late to share. For years, however, there have been two companies of seven men each, and the numbers are at times increased to meet emergencies. An old ranger can relate many thrilling stories about the former "bad men" of the West and the border. But the real Texas "bad man" of to-day is a rare individual. An old range song has a verse about the Rangers which runs as follows:

> "Come, all you Texas Rangers, wherever you may be,
> A story I will tell you that happened unto me.
> My name is nothing extra, so that I will not tell—
> I am a roving ranger, although I wish you well."

The mounted police of Canada is the only other similar organization to the Texas Rangers on this continent. They have been called down to this neighbourhood around Brownsville more frequently than to any other one section in Texas in recent years. Their service is more effective than that of the regular soldiers, for they pay less consideration to the possibilities of international complications. "Killed in resisting arrest" is a very frequent report of a ranger, and it is always considered a

satisfactory explanation of the death of an outlaw or criminal attempting to evade arrest.

Almost anything appears to thrive in this sub-tropical climate of Southernmost Texas. One is confronted by real bananas growing out-of-doors, and orange trees are very common. One will find figs, prunes, apricots, lemons, black walnuts and English walnuts, Japanese persimmons and many other kinds of fruits growing here luxuriously. The natives are luxuriating in strawberries, green peas, and other garden truck produced in their own gardens in midwinter. I rode over one large estate during which we passed through a jungle which could be photographed as a jungle of the Philippines or some other tropical land, and none could distinguish the difference. The trees were covered with Spanish moss, vines, and all sorts of parasitic growths. Bamboo and other canes contributed to the jungle confusion. There were hundreds of palms growing in the fields and woods, which gave a decidedly tropical setting. In one place there was a regular village of thatched huts, in which lived the Mexican labourers, that could be pictured as a tropical village, and few would be able to recognize the deception.

From fifty to a hundred miles north of Brownsville there is a sandy soil which has little promise of cultivation. But nearer Brownsville the soil becomes a black, brown and chocolate loam of unmistakable fertility. The plant life changes from sparse mesquite of stunty growth to tall, lacy groves of the same tree, interspersed with ebony, Spanish dagger, and chaparral. Here it is that a semi-tropical effulgence surprises the visitor. These lands have been much exploited. In fact the country seems to have gone promotion-mad. The men who began the movement were promoters simply, and not developers. Millions have been poured into irrigation plants, and

HOME OF A MEXICAN FAMILY IN THE JUNGLE

into digging leagues upon leagues of irrigation canals, and still more leagues of laterals. Great sugar plants were put up before there was any real prospect of a sufficient supply of cane.

In the course of a few years half a million acres of land were blocked out, much more than the available supply of water could irrigate. The land is generally level, which makes irrigation an easy matter. More than two hundred miles of main canals and two and a half times as many laterals were dug. Settlers were inveigled by lurid literature, which was sent out by the ton. But they were the wrong kind of settlers. As a result of this, and erroneous calculation as to crops and soil, a number of these projects have been abandoned. The shifting channel of the river has also caused trouble for some of the pumping plants. Such pranks are not uncommon with this uncertain stream. I visited one large farm on the banks of the river where the pumping station was idle, the canals dry, and the beautiful ranch house falling into decay. This is only one of several similar enterprises that have met a like fate.

The greatest success has been achieved along the branch railroad running from Harlingen west to Samfordyce. A substantial basis of prosperity seems to have been reached along here. Within a few years has come the transformation of a waste tract of mesquite into an expansive garden miles across. All kinds of truck farming have been experimented with, and enormous crops of vegetables can be grown. Thousands of carloads of onions, cabbage, lettuce, beans, tomatoes, and other garden products are shipped to the city markets each year. Palms rustle in the breeze, and flowers bloom in almost every yard. Mercedes is the show place, and is in the centre of an irrigating system of one hundred and twenty thousand acres.

The largest pumping plant in the United States supplies it with water. Because it is so far away from the great cities, the marketing of produce has proved one great stumbling-block. A lack of available cars when needed and high freight charges have also wrought havoc. To this has been added rather poor car service. To meet these drawbacks a co-operative association has been formed, with regular corps of officers, and with offices in both Chicago and St. Louis, to look after this all-important feature. Around McAllen the farmers are experiencing prosperity through the use of dairy cattle.

If no complications arise with Mexico over the use of the water from the Rio Grande, great development will follow. Under an old treaty with that country, however, the Rio Grande was recognized as a navigable stream. With the opening of the Elephant Butte Dam above El Paso, and the many other local projects along the Pecos and the Rio Grande itself, it looks as if there will hardly be enough water left to float a good-sized canoe. Even the Mexicans will probably recognize that the water is immensely more valuable for irrigation than the floating of boats; if so, they will probably demand their share of the water. It is claimed that none of the water from the upper river will reach the lower river, so that the supply for these projects must come from the streams below El Paso. A number of these feeders come from the Mexican side. For that reason Mexico will have an especially strong claim for its share of the water.

CHAPTER XII

EAST TEXAS

The history of East Texas centres around and about the town of Nacogdoches. Up to the period that American settlers began to pour into Texas under the leadership of the various concessionaires, Nacogdoches was the only settlement of any considerable importance north and east of San Antonio. It exercised jurisdiction over all East Texas practically down to the time of the Revolution. Almost an equal distance across the Sabine River, in what is now the State of Louisiana, and what was then the old Spanish and French province of the same name, was the town of Natchitoches, which was the westernmost outpost of French, and then American settlements. Between these two frontier stations there was constant intercourse and contraband trade, in spite of the rigid royal decree interdicting commerce between the inhabitants of Texas and Louisiana. After the United States had acquired the territory of Louisiana in 1803, and as a result of the many filibustering and revolutionary expeditions organized for the purpose of conquering Texas, Nacogdoches became a frontier military post, or presidio, and a garrison of Spanish soldiers was maintained there for a number of years.

Nacogdoches was the usual terminus of the Old San Antonio Road, as was San Antonio the end of the western journey for the greater part of the traffic. This famous highway was a noted trail in the early days, which

is often called for in the early prairie surveys of many counties. It started originally from a mission church in Louisiana and had been travelled for over a hundred years by mission priests, led by an "Intendant," and protected by an escort of Spanish cavalry in their annual visitations of the missions of San José, Concepcion and San Juan, near San Antonio; then they visited the mission on the San Saba, until after the priests there were massacred by the Indians. The annual visitations continued to the missions at El Paso, on the Gila River in Arizona, and terminated at the missions in California. In later years a perpetual stream of ox-carts laden with produce of all kinds, and carrying the effects of incoming immigrants, passed along the rough, and, at times, almost impassable highway.

The Old San Antonio Road crossed the Colorado River eighteen miles below Austin, before the town of Bastrop was built. After Bastrop was located it intersected the Colorado at that point. Its location could be traced across Texas in many places as late as 1852. The first station east of the Sabine on the old San Antonio Road was the historic old town of San Augustine, which was long known as "The Gateway to Texas." It was also distinguished as the Athens of the State, because it actually possessed a three-story university and another smaller college. After the old highway ceased to be the main artery of traffic, San Augustine remained isolated, difficult of access, and became secondary to the many newer centres of population.

The name of Nacogdoches is derived from that of a body of Indians, whose principal village was somewhere within the present county of the same name. The principal centre of Spanish missionary and colonization enterprise in Eastern Texas was at Nacogdoches. The in-

itial work began with the closing years of the seventeenth century, and, in 1716, one of the group of missions and military garrisons (presidios), designed to protect the authority of Spain in Eastern Texas, was established in the vicinity of the present town. Within half a century numerous Spanish and French traders, as well as many friendly Indians, had settled in and about Nacogdoches, where there were many opportunities for trade with Louisiana. When the royal order, issued in 1772, for the abandonment of all the missions and settlements in Eastern Texas arrived, there was naturally much dissatisfaction and resentment among the inhabitants. The removal of the sacred vestments and the insignia was made to San Antonio under the escort of a military guard, but many of the inhabitants remained behind. They preferred to remain and take a hazard rather than abandon lucrative business and seek a new location. This marks the real beginning of the history of Nacogdoches as a commercial settlement rather than a mission outpost.

Until the adjustment of the Texas-Louisiana boundary in 1819, Nacogdoches suffered a great deal. It was occupied on several occasions by American revolutionary expeditions, and again by the Spanish forces. Spain enacted retribution divers times upon the inhabitants because of the supposed sympathy for Americans. When Stephen Austin passed through Nacogdoches in 1821, he found the town in ruins, with only one church and seven houses standing around the public square. The stone house was the only relic of the early days left, and it unfortunately has disappeared at the present time in the onward march of improvement. This town was the central point of the Fredonian War in 1826, and was again the scene of what is known as the Nacogdoches Rebellion of 1838, in which the Mexican population,

which had always been numerous, disclaimed their allegiance to the new Republic.

An old account of Nacogdoches (1856) speaks of it as follows: "The town is compact, the houses framed and boarded. One or two Mexican stone houses remain, and, like the Aztec structures in more southern cities, have been put to the uses of the invading race. One of these, fronting, with an arcade, on the square, is converted into a bar-room. About Nacogdoches there are many Mexicans still living. Two or three of them, wrapped in blankets and *serapes,* we saw leaning against posts, and looking on in grand decay. They preserve their exclusiveness, their priests, and their customs, intermarrying only among themselves, and are considered lawless vagabonds."

Poor Lo has almost disappeared from Texas, his old-time happy terrestrial hunting ground. In Polk County, however, still linger some of the Alabama Indians, as they are called, the sole surviving aborigines in Texas with the exception of those at Isleta, mentioned elsewhere. For this reason they are of interest in a book upon a State once overrun by that people. They number about two hundred. These Indians have been stripped of their buckskins, and now wear "hickory" shirts, cotton overalls, and brogans. From nomadic followers of the chase they have taken to more peaceful pursuits. They occupy a reservation of two square miles granted them by Texas in 1854, and it is about as unproductive land as could be found in that section of the commonwealth. For that reason, and possibly for others as well, the tribe has not greatly prospered. The typical home is a one-room log house with a porch in front. One or more hungry dogs generally have possession of the front yard. The furniture is home-made. In every yard will be found a corn

mortar, made of a hollowed-out log. The wooden pestle is about four or five feet long. With this they make the food called sotki, which is just a variety of hominy, and is their principal sustenance. The Indians are very hospitable, and they will share the last crust with the others.

These Alabama Indians deserve better treatment by both State and National Governments. They are absolutely self-supporting, but ought to be granted more fertile land and more modern implements with which to cultivate it. The Presbyterian Church has maintained a missionary among them since 1881, and nearly all the tribe are professed members of that denomination. Their character has been greatly improved through this religious work, as the Indians have taken very kindly to it. The majority of the younger ones now possess some education, and are able to both read and write. In 1913, Chief John Scott died at the age of one hundred and nine years. He migrated with his tribe to Texas in the early years of the last century, and had been a witness to all the political changes through which Texas has evolved. He remembered Sam Houston well, and recalled with pleasure his efforts to help the red men.

It is a revelation to that misinformed person, who harbours the idea that Texas is all treeless prairie, to travel through East Texas. This section is included in what is known as the timber belt of Texas. This is a broad belt of land extending from near the coast to the border of Oklahoma. Even at Nacogdoches, the oldest settled portion of Eastern Texas, the lumber industry still constitutes one of the chief resources. The country was originally heavily forested with the long-leaf and other pines, and with a great variety of hardwoods. Numerous rivers and creeks traverse East Texas, many of which are navigable and provide the means of transporting the

timber to market. The land, except along the coast, is generally undulating and slightly hilly. The streams are sluggish and discoloured, and are engirded by broad bottom lands which are subject to overflow. The soil is generally very rich, although much of it is sandy.

The long-leaf pine district extends about half the way up the State from the Gulf. Then comes the region of the short-leaf pine, and the various hardwoods, of which oak is one of the most important. In some of these counties the cleared land has proved wonderfully well adapted for the cultivation of fruits. The growing of peaches on a commercial basis for northern markets has been followed for a considerable time, and their development has greatly spread. To-day thousands of refrigerator cars filled with peaches are shipped from this section each year. Cherokee County and the territory immediately surrounding is in the very heart of this fruit section. The fruit trees are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. The soil is of a sandy nature which is superimposed upon a porous red clay and is loose enough to afford good drainage. The cultivation of peaches has been followed by pears, plums, apples and almost all other fruits of the temperate zone, not excluding the luscious strawberry.

This timber belt of Texas, generally speaking, lies between the Trinity River and the eastern State line. To the west it reaches almost to a line with Dallas in some places, for Henderson County is one of the heavily timbered districts. In Bowie County, the extreme northeastern county, it was estimated thirty years ago that nine-tenths of the county was covered with dense forests of oak and yellow pine. Only about five per cent of the land was then enclosed in farms, although there were small settlements here that antedated the Texas Revolu-

SAW MILL, EAST TEXAS

tion. To-day more than half the county is included in farms, which demonstrates how industriously the sawmills have been at work. As the lumberman has cleared off the forests, the agriculturist has followed, and the "cut-over" lands are being cultivated in increasing amounts each year. Almost as much corn is planted in this district as cotton. The same natural conditions apply to the other counties in this section. They are all in the timbered sections, although in some there may be a little more prairie than others, and again the hardwoods may predominate over pine, or vice versa. In some, more of the original timber is still standing than elsewhere. They were all in the slaveholding part of the State, and the negro population to-day will enumerate from one-fourth to one-third of the entire inhabitants.

The post-oak is a prominent feature in Texas scenery. It is a somewhat small, broad-leaved oak of symmetrical shape, and appears where the soil is light and sandy. It is an open forest growth, and grows in a sort of island in the large prairies. It is frequently not even eradicated before cultivating the soil, and in the districts farther west, where timber is scarce, an island of post-oak adds much to the value of the tract for sale, since it furnishes material for buildings and fences.

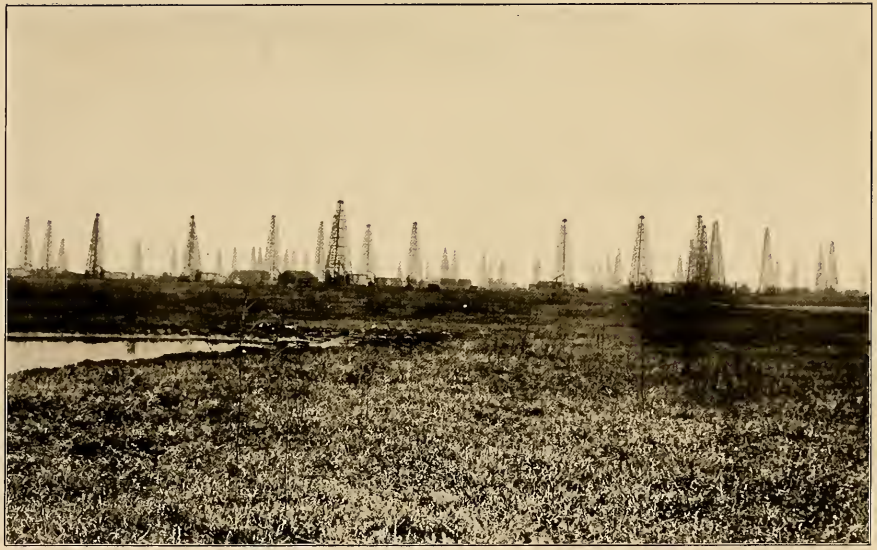
A far more attractive tree than the post-oak is the live-oak, which here reaches its complete vigour and full foliage. The live-oaks are almost invariably garlanded with festoons of the ornamental Spanish moss. Farther west they are more meagrely furnished with leaves, and on barren hills they remind one very much of the olive both in the shape and size of the tree, and in the hue of the leaves. On rocky ledges the tree will cling with its distorted roots, disputing the scanty nourishment with the stunted grass. The Spanish moss swings in the breeze

with slow and pendulous motion, and seems to harmonize with the tree itself.

The most important city in Northeastern Texas, and also one of the peculiar cities of the Union, is Texarkana, Tex-Ark. This is the formal method of addressing mail to this city, which is about equally divided between the States of Texas and Arkansas. At one time the Arkansas side of the city was the most populous, but the majority of the population now resides on the Texas side. To prevent friction and jealousy, the common postoffice has been built exactly on the State line. But there are two separate city, county, and State governments. It even has two Federal courts, one for each State, a distinction probably shared by no other city in the Republic. Likewise separate schools are maintained. There are two mayors and two city councils, but they get along quite harmoniously with one fire department, one waterworks, and one street railway system. This little city already celebrated its fortieth anniversary in 1913, and has become quite an important commercial town.

The real development of the timber industry began in the neighbourhood of Beaumont. Here the waters of the Neches and the Sabine furnished convenient transportation to transport the lumber and other products to the various outside markets. For the same reason the merchantable timber in that neighbourhood disappeared earliest, so that by the beginning of the present century the cutting of lumber was already a failing business. Railroads have been extended up into the timber country, however, and Beaumont still retains a position of primary importance in the lumber industry of the State.

The earliest mention of Beaumont is found in 1836, when the following paragraph appeared in a newspaper: "A town has lately been laid out on the tide water of the



SPINDLE TOP, BEAUMONT, AS IT LOOKS TO-DAY

river Neches at a place known by the name of Tevis's Bluff. It has received the name of Beaumont." At the time of the Battle of San Jacinto this town was portrayed by a traveller as a hamlet of three or four houses. At a later period it developed into one of the flourishing small cities of Texas, but to the outside world it was an unknown and obscure town.

Beaumont is probably best known to-day because of the almost unprecedented excitement caused by the discovery of remarkable gushing oil wells at what is known as Spindle Top, four miles south of Beaumont. This was in January, 1901, and in a few days the name of Beaumont was sounded familiarly in the streets and offices and even in the homes of the Americas and Europe. Because of the great publicity given to this discovery, one is inclined to think of Beaumont as a city dotted with oil derricks. As a matter of fact the entire Spindle Top pool was beneath an area of only about two hundred acres, and there is not a single oil derrick dotting the landscape within several miles of the city of Beaumont. The original well, called the Lucas, began to flow at the rate of seventy thousand barrels per day, which was unparalleled in this country.

Within a period of six years upwards of forty million barrels of oil were marketed from that group of wells, notwithstanding the large amount wasted and consumed by fire. Hundreds of wells were put down at a great cost all around the Spindle Top pocket, but they were "dry holes." Within the narrow limits more than twelve hundred wells were sunk, and hundreds of derricks still stand, but the production of to-day is only a fraction of what it was in the days of the remarkable boom.

As a result of the discovery of the petroleum, Beaumont experienced an inflation such as has befallen few

municipalities. It became the centre of attraction for every speculative person able to reach the town by either freight or passenger trains. Men were so eager to get there that they would bribe freight conductors and brakemen, or even steal their way over the railways in order to save a few hours of time. All the oil land was leased, stock companies were promulgated, wells were negotiated, and oil stock was being hawked on every side. It is reliably stated that as many as twenty thousand strangers arrived in this town of ten thousand within a week after the first "gusher." Buildings of various kinds were contracted for so rapidly that the streets were made almost impassable, because of the accumulation of building material. The inflation has long since subsided, and Beaumont has resumed a more normal existence. When the frenzy of speculation had precipitated itself, Beaumont still had a reserve of resources sufficient to take advantage of the substantial opportunities afforded. It is to-day one of the busy centres of the State, and the development of its permanent resources has supplanted the frenzy of speculation superinduced by the discovery of petroleum.

At the present time Beaumont is more interested in developing its water terminals and shipping facilities than aught else. Like Houston, and with about an equal distance from the Gulf, Beaumont has become a seaport. A channel to the depth of twenty-five feet has been dredged from the municipal quays to the Gulf. It is not a rival to Houston, for they are too far apart, but in itself Beaumont will serve an immense territory, together with its railroad connections. With the aid of extensive dredging a large turning basin has been prepared, together with terminals to accommodate a large amount of shipping. When completed, the basin will be almost one-half mile across. The enterprise shown by the city is indeed com-

SHIP CANAL, PORT ARTHUR

mendable, and bespeaks a splendid future. Like most of the great improvements being made in Texas, the harbour and port improvements are a municipal undertaking.

A thriving little city has sprung up on Sabine Lake, near Beaumont, which is named Port Arthur. This town did not have an existence until the Kansas City Southern Railway was completed in 1898. Since then it has grown and expanded in a marvellous manner. Not more than a decade after the founding of the city, street railways, waterworks, and the other modern improvements which go with a city had been completed. Two great oil refineries have been erected, and have since been enlarged until they are among the greatest refineries of this country. The city is now almost surrounded by oil refineries and the complex activities of oil refining and transportation. Pipe lines from Oklahoma and the various Texas oil fields concentrate here and at Beaumont, where there is also a large refinery, and the liquid wealth from these transformers is poured into the tank steamers which sail out over the Gulf to the markets of the world. A deep water ship canal has been completed from the shallow Sabine Lake to a point just south of the city, which has since passed under the control of the Federal Government. With the completion of this improvement, Port Arthur has become the largest concentration point for the oil industry of the Southwest. The city itself is developing along attractive lines.

Rice is becoming the king of products of Southeastern Texas on the coastal prairies of the Gulf. It is there what cotton is in a large section of the South, and what corn is to Illinois. As the traveller passes along that coast between Beaumont and Houston, he will see great fields stretching out on either side of the railroad track, through which irrigation canals run. Some of these fields

are hundreds of acres in extent. This land is very flat, but there are occasionally diminutive ridges on which the main canal is placed. This plan is followed in order that the water may stand slightly above the general level of the land to be inundated.

It is a mistaken idea that rice can only be produced on marsh land, for none of this soil could properly be classed as such. It is planted on elevated land, exactly the same as the wheat and oats of our Northern States, except that it is absolutely necessary for the land to be flooded during the growing season. This Texas rice land has an advantage over the rice lands in the Orient, because it can be ploughed and harrowed while it is yet dry, and when it is much easier to perform that work than after the water has been turned on. On the large farms it is broken by tractors pulling gangs of eight or ten ploughs.

The cultivation of rice along the Gulf Coast began shortly after the Civil War. A small colony of Germans settled along that coast of Louisiana, in the Parish of Arcadia, and began to raise rice in a small way. The land was irrigated in the simplest method by means of a levee thrown up with a shovel; the grain was harvested with sickles, and threshed out with flails. The results of the labour of these Teutons demonstrated that the raising of rice along this coast was a profitable undertaking, and other settlers began to take up the work. Starting from such a small beginning, the march forward of this industry has been one of continued triumph.

It was not until 1887 that the rice culture was taken up after modern methods, and with a larger outlay of capital. The industry responded to these new conditions and methods. Then it was that irrigation on a larger scale was attempted. Incorporated companies were formed to furnish the necessary water. Small ravines

and gulleys were dammed up, and allowed to fill with water during the rainy months in order to provide an unfailing supply of water for irrigation during the period necessary. Small pumps operated by engines of five or six horse power were used to elevate the water to the fields in the growing season. The broadcast seeder attached to the farm wagon rapidly superseded the human planter carrying a bucket of rice and sowing the seed broadcast by hand. The self-binding harvester supplanted the old-fashioned sickle and the cradle, just as it did in the grain fields of the North. The man who used to flail out a few sacks of rice in a day, when the wind blew enough to winnow it properly, was out of a job. The steam thresher could do more than a hundred times as much, and do it better. Sulky ploughs and gang ploughs replaced the implements formerly in use, and modern discs usurped the duties of the old-fashioned drag.

Rice culture soon radiated from Louisiana to the coast of Texas, where the land was found equally suited to the cultivation of this important food product. The first effort of any magnitude was made near Port Arthur in Jefferson County, in 1897. After the Port Arthur Canal was installed, each year saw the number of acres sown to rice increased, and it was not long until a quarter of a million acres were thus employed. The yearly value of the crop ran up into the millions of dollars. The industry gradually extended to Houston, and even beyond that city, and to-day the rice fields may be seen almost to the Nueces River.

This coastal plain in Texas, which is as level as it is possible for land to be, is crossed by a number of streams which afford a large water supply, and the elevation is sufficient to provide good drainage. The surface of the

streams is generally lower than the lands to be irrigated, and it is frequently necessary to pump the water twenty-five or thirty feet into the irrigation canals. The canals are built by throwing up parallel levees over the prairie. For a main canal they are sometimes one hundred feet apart. The main canal is located on the highest ridge, so that all the land will be beneath the level of the water. Lateral canals branch off as frequently as are necessary. When the farmer wishes water, he simply lifts the flood-gates and permits the water to pour over his land. The period of irrigation generally continues about seventy days.

It has also been found that an abundant supply of water could be reached at a comparatively slight depth, and many of the wells flowed; with others, it was necessary to pump only a few feet. Thousands of these wells have been sunk all over this rice belt of Texas, and the flow from one well is frequently sufficient to irrigate from one hundred to one hundred and fifty acres.

It does not require a deep soil for rice, so we are told, and in fact it is better that a clay strata should be at a depth of twelve or fifteen inches under the surface. The ground in that variety of soil will dry much more quickly, and the harvesting is very much easier. One requisite, however, is that the surface must be nearly level, so that the water will stand evenly on the land. The ground is ploughed during the winter. The seed is usually sown in April and May. Soon afterward the fields are flooded, since the rice derives a large percentage of its nourishment from water. For that same reason it does not exhaust the soil so quickly as other cereals, and many successive crops can be raised from the same land without any appreciable injury to the soil. When the plants begin to mature the water is turned off, and it requires

RICE READY FOR HARVESTING

from twelve to fifteen days for the soil to dry. The rice is then cut with self-binders, which differ very little from the binders used to harvest wheat and oats, and it is threshed with the same thresher employed for oats. The only noticeable difference in the machine is the broad wheels that are used to prevent sinking into the soft ground, which has not yet thoroughly dried. The rice is shocked much like wheat, and is allowed to dry for two or three weeks before it is threshed. Quite a number of Japanese will be found engaged in raising rice here in Texas.

The Government reports the average yield of rice at twelve barrels per acre, but a farmer will frequently obtain fifteen and occasionally as much as twenty-five barrels of one hundred and sixty-two pounds each from a single acre. This will sell in the field for from three to four dollars per barrel. In all the principal towns rice warehouses will be found, just as grain elevators are located at the principal towns in our Northern States. The rice, as it comes from the field, however, is far different from that which is sold over the counters of the corner grocery. I doubt if many people would be tempted by a dish of rice in its natural state, for it has a brownish colour. Before it is placed on the market all of the grain is sent to a rice mill, where it is thoroughly polished, which gives it the attractive whiteness that we find in the commercial rice. It probably does not add anything more to the nutritive value of the rice than does the whitening process through which flour passes. It may, in fact, detract from its nutritive value, but it does render the rice more attractive and palatable.

There is no grain that fills so important a part in the feeding of the world as does rice. It is the leading, and in some cases almost the only food, of from one-third

to one-half of the entire human race. Rice constitutes the principal food of the teeming millions of China, who number one-quarter of the population of the globe. In Japan statistics show that rice forms half of the total sustenance of the many millions of that island. And yet the Japanese are credited with a great deal of endurance. The same may be said of India, with its population of a quarter of a billion. In Java, in the Philippines, and many of the islands of the Pacific, with their millions upon millions of population, the people would starve were it not for the sustenance given them by rice. We can probably never supply more than a small proportion of the rice used in our country, but it is fortunate that such excellent rice lands have been discovered down here along the Gulf Coast.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BLACK WAXY BELT

Robert E. Lee and some friends, who likewise became famous during the Civil War, were standing together out on the Texas prairie. The time was in the early fifties, so the story goes, and Lee was then an officer in the United States Army. Lee became pensive, and gazed out upon the boundless plain without uttering a word.

"What do you see?" asked one of his companions.

"I am listening to the footsteps of oncoming millions," was the answer.

This prediction of the great Confederate leader has come true in a measure, and the process is continuing. One by one, two by two, score by score, they infiltrate across the boarder and increase the work of the next census taker. But there is no jostling as yet. Only in the vicinity of Dallas is the settling up of the State noticeable. One-third of the entire population will be found within one hundred miles of that city. Dallas and Fort Worth are growing rapidly, while many other prosperous towns and villages are scattered over this rich territory, which is known as the Black Waxy Belt. Even in the country a farmer can enumerate several neighbours within his horizon.

The richest section of all Texas from an agricultural standpoint is the Black Waxy Belt, which has its centre at the northern metropolis of Dallas. Dallas is situated more than two hundred miles north and a little west of

Houston, with which city it is connected by several railroads. Here it is that cotton is supreme, and the term King Cotton is not a misnomer. The prosperity of the great community is determined each year by the yield and price of that commodity. If you should travel through here when cotton is ready for the pickers, your astonished gaze would fall upon heaping mounds of the "Texas snow" which does not melt on every hand.

Cotton is a New World product. Long before the white man was aware that such a plant existed, the native brown man was apparelled in clothes made from cotton. The Spanish explorers discovered Montezuma's followers wearing garments woven from the fibre of the cotton plant, which was cultivated by them. Cortez, in his reports to the crown of Spain, dwells upon the skill displayed by the natives in the spinning of cotton and manufacturing it into cloth. This proves conclusively that this plant was indigenous to America.

When the bolls have unfolded, and the pure white floss of the bursted pods greets the eye everywhere, the cotton fields of the Black Waxy Belt are a beautiful sight. In places they spread out almost as far as the vision reaches. Old white-haired negroes, looking like "Old Black Joe," and the comical little pickaninnies toil side by side all day long in the burning sun. The ripened fields are picked over time and time again, as the pods unfold at irregular times, and it is not advisable to leave the opened pods exposed to the weather long after being ready for the pickers. The capacious wagon boxes are loaded with the white harvest and hauled to the "gin"; there the seed is separated from the fibre, and the cotton is incased in bales of about five hundred pounds each. The bales are then loaded on cars and taken to the "compress," where they are squeezed into less than half their

First Hoeing of Cotton.

original size by the application of tremendous pressure.

The boll-weevil worm has inflicted great damage in the cotton belt of Texas, along with other cotton States—the loss in a single year climbing up into the millions. Through scientific investigation and experiment, however, the ravages of this costly pest have been greatly reduced in the last few years. One successful method has been the introduction of early maturing varieties of the cotton plant, together with other means of hastening the harvesting of the crop.

The Houston and Texas Central is one of the oldest railroads in the State, and for quite a distance after leaving Houston traverses the region where many of the land grants of the early *empresarios* were located. For that reason it is one of the oldest centres of American occupation. The negro population is very large in many sections, for these colonists brought slaves with them. Before the war the slave population almost equalled the white in many places. To-day they will number a third outside of the large cities. The simple cabins of the Ethiopians dot the fields, and the ebony faces of the inhabitants enliven the landscape. At Prairie View there is a large educational institution for the negroes that is supported by the State. It is primarily intended as a training-school for negro teachers.

About a third of the way toward Dallas the railroad intersects the old San Antonio Road, over which most of the early immigrants to Texas came. This road was the connecting link between the upper and lower settlements of the Spaniards. Indian hostilities prevented the spread of American settlements north of this highway until after statehood. Most of these settlers established themselves as near as they could to this road for fear of the marauding Indians. At the opening of the

Revolution there were settlements every five or ten miles from here to Nacogdoches.

The San Antonio Road continued to be an important highway until long after the admission of Texas as a State. There was a continuous succession of teams and horsemen along the highway because it was the great artery of traffic between the United States and Texas, and the Mexican provinces as well. Caldwell and Bastrop were both stations on the San Antonio Road between here and San Antonio. The north line of Brazos County also follows this old highway for some distance. Near it, on the Brazos, was established in 1830 the old Mexican fort of Tenoxtitlan. This was done for the double purpose of protecting the frontier against Indians and of enforcing the laws of Mexico among the American settlers. A small town grew up, which was little more than a name after the Revolution, and its identity has since been lost in Texas geography.

A recent historian positively asserts that the death of La Salle occurred near the site of Navasota. Not far distant from this city is the once noted town of Washington on the Brazos, which was, until the Civil War, one of the political and business centres of Texas, as well as a seat of civilization and culture. The municipality was organized in 1835, and the municipality later became Washington County. The town of Washington was the first county seat, but that distinction has disappeared. It now dwells in the past. As the place where the Texas Declaration of Independence was promulgated, and as the one-time capital of the Republic, the old town of the Brazos merits more than casual notice. It acquired prestige as the leading market town of the upper Brazos, for steamboat navigation was then maintained on this river.

HARVESTING THE COTTON

In the forties and fifties Washington reached the zenith of her glory, with a population of at least fifteen hundred, and was one of the largest towns of the State. But the citizens haughtily refused a bonus to the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, then being projected, because they believed it would interfere with the river traffic. One man, possessed of wisdom beyond his fellows, walked the streets and almost tearfully entreated the inhabitants to accede to the demand. But they were obdurate. In his resulting wrath, it is said that he cursed the town, and prayed that he might survive to see the day when the site of old Washington would be planted with cotton. The result was that the people vanished, Washington is still without a railroad, and another town is the county capital. The prayer of the outraged citizen has been almost realized. It is now a small town, with a single store to supply the wants of the neighbourhood. Old foundations, brick cisterns, and debris, now indicate the site of the town as it once stood. Nothing remains but shadowy memories, and a shaft of grey Texas granite, erected by the school children of the county in 1900, on which is this inscription: "Here a nation was born."

Near Corsicana was discovered and produced the first oil and natural gas of commercial volume in Texas. Up to this time the country had been purely agricultural. This was in 1896, several years before the Beaumont boom. It still remains an important producing point for petroleum. The oil boom started the town on the up grade, until to-day it is a prosperous little city and is the county seat of Navarro County. This county is in the richest agricultural district, for more than half the land is actually cultivated. Cotton is the principal crop, and far more land is devoted to the cultivation of this plant than all others together. It is not an old section of the

country, for there were no settlements within it until after Texas was admitted to the Union.

In the northern part of Texas, and a little east of the centre, are located the "Twin Cities" of Texas, which are the Minneapolis and the St. Paul of that State. There is considerable rivalry between these two municipalities, and it is rather interesting, and frequently amusing, to listen to the citizen of one city express his opinion of its rival.

"Fort Worth is the largest of our suburban towns; you really ought to see it," says the citizen of Dallas, speaking in a sort of disparaging way about the other city.

"Dallas is nothing more than a big wholesale town," says the man who lives in Fort Worth. "There is little real manufacturing in Dallas, and it is manufacturing that makes solid city growth."

The two cities are connected by a splendid interurban line, and at the most they are but thirty miles apart. If both cities should continue to increase, as the inhabitants of each one predict, and should grow toward each other, then it might be that at some future time the two cities will make one great Southwestern metropolis. As any rate, there are many who look forward to the day when this intervening distance will be a continuous succession of pretty and thriving villages, country clubs, homes, and outing resorts. This, however, is looking quite a ways into the future.

At the time of the Texas Revolution this fertile country was the roving ground of Indians. When a white man, in 1841, erected a tiny hut on the banks of the Trinity River, occurred the first invasion of this primeval wilderness by that race. The nearest court at that time was at Nacogdoches, two hundred miles away. Five years later the little settlement had increased to an even half

dozen families. "Life in Dallas," says a contemporary writer, "in the early fifties moved on primitive lines. An old-fashioned hand mill, brought by one of the settlers in 1852 to grind the corn with, was in such demand that it was allotted to the applicants one day at a time. One sewing machine served the village for years." The first court house was a rough structure of cedar logs, with a puncheon floor and with split logs for seats. All the merchandise and supplies of every kind were hauled from Houston with ox-teams. When the roads were passable, it required about four weeks to make this trip.

Dallas does not owe either its location or its development to any peculiar natural advantages. The rich soil of the Black Waxy Belt rendered a great distributing city necessary, and the enterprise of her citizens directed that development to Dallas. When the first railroads reached there in the early seventies the real improvements began, and people commenced to come in. The streets were thronged with freighting wagons ready to cart supplies to all parts of the north and west Texas. "A special police force was required to keep from congestion the immense concourse of wagons upon them," said a writer. The city was incorporated as a municipality in 1856.

The city of Dallas impresses one as being a Northern city under a Southern sun. It is primarily a commercial city, and has the same air of strenuous business activity that one will find in almost any Northern business centre. Like many cities, Dallas has developed a personality. Its characteristics may not be so marked as San Antonio or Quebec or Boston, but it does possess a distinct individuality. Were I to compare it with any other city, it would be with Chicago. Money talks in Dallas. San Antonio is reminiscent of the Don, and even Houston is softer, more suave, and more gracious. Fort Worth

is essentially Western. But Dallas is a Northern city beneath a Southern sky and with a Southern setting. The fact that many business men from the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line are at the head of the big business establishments here doubtless has had tremendous influence in the development of the Dallas character.

Dallas is not primarily a manufacturing city. It is the home of the wholesaler, the distributor, and the retired man of wealth. You drive along the streets of Dallas and see a splendid house fit for a prince to live in.

"Whose home is this?" you ask.

"Oh, it is a rich rancher's," is the reply. "He bought land for a trifle, and sold it to farmers,—worth half a million, I reckon."

You drive a little farther and another mansion meets your gaze.

"Who lives here?" you query.

"Why, that is a cattleman from the Panhandle," your cicerone answers. "He owns about half a million acres out there and has so many cattle he is unable to count them."

And so your quest continues. The Dallas citizen likes to talk of big things, great enterprises, wealthy men, lofty buildings, transcontinental railroads. As I said, money talks in Dallas, and its characteristics are those of Chicago, only in a lesser degree, as a matter of course. But Dallas is daunted by nothing. She has many skyscrapers, and her public buildings are built on a generous scale. The population has passed the hundred thousand mark, making Dallas the second city in the State, according to Government reports. It is a clean, attractive city in the business section, and even more so in the residential districts, for its residential parts are most creditable. The streets have been laid out with an eye to beauty

MAIN STREET, DALLAS

and comfort. The real Dallas is scarcely more than forty years of age.

Dallas is located in the midst of one of the richest agricultural regions in the United States. There is probably only one other American city that distributes more agricultural machinery than Dallas. The agricultural surroundings have aided in developing the Dallas State Fair as one of the great enterprises of the city. It is a great and valuable business institution, with a large surplus of money to its credit. Although called a State fair, it is purely a local enterprise, but it has been an exceedingly profitable venture. From half to three-quarters of a million people pass through the stiles each year, and it has been of incalculable advantage to the business interests of Dallas. A few years ago the stockholders generously transferred its property to the city for fair grounds and park purposes. By the terms of the transfer the Fair Association retains the use of the grounds four weeks in the autumn. During the remainder of the year the grounds are devoted to park and other public purposes. Many commodious buildings of permanent and attractive architecture have been constructed, all of which are the property of the city. The Coliseum is the largest auditorium in the city, and will seat seven thousand five hundred people.

One-tenth of all the cotton of the world, and two-fifths of the cotton of Texas, is produced within one hundred miles of Dallas. The surrounding territory is indeed the cream of the State, for its soil is a rich black loam, and it receives enough rainfall to mature the crops. Scores of prosperous towns and thriving villages have grown up around it. A short distance north of Dallas the grain region commences, which projects up into and through Oklahoma. Southern Oklahoma may be called

tributary territory. The many small towns located in all directions have been the means of developing Dallas as practically the only electric railroad centre that can be found in Texas. Interurban lines already extend to Corsicana and Waco on the south, Fort Worth on the west, and Denison on the north, with several others either under construction or projected.

Dallas has made elaborate plans for the future, and she has the civic spirit to carry out such ambitious schemes. Competent architects have drawn up plans for parks and boulevards and a general city outline for future growth. Park sites have been secured within the corporate limits, which are easily accessible from the congested districts. All of these are being improved upon a practical plan, so that they are bound to become a source not only of pleasure but also of pride to the citizens. Playgrounds and various municipal recreations are generously provided. The spirit of the municipality is most commendable and worthy of emulation by some of our Eastern cities.

A great concrete viaduct exceeding a mile in length has been constructed across the lowland through which flows the Trinity River, in order to connect Dallas with its suburb of Oak Cliff. On the north side there is another separate town, called Highland, which is exclusively residential.

In the northern part of Dallas there has been established the Southern Methodist University, a new educational institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. This institution, work on which was begun in 1911, promises to become one of the leading denominational universities of the South. It occupies a site of almost one square mile of land. With only a few buildings completed, the University was opened to students

VIADUCT, DALLAS

in the fall of 1915. It is intended eventually to occupy the field of a complete university.

The most ambitious scheme of Dallas is that which aims to develop this city, which lies five hundred and fifty miles from the Gulf of Mexico by the nearest waterway, into a water port. You may laugh at the idea, as many visitors to this city do, but there is no question about the seriousness of the citizens of Dallas. They have succeeded in securing liberal appropriations from the National Government to develop the Trinity River into a waterway deep enough for barges carrying cotton and other bulk freight to navigate between Dallas and the Gulf. Government engineers have been at work constructing locks on the upper reaches of the Trinity, and, unlike most similar projects, the work was begun near the source and not at the mouth of the stream. The desire of the Dallas inhabitants is to reduce the freight rate on cotton from that city to the Gulf. The water rate would not amount to more than one-sixth of the present railway charge, so it is claimed.

It is very doubtful whether the Trinity will ever be employed extensively as a waterway, because of the great distance and the time necessary for the journey, although in earlier days the merchants occasionally used flat-boats to transport cargoes down the river to the Gulf. If this project succeeds in securing a railway differential upon cotton, however, the purpose of the citizens of Dallas will have been accomplished. This would place Dallas on an equality with actual sea ports. By this scheme the promoters hope to divert much of the cotton which now goes to Houston. The future alone will reveal how well-advised are the hopes of the citizens.

Fort Worth is not an old city, as cities go in these United States, and yet it is the older by a decade or two

of the twin cities in Northern Texas. At the close of the war with Mexico, General Winfield Scott despatched a troop of dragoons to North Texas to establish a post there for the purpose of protecting that sparsely settled country from the ravages of the Indians. These aborigines were then numerous in that region, and they frequently made forays from what is now the Indian Territory. Major Arnold, who was in charge, selected what is now the site of Fort Worth as the most available point for this purpose. The post was at first called Camp Worth, in honour of Brigadier-General Worth, and was established on the sixth of June, 1849. A few months later the name was changed to Fort Worth, and only four years afterwards the post was abandoned as a military establishment, the troops being sent elsewhere. There was never a real fort at this point, according to modern interpretation of that term, and the only buildings there were the barracks for the soldiers, which were stationed in what is now the very heart of the city.

It was but natural that the first settlement of any consequence in this Black Waxy Belt should germinate about the military post, because of the protection afforded by the presence of soldiers, if for no other reason. When the soldiers departed, however, there was only a meagre population scattered throughout the country. Barring a few supply trains there was as yet no trade of any magnitude that had begun to flow through this section of Texas; neither were there any cattle trails, so that there was very little to attract permanent settlers at this time. There was only a straggling settlement on Trinity Bluffs, and there was no assurance that it would ever become of greater importance. It might experience the same fate as many similar frontier settlements.

The early town was grouped around the public square,

TARRANT COUNTY COURT HOUSE, FORT WORTH

and the old court house on the bluffs was the hub of interest and business activity; but this stage of development has long since been passed. The county of Tarrant was created by the Legislature in December, 1849, and the county seat was at first located at Birdsville. Through judicious scheming the inhabitants of Fort Worth finally succeeded in having the location changed to their town, and it has remained there ever since. The citizens of Fort Worth were wild with joy, and it is related that the official records were placed in a wagon, three fiddlers mounted on top, and the official seat thus transferred in triumph to the little village on the bluffs of the Trinity. Birdsville is now indicated by only a few weather-beaten buildings, which scarcely tell the story of its struggles to become the county metropolis. For some time after the withdrawal of the military post, hostile Indians made occasional forays around and about Fort Worth. In fact, until after the Civil War, it was on the real Western frontier. Raids of hostile Indians occurred as late as 1870 in this vicinity.

The real growth of Fort Worth began when the rails of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, after several years of financial tribulations, finally reached Fort Worth in 1880, although another railroad had entered the city several years earlier. The succeeding boom brought with it a host of rough-and-ready characters among whom the six-shooters were conspicuous. It became a sort of clearing house between the regulated customs of the East and the free and untrammelled life of the West. Thus the railroad had brought its evils as well as its benefits. The cattlemen at once made Fort Worth their headquarters, and drew their supplies therefrom. The city developed into a great market for buffalo hides, tongues and meat. More than two hundred thousand

buffalo hides were received there in a single season. When the warehouses were filled, the vacant ground was covered. Its population is now considerably less than that of Dallas, but it also has more undeveloped land to the northwest, west, and southwest than has the rival city, and this land is rapidly being developed. Not long ago much of it was classed only as range land, and was worth two or three dollars an acre, while to-day it could scarcely be purchased for fifty dollars an acre.

A few years ago, when the Chicago packers were searching for a desirable location for the establishment of packing houses in the Southwest, they decided upon Fort Worth. Both the packers and the railroads secured liberal terms from the city, and they are now exerting every energy to develop this industry. The city now ranks as the second cattle market in the United States. The packing houses are located at one end of the city in a separate corporation, which is called Niles City. This municipality has its own mayor, chief of police, etc., but there are only a few inhabitants, just enough to allow it to become incorporated. An old frame building houses all the municipal officials. It does not take an expert to see that Fort Worth is more of a manufacturing town than its rival, for it can be seen in the large number of working men on every side. Furthermore, it is the only city in the State where a haze of smoke can be observed hanging over the city. The packing houses and stock yards alone employ several thousand men. Separate from the stock yards is a great horse and mule market, which is likewise important in the world's trade. Many thousands of these animals went direct from these yards to the battlefields of Europe. Then there are oil refineries, railroad shops, and other industries that employ large numbers of men in Fort Worth.

Although Fort Worth is typically Western, and contains a larger proportion of labourers than the other Texas cities, it must not be understood that the ethical side is neglected. The location is beautiful, for the surface of the country is delightfully rolling. Advantage has been taken of these natural circumstances in developing the city. Material development has naturally come first in such an industrial centre. But there are splendid schools and several educational institutions which are already opened. The largest of these is doubtless the Texas Christian College, which is under the auspices of that church. Then there is the Baptist Theological Seminary, and several other worthy schools and colleges. The Fort Worth of the future is destined to be a greater and even more prosperous city.

CHAPTER XIV

AROUND AND ABOUT THE CAPITAL

THE proximate cause leading to the selection of the site of Austin for the Republic's capital was a buffalo hunt indulged in by General Lamar, accompanied by an escort of rangers from a frontier fort which stood a few miles below the present city. Halting on the hill where now stands the magnificent capitol, and gazing across the valley covered with wild rye, he was fascinated with the outlook. When Lamar became President shortly afterwards, he approved of the act of Congress, which provided that the location of the capital "should be selected at some point between the rivers Trinidad and Colorado," and above the San Antonio Road. He called the attention of the commissioners appointed by him to this situation, and it is believed that his admiration for this locality had much to do with the report of the commissioners.

That great central section of modern Texas was almost a *terra incognita* at the time of the Texas Revolution. The old San Antonio Road, which passed through Bastrop and Caldwell, was practically the line of demarcation. At that time there was not a house between Austin and San Antonio. Before statehood a few settlements had arisen between those two cities. But settlers beyond there did not arrive until after annexation. The members of the Santa Fé Expedition of 1842 brought back practically the only reliable information concerning a large

THE CAPITOL, AUSTIN

part of it. By the time of the Civil War, however, the white man had established his habitation out as far as Coleman and Brownwood, and the cattlemen had ventured to drive their herds out upon the luscious grasses for a considerable distance west of the capital. Some of the counties were not fully organized until after that great event, and other counties have been subdivided into smaller divisions.

A diminutive settlement, consisting of a few cabins, was already here when the new capital was established, and was called Waterloo. The act of Congress had provided that the capital should be called "The City of Austin," a recognition of the exalted character and patriotic service of Stephen F. Austin. Henceforth Waterloo disappeared from the map. Austin has one of the pleasantest and most inviting sites of any of the cities of Texas. The county was afterwards named Travis to commemorate the heroism of the commander of the Alamo garrison.

The selection of Austin showed a farsightedness on the part of the commissioners, and of President Lamar as well. It was almost at the extreme limit of settlement, and was near the theatre of Indian depredations. So exposed was Austin to Indian attacks that the members of the Government were sometimes obliged to take their turn at standing guard. The commissioners laid out the town on the bank of the Colorado River. About a dozen square miles of land were included in the purchase by the commissioners. The price was a little less than three dollars per acre, which probably meant a good profit to the original owners for wild land on the frontier sandwiched between the white settlements and Indian domain.

After choosing the ground for the capital, the commis-

sioners surveyed one square mile, laying it off in blocks and lots, and designated the locations for the various public buildings. Their report was rendered to Congress in April, 1839, and, so rapidly was the work hastened, that by October houses for the accommodation of most of the governmental departments had been completed. The town enlarged slowly because of its exposure to Indian forays. A few hundred was the maximum of its population during the days of the Republic. The early houses were mostly constructed of hewed logs, generally double houses with a passage between. The public buildings were covered with boards split by hand.

The natural advantages of Austin have always commended the wisdom of its selection. Although the administrative offices were removed for a while and Congress convened elsewhere, it has remained the practical seat of government ever since the choice fell upon it. President Lamar removed his residence to Austin within the same year that the capital was established there. An ordinary double log house at the intersection of Congress and Eighth Streets became his office, as well as that of Presidents Houston and Jones and the governors of Texas for the ten years succeeding its admission as a State. Similar log houses housed the other departments of the Republic. All of these have now disappeared. The residence of the President was a little more pretentious, being two stories in height. The first capitol was a large one-story frame building. As late as 1846, the year of the transfer of government, this building was encompassed by a stockade fort for protection against the Indians, whose raids were still not infrequent. A few years later a traveller wrote of Austin: "There is a remarkable number of drinking and gambling shops, but not one bookstore."

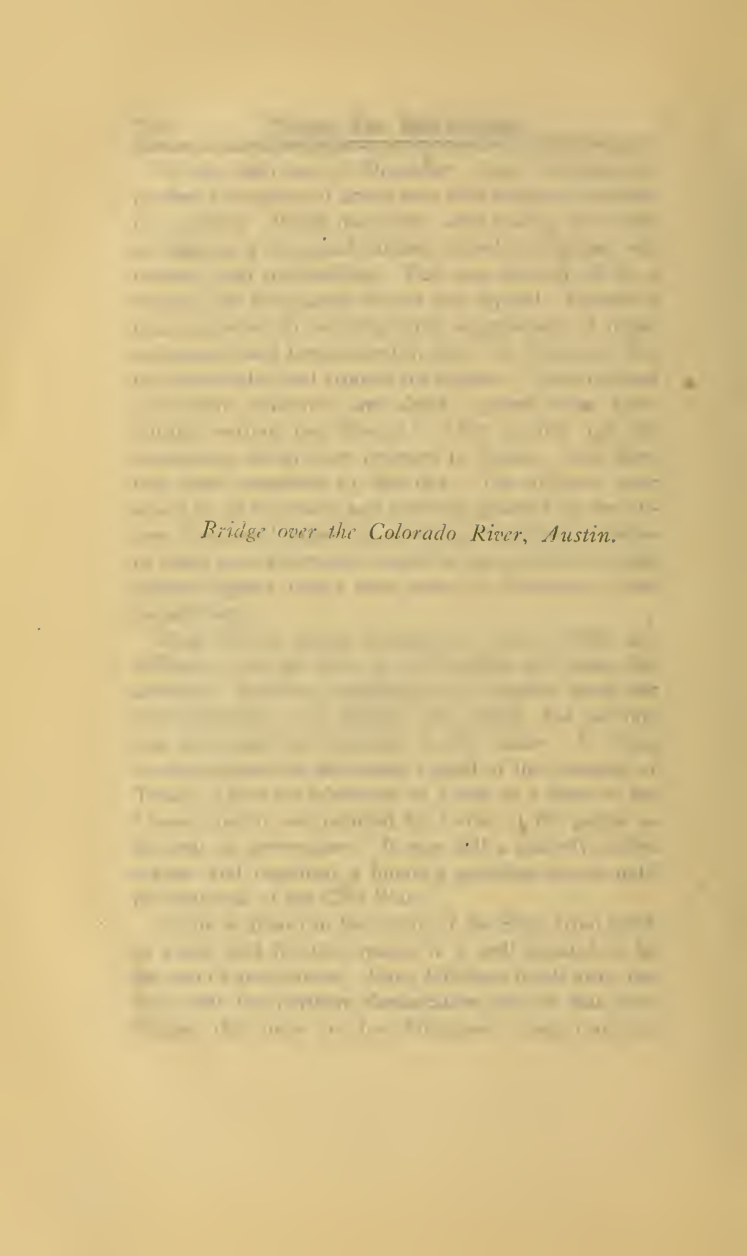
Sam Houston, after the close of his first presidential term, was elected to the Congress, and was obliged to attend the sessions of that body at Austin. In a private letter, dated December 10th, 1839, recently published for the first time, he expressed his contempt for the new capital as follows: "This is the most unfortunate site upon earth for the seat of government. Bad water, cold region—indifferent and sparse timber. It is removed outside the settlement and not a house between this and Santa Fé. Our eating is very plain, and no society to enjoy in this place, for I do not visit 'court' (President Lamar). It is said to be rather fine—so it should be from what appears on our financial records. The expenses of this year are appalling to those who do not wish to be buried by taxation. Without some change in our affairs, the Government must cease, because the situation of the people is not such as will enable them to pay an exorbitant contribution. . . . I might have been happy at home had I known the full extent of Lamar's stupidity."

When Sam Houston again became President, he objected to this site, because it was exposed to attack from the Mexicans, who had become troublesome, but remained there until San Antonio was actually captured. Indian raids and massacres occurred within what is now the corporation limits. It is little wonder that Austin did not flourish. A special session of Congress was called at the city of Houston by President Houston, in 1842. This action aroused intense indignation among the people of Austin, who would not surrender the government archives. Houston sent special messengers for these necessary documents, but the citizens shaved the manes and tails of their horses and drove them off in contumely and disgrace.

On the 20th day of December, 1842, Houston despatched a company of armed men with wagons to recover the archives. While these men were loading the boxes on wagons, a six-pound cannon, loaded with grape, was trained upon the building. This was touched off by a woman, but fortunately no one was injured. Houston's men succeeded in securing three wagon-loads of books and papers, and then started in haste for Houston. But the cannon-shot had aroused the citizens. The infuriated Austonians followed, and about eighteen miles from Austin overtook the "thieves." They forcibly took the documents, which were returned to Austin. And there they have remained to this day. The archives were sealed up in tin boxes, and jealously guarded by the citizens for several months in an old log stock-house. Some of them were afterwards buried in the ground as a precaution against future raids either by Mexicans or the Government.

Thus did the sturdy pioneers of Austin boldly and defiantly resist the head of the Republic and retain the archives. Houston complained to Congress about the insubordination and justified his action, but nothing was ever done by that body in the matter. In 1842, Austin became the permanent capital of the Republic of Texas. Upon the admission of Texas as a State of the Union, Austin was retained by a vote of the people as the seat of government. It was still a sparsely settled region, and remained a hunter's paradise almost until the outbreak of the Civil War.

Austin is almost in the centre of the State from north to south, and for that reason it is well situated to be the seat of government. Many Mexicans dwell there, but it is near the northern demarcation line of that race. Beyond that there are few Mexicans, except track la-



Bridge over the Colorado River, Austin.

bourers on the railroads. Austin has a delightful location about forty feet or more above the Colorado River, which is here quite an imposing stream. It is crossed by a long and imposing concrete bridge, which connects the two sections of the town. The main street, called Congress, leading from the bridge to the capitol, is a broad and impressive thoroughfare. A twenty or thirty story building would not be out of place, and would not interfere with either light or ventilation. If some of our congested Eastern cities had such an avenue for their main artery, it would be an asset worth many millions of dollars. Unfortunately, those early pioneers who laid out our Eastern cities, when land could be purchased for almost nothing, did not have a vision of the possibilities of the future. The Texas pioneers were wiser.

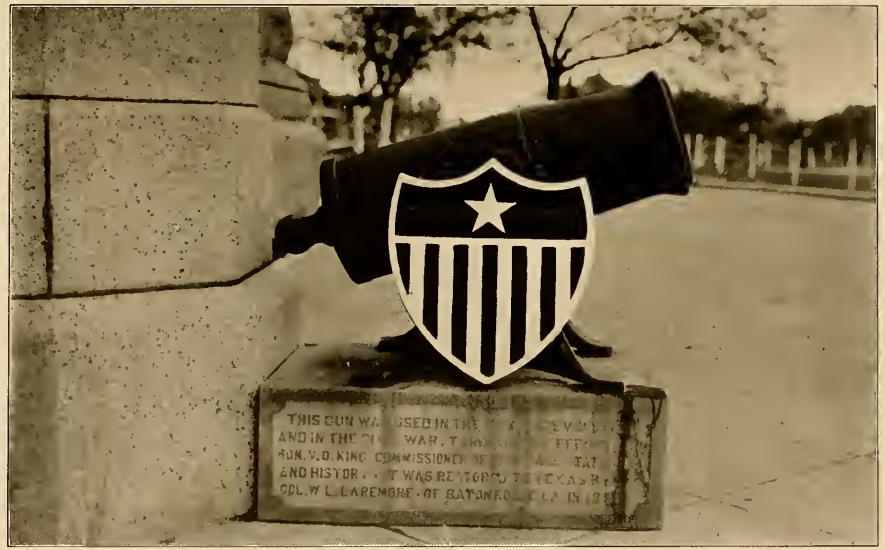
As the city of Austin is at present, there is no danger of congestion. The entire population could be accommodated on Congress Street. Although there is quite a considerable wholesale business carried on, Austin has always retained the essential character of a capital city, the seat of institutions rather than of business and industry. It has long been noted for its churches and its schools. It is a city of approximately thirty thousand people at the present time.

Austin possesses one of the most magnificent capitol buildings in our country. Texas is the only State that can boast of a three-million-acre capitol. A number of years ago the State possessed much land but little money, and it felt a great big desire for and need of a new capitol building. Negotiations were entered upon with a syndicate which was willing to construct a building, and accept the only commodity the State had to offer in payment—namely, land. The capitol cost approximately three and a half million of dollars, and the syndicate re-

ceived a trifle over three million acres of land. The building itself, exclusive of porticoes, is more than five hundred feet in length. The State acquired a good building, and the syndicate received land equal to a principality. This land was situated in the counties of the Panhandle and *Llano Estacado* bordering on New Mexico. The act of the Legislature making this appropriation was enacted in 1879, long before there had been any development in this section. It was then considered simply as arid land, and the State believed it had made a good bargain. The syndicate initiated work, however, to develop its land, and now its value is several times what it cost. The members of the syndicate made millions of money, but it was a legitimate profit. No one appeared to foresee the development that has transformed the Panhandle.

The great dome of the capitol dominates the horizon for several miles before the train reaches Austin, for the imposing red sandstone building stands slightly above the rest of the city. Looking at it from the opposite end of Congress Street, it gives very much the same effect as Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington from the Treasury. The dome is surmounted by a statue of the blind goddess of Justice upholding the lone star of Texas more than three hundred feet above the level of Capitol Hill. It is built of Texas material. The stone was secured from what is termed a mountain of granite near Marble Falls, about forty or fifty miles northwest of the capital. At this place an almost unlimited amount of this red sandstone is available, and it is a splendid material for building.

The grounds about the capitol are dotted with trees and shrubbery, which makes an artistic setting. There are a number of monuments, including one to the Texas



HISTORIC CANNON AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAPITOL, AUSTIN

heroes who sacrificed their lives in the massacre of the Alamo. Among the most striking features are two small cannon, at the principal entrance, one on either side. The coat of arms of Texas, with the single star prominent, ornaments each one. The following inscription also appears: "This gun was used in the Texas Revolution and in the Civil War." It is not strange that these two small pieces, which would be of absolutely no efficiency to-day, are treasured by the people of Texas. By the side of a forty-two centimetre gun of the Teutons they would be mere pygmies. The whole gun could be put inside such a monster.

The most imposing room in the capitol is the House of Representatives. It is a splendid assembling room for this body, for it is capacious and inviting, with a gallery encircling three sides, and is lighted both from a skylight above and side windows. The Senate is not so large a room, for that body is much less numerous. In these two rooms, and the entrance corridors, is assembled a gallery of Texas history on canvas. The famous picture of the "Surrender of Santa Anna" at San Jacinto is in the corridor. It depictures General Houston reclining on a blanket, with his foot bandaged, and gesticulating with his hand. "Deaf" Smith, in the uniform of a frontier scout and with a long rifle over his arm, holds one hand to his ear while listening to what is being said. The surgeon, who has just been dressing Houston's foot, has not relinquished his instruments. In the group are many of the historic characters of the Revolution. Santa Anna is pleading with head bared before his captor. In the Senate is hung a painting of the "Battle of San Jacinto" by McArdle. Some of the flags borne by the Texans bear the inscription "Liberty or Death." These were the words of Travis. It is a picture of frightful carnage.

There is another painting here of the "Siege of the Alamo." The Texas flags in this picture all have "1824" on them, which refers to the Convention and Constitution of that year.

I was interested in studying the face of Lorenzo de Zavala, Vice-President of Texas under the Provisional Government. He migrated to that new country from Mexico, because he would not submit to the tyranny of Santa Anna after that general had proclaimed himself dictator. He had been a member of the Cortez of Spain, and both houses of the Mexican Congress, having served as presiding officer of each, and governor of one of the Mexican States before coming to Texas. He resigned the office of Minister to France in order to establish a new home in Texas, where he had purchased lands. The Texans welcomed with joy the arrival of this distinguished representative of Mexican republicanism, and his advice was eagerly sought. It was only a few months after his incoming that the Consultation was called, and Zavala was commissioned a delegate from Harris county. He only survived a year longer—long enough, however, to see Santa Anna humiliated and Texas freed. Although a Mexican, this true friend of liberty was highly esteemed by the Texas leaders for his integrity, sagacity and courage. He entered heartily into the struggle for independence, and his descendants still dwell in the State.

There is exhibited a portrait of Alphonzo Steele, the last survivor of the Battle of San Jacinto, who was ninety-two years of age at the time the picture was made. A painting of Sam Houston shows him as he looked when an exile among the Cherokee Indians. The leading canvas in the House of Representatives is the Settlement of Austin's Colony. In it is a portraiture of Stephen F.

Austin, accoutred with rifle, hatchet, knife, and powder flask, all of them indispensable friends of the frontiersman. Sam Houston is represented in another portrait seated in the chair of office and enveloped in a robe which resembles a blanket. This was only one of the many eccentric costumes worn by that hero.

Of the monuments around the capitol, the one that impressed me most is that erected to the memory of the men who fell in the Alamo. The names of those heroes are arranged in alphabetical order. One reads these patronymics reverentially for the lesson they offer of sublime self-sacrifice and of lives offered up willingly for their adopted country. The most striking memorial is dedicated to the Confederate soldiers in the War of the Rebellion. It reveals the spirit that animated the soldiers who wore the grey. It bears this inscription: "Died for State rights guaranteed under the Constitution. The people of the South, animated by the spirit of 1776, to preserve their rights, withdrew from the Federal compact in 1861. The North resorted to coercion. The South, against overwhelming numbers and resources, fought until exhausted. During the war, there were twenty-two hundred and fifty-seven engagements; in eighteen hundred and eighty-two of these, at least one regiment took part. Number of men enlisted: Confederate armies, 600,000; Federal armies, 2,857,132. Losses from all causes: Confederate, 437,000; Federal, 485,216.

"Erected A. D. 1901, by surviving comrades."

The State of Texas has provided a home for her Confederate veterans in Austin, which is said to be the best-conducted home anywhere in the South. It is an institution to which the Austonians point with pride. It also has more inmates than any similar institution in the

Southern States. The same feeling of sadness overcame me when I visited this Home, as there has in visiting the similar institutions in the North. Most of the veterans were more or less infirm, and they are simply awaiting the final call to the beyond. The veterans welcomed me and conducted me through the various buildings. It cannot compare with the homes for the soldiers of the blue in the North. The difference is that the latter have the resources of the National Government back of them, while the former depends solely upon the State. It is indeed commendable that Texas and the other States of the South should care for these men who fought so valiantly for what they believed was right. The average pension granted to her veterans by Texas is only ninety dollars a year. A few States pay in excess of this sum, but there are more which allow less. Even at that sum the annual appropriations for pensions and the support of this home approach a million dollars. The average number of soldiers quartered in the Home exceeds three hundred, and they are very well cared for.

The greatest public institution in Austin is the University of Texas. It ranks among the leading universities of the country. Its most grievous trouble has been growing pains, for the attendance has completely outstripped its equipment. In 1905 there were only fifteen hundred students; ten years later the number had much more than doubled. New buildings have not kept apace, and, as a result, temporary structures, which the Texans themselves term "wooden shacks," dot the campus to accommodate certain departments. The site is a splendid one, with a magnificent view from and toward the capitol. There is an inhibition in the Constitution of Texas forbidding the appropriation of any money for new buildings, and this has handicapped the authorities. The in-

University of Texas, Austin.

come from the permanent funds has not been sufficient to meet the needs of rapid growth. But the work of turning out educated young men and women goes on, and the constant accretions in attendance speak well for the aspirations of the youth of this great State.

A short distance out from Austin is a dam on the Colorado River, which furnishes the water supply of the capital, and power for the electric plant as well. A number of years ago a lofty dam was constructed on this same site, which formed a body of water called Lake McDonald. It was destroyed during a flood on the 7th of April, 1900. The present dam, which is almost eleven hundred feet long and sixty-five feet high, was completed in the spring of 1915. The impeded water backs up between the low hills, which encompass the river, and has formed a lake twenty-four miles long. This new body of water has been christened Lake Austin, and will be developed into a beautiful inland pleasure resort. The Colorado River is a clear stream, and the water in the lake is as pure and sparkling as in any of our great lakes. Many private launches and pleasure boats sail over the bosom of this new lake. In this way are the people of Austin, and other cities as well, making up for the lack of natural lakes as pleasure resorts. The cliffs of the river become higher and grander the farther up one goes. Between the dam and the city is a charming stretch of rocky cliff, which has been named Deep Eddy.

German settlers have had an important influence in the settlement of Central Texas. In fact the Germanic element in Texas has been very influential in many sections. To these immigrants is due the founding and growth of a number of splendid towns. Even in San Antonio for a long period the Germans were the largest national

group, excepting the Mexicans themselves. A dozen years after the admission of Texas as a State, the number of Germans in a few counties of what is now termed Central Texas, numbered as many as twenty-five thousand.

The general wave of German immigration to Texas began about 1848 at the climax to the revolutionary troubles in the German states. The trend toward Texas, however, had been initiated a little earlier. A number of German nobles had interested themselves in directing the immigration of German people to Texas, and this organization became known as the "Mainzer Adelsverein." It was one of the many schemes evolved about that time as a result of the agitation for social amelioration, and the diminution of pauperism. Because of its isolation, and the possible opening of a new source of wealth and power, Texas appealed to the nobility. A German dependency or new Teutonic nation might result, so they reasoned.

Prince Carl Solms-Braunfels, the general agent for this association, came to Texas in 1844 to select the land for the colonists, and prepare the way for the immigrants to follow. To each immigrant subscribing one hundred and twenty dollars, a free passage and forty acres of land was assured. The association obligated itself to provide log cabins, stock, and tools at fair prices, and to construct at its expense the public buildings and roads for the settlements. The first ship docked in the same year at Matagorda Bay, and from there the immigrants journeyed overland to the place selected for them by Prince Solms on the Coman River. The land first chosen was too remote from the other settlements, so that they finally purchased a more promising site between Austin and San Antonio. There they laid out a new city

to which the leader gave the name of New Braunfels, after his own home. On the hill overlooking the town a large block-house was erected, to which was given the name of "Sophienburg," and for the protection of the colonists a sort of palisade fort was built, which they called Zinkenburg.

This colony at New Braunfels survived, and was reinforced from time to time by other German immigrants, numbering in all several thousand. The misfortunes and hardships endured by the early German colonists at New Braunfels and the other settlements were indeed numerous, for they were unused to the primitiveness of the wilderness. They had not the remotest idea of the toil and hardship of settling in a new country. Many of them were swindled by speculators and adventurers. Numbers of them perished from the exposure and hardships; others wandered away to other settlements. Such was the unhappy inception of New Braunfels. Nevertheless the soil and climate were good, and things soon meliorated. The settlement remained, and it has always retained its characteristics as a German town. The descendants of this German stock and later immigrants still preponderate in New Braunfels, and the county of which it is the capital. Another German settlement, called Fredericksburg, was founded shortly afterwards, almost directly west of Austin and about equi-distant from that city.

One of the most important cities of Central Texas is Waco, which is named after the tribe of Indians of the same name which had its headquarters near where the present city now stands. On the early maps of Texas the only place indicated in this section of the State was Waco Village, which had for years been a permanent rendezvous of the Waco and affiliated Indian tribes.

The late George Wilkins Kendall, in his *Santa Fé Expedition,* gives a picture of a Waco village which that party found on the Trinity River: "In a large bend of the stream the village was situated, and all around were the corn fields and pumpkin and melon patches of the inhabitants. Although the bend must have been five or six miles in length, by nearly two in breadth in the wider parts, every portion of it appeared to be in cultivation; and the land was extremely fertile. The purlieus of the village appeared to be kept clean. The wigwams, or houses rather, for they deserve that name, were built in rows and had an air of neatness and regularity about them, such as I had never before observed in an Indian village. They were of conical shape, some twenty-five feet in height, and of about the same diameter on the floor; the materials used in their construction being poles, buffalo hides and rushes. The poles were stuck in the ground, and after running up perpendicularly some ten feet, were bent over so as to converge to a point at the top, thus giving a regular dome-like roof to carry off the rains. Over these, buffalo hides in some instances were made fast, and these again were covered with long rushes —thus making thatched cottages impervious to dust and rain.

"Attached to each residence, and immediately in the rear was another building of smaller dimensions, the lower part of which was evidently used for a corn-crib and store house. In these buildings we found a quantity of corn and pumpkins, besides finely-cured venison, antelope and buffalo meat. Above the corn-crib was a species of balcony." Mr. Kendall adds: "I confess that I saw evidence of a more elevated kind of humanity than I had supposed was to be found anywhere among the original Americans."

Waco is situated on the Brazos River, along which many of the early settlements in Texas were located. As these settlements pushed north, they were exposed to Indian hostilities which resulted in fearful loss of life and property throughout the existence of the Republic and even later. Remains of Indian houses, burial grounds, and fortifications are said to have been traceable in Waco as late as 1872. It was only after Texas entered the Union that adequate protection was afforded, so that settlements might be made in this neighbourhood. There were practically no settlers in what is now McLennan County, of which Waco is the county seat, until statehood. Rangers were then despatched into the country and, in 1846, the first permanent settlement was made here by a family named McLennan, from whom the county was afterwards named.

This section of Texas was in the slave belt, and antecedent to the war there were in some places almost as many negroes as whites. The rich soil was easily cultivated, and by the aid of the slave labour development was rapid, so that it soon became one of the rich cotton centres. Waco had at that time already become an important inland city, but its real progress did not begin until railroads reached it. Lumber for building before that time had to be transported from Eastern Texas, more than one hundred miles distant, on slow trains propelled by oxen. To-day Waco is one of the leading cities of the second class in Texas. A number of years ago it became known as the Geyser City, because of the number of artesian wells of hot mineral water which were discovered within the corporate limits. These wells are utilized to-day to supply a large part of the city's water. It has also been denominated the Athens of Texas, because of educational institutions located within its limits.

It is the seat of the principal Baptist college of the South, and there are a number of other educational institutions located within its limits.

In the early days the small steamboats then in use transported a large part of the traffic up and down the Brazos River. As the size of vessels increased, however, they were not able to utilize the shallow waters of this river, and traffic by water diminished. The citizens of Waco, however, like those of Dallas, have been very energetic in endeavouring to attract government aid in deepening the waters of this river so as to make it once more a medium of navigation. The National Government has made a number of appropriations for improving this river and the construction of dams and locks sufficient to furnish navigation for vessels of light draught. The purpose is, of course, to bring freight rates down on the basis of water transportation.

The territory bordering on the Brazos below Waco was originally known as the "District of Viesca." It was important enough to be represented in the Convention of 1832. The capital of the "municipality of Viesca," and the principal seat of the settlement, was at the "falls of the Brazos," in what is now known as Falls County. This was all in what was then designated as the Nashville Colony, one of the early *empresario* grants. Two hundred families were colonized on this grant in 1830, and others arrived later. The land lay north of the San Antonio Road, lying between the Navasota River and the ridge dividing the waters of the Colorado and the Brazos. In this general way were boundary lines fixed in those days, and it is not surprising that much confusion resulted. Just prior to the Revolution it was decreed that the "town at the falls of the Brazos River in the

Nashville Colony, heretofore known by the name of Viesca," should be changed to Milam, and this was done. There is a small village, however, on this site of the old capital town, which still preserves the name of Viesca in the geography of Texas.

CHAPTER XV

THE PANHANDLE AND THE STAKED PLAIN

Way out in Northwestern Texas, in the section designated as the Panhandle, we find a horizontal country with the sky pressing down sharply and evenly on every side. When twilight descends over the sombre flatness of the landscape, it is grey and vast with the awesome sweep of the sea. To appreciate these prairies fully one should contemplate them in the spring when the sun has wheedled the freshly moistened soil into bloom. Each day brings out some new blossom until the whole face of the country becomes radiant with colour and delicious with fragrance. The marvellous beauty of spring out here on the prairie has never been and never will be fully described. It is indescribable. A few days suffice to transform the whole face of nature. The dreary aspect of the open country changes at once to a vivid green, and the cheering effect must be seen to be appreciated. The names of many of the blossoms are unknown to me, but there are occasions when it is far more interesting simply to behold and enjoy the beauties of nature than to attempt to analyze each plant and place it in its proper grouping.

A writer of some years ago, in a rather picturesque manner, symbolized the Panhandle as a land of ranches, rascals, rattlesnakes, and remittance men. The description was not inapt for that period; but it has changed wonderfully in this twentieth century. It is still, however, a region of bitter winds, prairie-dog holes, and little rain. The picturesque prairie-dogs, gophers, and

other rodents, as well as the jack-rabbits, are doubtless a much greater evil than in former days. The wolves, lynxes, and coyotes were nature's regulators. When the white men poisoned or decimated these animals in some other way, the jack-rabbit, gopher and prairie-dog rose instantly to power. As a consequence, literally millions of these astonishingly prolific animals soon took possession of the range. The prairie-dogs not only devoured the grass, but they likewise dug up the very earth, leaving huge mounds of almost barren sand, often acres in extent. The rabbits became so troublesome that large parties of men were organized to round them up and exterminate them in great numbers.

It has been estimated that five jack-rabbits will eat as much grass as one sheep, and twenty prairie-dogs will devour and spoil more. There are regions up here where the prairie-dog villages number a population of from eight to ten thousand to the square mile. The prairie-dogs, so it is said, abandon their underground homes each autumn, turning them over to the newly-grown children. This is very thoughtful of papa and mamma. But the parents immediately excavate a new domicile for their own occupation—and this shows an absolute lack of consideration for the landlord. Poison squads are now employed by the big ranchmen to depopulate the prairie-dog towns.

Even in the days before American settlements, these prairie-dog villages were common enough and immense in area. G. W. Kendall, in his *Texan Santa Fé Expedition,* writes as follows:

"The first town we visited was much the largest seen on the entire route, being some two or three miles in length by nearly a mile in width at the widest part. In the vicinity were smaller villages—suburbs of the larger

town, to all appearances. After spending some three hours in the very heart of the settlements, and until not an inhabitant could be seen in any direction, we re-saddled our horses and set off in search of the command. Thus ended my first visit to one of the numerous prairie-dog commonwealths of the Far West.

"If a person is fortunate enough to gain the immediate vicinity of one of their villages unobserved—a very difficult matter, for their sentinels are always on the alert—he will discover the inhabitants gambolling, frisking, and running about the well-trodden paths, occasionally stopping a moment as if to exchange a word with a neighbour, and then hurrying back to their own lodges. Should he chance to discover some quiet citizen, sitting gravely at his doorway, he has but to watch him for a short time ere he will notice some eccentricity of conduct. His manner of entering his hole will remind the spectator of the antics of Pantaloon in a pantomime; for, instead of walking quietly in, he does it with an eccentric bound and half somerset, his hind feet knocking together as he pitches into the darkness below; and before the aforesaid spectator has yet fairly recovered from the half laugh caused by the drollery of the movement, he will see the dog slowly thrust his head from his burrow, and with a pert and impudent expression of countenance peer cunningly about, as if to ascertain the effect his recent antic had caused."

The Panhandle reminds me vividly of the endless pampas of Argentina, the only dissimilar feature being the forests of mesquite which cover the prairie in many parts, for the Argentine pampas are absolutely treeless in their natural state. The land reaches out in every direction as far as the vision extends, with scarcely an observable deviation in the elevation; and one knows that

beyond this meeting-place of earth and sky the same unending monotony continues. It can best be characterized as an ocean of land spreading out like an unruffled sea from horizon to horizon. There is a fascination about the very vastness of these plains.

These vast stretches of level land may produce a certain sense of irritation upon one newly arrived in the Panhandle. He may ride for league upon league on his horse, or travel hour after hour by train, awaiting that change of scenery which his experience leads him to believe must inevitably occur. And yet there is a fascination about the very vastness of these prairies—in these leagues upon leagues of rich soil which here hold themselves in readiness to receive the seed from the hand of the farmer. The scene superinduces retrospection also. In imagination one can behold countless numbers of the shaggy buffaloes feeding here while migrating to or from their northern pastures. The herds were at one time so vast that the undulations of their moving bodies were like the waves of a choppy sea.

Here in the Panhandle, a territory almost as large as Pennsylvania, there is, in the words of the late Joaquin Miller:

> "Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
> To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
> With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
> To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.
> Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea
> Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he,
> Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
> Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
> And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
> Offers rest; and unquestioned you come or you go."

Sometimes there would come, with the suddenness of a volcanic eruption, one of those terrible prairie fires,

which terrified man and beast alike. A rumble as of distant thunder might be the first warning. All knew there was not a moment to spare. Spurred on by the impetuous winds of a "norther," which sometimes sweeps across these prairies in uncontrollable fury, the crackling flames would travel faster over the parched sward than the legs of animals could carry them. All animosity and all hatred of one animal for another or toward the human was forgotten. All realized that safety rested only in flight, and joined in one frenzied rush away from the onrushing fiery flood. None paused for another; the laggard and the feeble were overwhelmed and trampled beneath a thousand callous hoofs. Mingled together were—

> "The howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder—
> Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over.
> . . . . . .
> Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
> As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone—"

It was during the decade of the seventies that the Indians and buffalo made their last stand against the onward march of civilization. Organized bands of buffalo hunters roamed these plains chiefly for the sake of the profit derived from the hides of the slain animals. The centre of this trade was old Fort Griffin, and a small army of hunters rendezvoused there. Thither they brought their wagons piled high with the bales of hides, and at the fort they purchased supplies of food and ammunition for the next trip into the buffalo country. It was about the "wildest and woolliest" place in Texas. Professional gamblers and whiskey sellers mingled with cattlemen, soldiers and skin-hunters. Its fame and even existence were transitory. It is now scarcely recognized

as a place in Texas geography. Here is a description of Fort Griffin in 1877:

"The post, on a hill a quarter of a mile south, is almost depopulated, one company of negro soldiers keeping garrison. F. E. Conrad's storerooms, near the post, are the most extensive establishment in the place. There hunters procure supplies and deliver most of their hides. To give an idea of the immensity of his business, imagine a huge, rambling house, of several different rooms, crowded with merchandise; with forty or fifty wagons to be loaded, and perhaps one hundred hunters purchasing supplies. . . . This is a frontier town, with all the usual characteristics, but is orderly. . . . The picket houses are giving way to rock and shingle-roofed frame buildings, the lumber being hauled from Fort Worth. The buffalo hide industry has reached large proportions, two hundred thousand having been received here last season. . . . It is a gay and festive place; night is turned into day; the dance and flowing bowl are indulged in freely, while hilarity and glee range supreme from eve until morning hours. Lager beer is twenty-five cents a glass."

The Panhandle is mostly tableland from thirty-five hundred to four thousand feet above sea level. In area it will equal Ohio. There are whole counties where there is not a river, or a creek, or a watercourse of any kind. There are sometimes depressions into which the surplus rainfall drains, and some of the basins, or saucers, retain water the greater part of the year. In other sections, water is very near the surface, so that sufficient water can be obtained for stock and even for irrigation on quite an extensive scale by means of power pumps. Where irrigation has been employed some remarkable crops have been produced.

In some places there are depressions which furnish the

winter range for cattle, giving them a natural shelter from the storms of winter. A wise rancher always aims to include some of this kind of land, for it would be a great undertaking to build shelter for the vast herds of stock which still wander over the Panhandle. These canyons are encountered most unexpectedly, for there may not be a tree or a bush to mark the location. In places the sides will be nearly perpendicular for a distance of several hundred feet. The rains of centuries have carved these great excavations, and the little stream at the bottom has carried away the debris. The working of the water upon the different strata of earth and rock has formed many strange and fanciful shapes. There will be pillars and columns such as might have been carved by the artists of Greece or Rome, and dedicated to a god; frowning turrets like unto those on some old mediæval castle; breastworks as of forts will also be distinguished.

The Palo Duro Canyon in Armstrong County is the most picturesque feature of the Panhandle topography. It has frequently been proposed that this canyon should be set aside as a national park. It is as much as eight hundred feet deep in places. One is lost in admiration of the strange and fanciful figures made by the washing of the waters in the rainy season in Palo Duro. Even Niagara sinks into insignificance when compared with the wild grandeur of this great chasm with its deep abysmal solitude.

One must not understand that this prairie is really smooth like an even, well-kept lawn, for so it may appear from a distance. On the contrary the smoothest of this western Texas prairie has an uneven surface, and is filled with the holes of the mole and field-mouse and prairie-dog. Through the slight thickness of earth which covers

OATS READY FOR THE THRESHER

these holes, the feet of the horse frequently sink, and, unless a horse has been brought up on the prairies, he can never be taught to run upon them with that confidence which develops his full powers.

This part of Texas was not laid out into counties until the United States was celebrating the centennial of its independence, thirty years after the admission of Texas into the federation. In that year this immense region of the State was subdivided into fifty-six counties. Names were bestowed upon these new subdivisions to commemorate revolutionary heroes, Alamo victims, early pioneers, and colony promoters. Yoakum, the diligent historian of the State, was likewise honoured. At that time there were not enough settlers in many of these to make a working corps of necessary officials, so that they remained unorganized for a number of years afterwards.

The Panhandle used to be, and still is in a modified degree, a region of princely ranches. In the western part, along the western tier of counties, will be found the famous three-million-acre tract given to the Capitol Syndicate. Thousands of acres have already been alienated, but it still is an enormous tract of land to be under one management. It is a short grass country, and the shimmering stretches of grassy tableland reach out to the distant edge of the sky. It is doubtless true that the cattlemen of old spread discouraging reports concerning these lands, in order to intimidate prospective settlers because of the wealth which they were reaping from the grazing of cattle on herbage which cost them nothing. With the development of dry farming, however, there arose a demand for this land of little rain. It was found possible to raise corn, oats, wheat, alfalfa, Kafir corn and milo maize, even though the rainfall did not exceed ten

or twenty inches in every twelve months Land values advanced so high that the ranchers became willing to alienate their possessions in small tracts.

To a person from one of the Eastern States, unfamiliar with the West, to journey through the rapidly developing Panhandle, the surprise comes when one discovers that the prairies, which were the favourite grazing lands of the buffalo, and over which the red men hunted not many decades ago, are now besprinkled here and there with the little dwellings of the homesteaders, and the primeval sward has yielded to the destructive plough of the farmer. Development has everywhere followed the construction of the railroads, for the iron highways introduced settlers along with transportation facilities.

It was my good fortune, not so very long ago, to peragrate through this section over a new railroad, which had just been opened to traffic. In some places the little houses of the settlers dotted the prairie at regular intervals as far as the eye could reach. Occasionally one would stumble upon a genuine sod house, or some other improvised habitation, but these were infrequent. The shingles on the roofs had not been darkened by exposure to the weather, and the unpainted siding still appeared as if it had just come from a lumber yard. The surface that was as yet untouched by the destroyer was covered with the short bushlike mesquite; but this was rapidly disappearing in order to plant the cotton which has proved to be such a profitable crop. Populous villages of the prairie-dogs, with the occupants standing at perpendicular near the entrance, ready to tumble in at the first alarm, were a common sight. Many rabbits of the excessively long-eared variety were visible from the train, and an occasional coyote could be seen leisurely running away from the track, as if inviting a chase. The mirage

would frequently deceive us, and some one would point out what was apparently a great shimmering lake. But we all knew that no water was there—it was all a delusion like many of our ideas in real life.

Towns were everywhere springing up along this new railroad, some of them almost in a night. One twelve-months-old infant municipality boasted a population of nearly two thousand. There were a number of two-story business blocks, and a fine stone bank building was nearly completed. The town had electric lights, and was already planning for a water-works plant. Nearly every town had a newspaper, and some of them boasted more than one. Real estate offices were numerous. As this train carried the president and a number of officials of the new road, reception committees met us at the stations with true Western hospitality. At one station the entire population, headed by the town band and a party of cowboys on horseback, greeted the party. Everybody was boosting his own town, and had at his tongue's end all the good points of that place and all the advantages of the soil in the neighbourhood. No one was finding fault or trying to destroy what others were building up. This characteristic will be recognized throughout all the newer sections of Texas, and in the older ones as well.

The Panhandle has passed through severe crises. The first settlers were not of the most stable kind. They began farming as they would at home, where the annual precipitation of moisture was twice or three times as great. Forty years' time on the principal sum and five per cent interest on the deferred payments had drawn them. A few lean years wiped out their funds, and they quietly vanished. Since then the limitations as well as the possibilities of the Panhandle have been better realized. Agriculture has been conformed to suit the

conditions, and crops have been adapted to the soil and climate. The newer settlers are better informed about the country which they have chosen as a home. These later immigrants are far better than the "boomers" of a quarter of a century ago.

The chief city, and the business metropolis of the Panhandle, is Amarillo, which is near the centre of the twenty-six counties, the "handle" which projects up into Oklahoma. You may occasionally hear some one pronounce it am-ar-ee-yo, the Spanish way. The name means yellow, but I assure you that there is no significance in the appellation, for it would be impossible to find a yellow streak in Amarillo or its hustling citizens. A decade and a half ago, this site was little more than a speck on the prairie. But when it became the intersection for three great railroads, the city began to assume a new importance. It wrested from Trinidad, Colorado, the distinction of being the distributing centre for the Panhandle. To-day it is one of the most progressive small cities in Texas.

The early history of Amarillo is interesting, if it is recent, for it was the scene of one of the most famous town-site wars in the State. The town was originally established a mile or more from the present location. But there was one wealthy rancher who objected. A thousand people had already arrived, and a handsome courthouse had been voted. In spite of the prestige already gained, this man proposed a town on his own land, and at a place that he deemed more desirable. He erected a hotel, laid out streets, and built buildings. Unable to secure the removal of the courthouse, he gradually absorbed all the rest of the town. The merchants followed, and then came the county officials. Gradually the old town was deserted, until practically

A NEW TOWN IN THE PANHANDLE

nothing was left but the courthouse. The officers lived in the new town, and tramped a mile to transact their official duties. This continued for five years, when the county building finally followed the people, and the older rival entirely disappeared.

The new towns in the Panhandle to-day are as different from the old settlements or trading-places as is the new Panhandle from the old cattle range. There is still the same wide dusty street along a railroad track, or at right angles to it, with square-fronted level houses or hip-roofed buildings fronting it on either side. In the olden days gambling halls and saloons were more numerous than any other buildings. The cowboys came in from the ranches after payday and forgot everything in their games, lurid dance halls, and the delight in the cup. It was gaming, dancing and drinking until the money was all gone. The chips clicked, the dance halls resounded, and the bars were noisy in those "good old days." Tascosa was one of the most noted of these towns of revelry. Near the town was "Boot Hill," where those who met violent death on the streets or in the saloons were hastily consigned to their graves. Now ice cream parlors and soda fountains are the only thirst dispensers in most of the Panhandle, and you could find far worse dance halls right on Broadway than out in this section of the one-time "wild and woolly" West. The counties have been voted "dry" under local option—probably to harmonize with the dryness of the atmosphere. These men who have come out on the prairies to make new homes have abandoned all their old traditions.

In Western Texas, and extending into the adjoining State of New Mexico, is the region known as the Staked Plain. This is the easternmost limit of what

was formerly designated as the Great American Desert. It is said that the mission fathers crossed this arid plain in their peregrinations, and set up stakes with buffalo heads upon them so that others might follow their route. This gave the name of *Llano Estacado* (staked plain) to the great plateau crossed. The desert itself is monotonous and tiresome only to those who have no eye for colour in combinations, such as none of the old masters ever spread upon canvas; to those whose imaginations are not stimulated by the memory of the men who staked trails across the burning, sandy waste; to those who find absolutely no appeal in the utter loneliness.

A map prepared in 1856 gave this slight information concerning the Staked Plain: "From the head waters of the Red, Brazos and Colorado Rivers to the Rio Pecos is a desolate and sterile plain from one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles in width, elevated about four thousand five hundred feet above the Gulf of Mexico, without water or timber, and with a scanty vegetation." No further enlightenment was vouchsafed. And yet in this semi-arid region of Western Texas a number of important rivers have their origin in immense springs found in canyons which penetrate this plateau, or in undergound rivers which have come to the surface.

The *Llano Estacado,* or Staked Plain, has ever been a land of mystery to the youthful student of geography. The tales of thirsty travellers overcome on its limitless stretches, and of the wandering herds of camels, have stimulated the imagination of youth everywhere. It is generally considered as a desert as inhospitable and hopeless as the sandy wastes of the Sahara. It is only fair to Texas and the Texans, however, to say that absolute desert is almost unknown within its borders. A limited region around El Paso is the closest approach

to desert in the State. The Staked Plain is a great grazing land. To be sure, it requires more acres to the animal than the rich Gulf coast, but any of the counties within that region will inventory from ten to forty thousand head of cattle, besides many sheep, goats, horses and mules. Human beings are sometimes infrequent, for Cochran County, on the New Mexican border, only enumerated sixty-five persons in 1910, after a very diligent search, and Hockley County could only muster one hundred and thirty-seven humans of all colours for the census taker.

"I love the desert" is an expression I have frequently heard in the West from those who dwell there. We have been accustomed to hear so many terrible tales of suffering upon the desert that the idea of there being anything attractive or alluring about it seems entirely foreign. I want to speak a good word for this much maligned portion of our country. The fact is that to-day we are able to journey across the desert by railroad, and stop at stations where there is an abundant supply of water. Each transcontinental railroad has left a trail of green spots wherever a water-tank is located. Water trains make their trips every day in the year. This removes the element of danger that confronted those who were compelled to travel by wagon in the earlier days, and who oftentimes suffered terribly when the water supply was exhausted. To-day, with no perturbation from dread of the pangs of thirst, if we remain near the railway and water, we can turn our attention to enjoy the beauties that will be found on the desert. The fool-hardy traveller can still encounter danger from thirst, and there is not a year in which our great Western desert does not claim many victims. The wise traveller, however, will forget the dust and discom-

fort and devote himself to admiring the wonders of the desert growth, the strange colourings of the sand and rocks, the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, and the radiance of sunrise and sunset.

All the species of cacti flower at some season of the year, and there is very little of the desert on which some form of the cactus does not grow. Then there is also the sage, mesquite, chaparral, and greasewood, besides numbers of other peculiar species of plants. In this mystic desert region there grows vegetation as weird and as wonderful as the desert itself. Cacti abound in innumerable variety, from the tiny prickly balls covered with long grey hairs to giants that tower almost as high as the average tree of a forest. The cacti are not only the most numerous, but they are to me the most beautiful of the forms of vegetable life to be found on the desert.

The several varieties all have their uses to those who are versed in the lore of the desert. In them the desert Indians find their home, food, drink, raiment and shelter. One of the most common species in Texas is the prickly pear. The blossom of this cactus is very pretty, and the fruit is much prized by both Mexicans and Indians. When the spines are burned off, cattle eat it with avidity, and it is very nourishing for them. A spineless species has been developed by Luther Burbank, and hundreds of acres of it are now cultivated as a food for stock.

The Spanish bayonet is a species of yucca, which grows over a much more extended area than the parent plant. It will be found all the way from California to the middle of Texas. It may be asserted that every species of desert plant seems to have some defence. Hence it is that one discovers each one of the leaves of the Spanish bayonet terminates in a spine. The Span-

THE SPANISH BAYONET

ish bayonet shoots up a stem many feet in height, which bears myriads of white and showy flowers almost lily-like in appearance. As many as six thousand blossoms have been enumerated upon a single plant. It also yields a yellow fruit, which ripens in August and September, and is pulpy and sweet as well as nourishing. A peculiarity of the Spanish bayonet is that, if it were not for a little moth, this plant would perish, for the moth carries the pollen upon the stigma of the flower where it lays its own eggs. This protects its eggs, and at the same time pollenizes the blossom and perpetuates the plant.

The numbers and varieties of the cactus family, which will be found in the various portions of the desert, are almost innumerable. One investigator reports forty-two different multiformities of cacti in blossom early in the month of May in one desert. These range from the delicate blossom of tiny plants to the gorgeous flowers of the giant species. It is in the month of May that these cacti appear at their best. One will find white, yellow, purple, pink and scarlet blossoms on every side, which seem to have been dyed by the sun itself, until he almost abandons the idea that he is in the desert and dreams that he is surrounded by some wonderful garden.

CHAPTER XVI

THE HERO OF SAN JACINTO

In the beautiful capitol building at Austin are preserved many of the documents and old State papers of the Republic of Texas. Among these archives one will find scores of documents bearing the signature of the most remarkable man produced by that Republic. This signature always reads Sam Houston. The given name is so written that one can easily give it the interpretation which people were wont to say he meant, and that is, "I am Houston."

Herein is illustrated one characteristic, which was always attributed to the man who was twice president of the nine-year Republic, and that is an exaggerated ingredient of egotism; but the man who is always called by an abbreviated given name, or by a nickname, has already attained an element of popularity that signifies a great deal to any one who seeks political preferment. This statement is well illustrated in the life of Sam Houston, who, during a remarkable political career, served as Governor of Tennessee, Representative in the United States Congress, President of Texas, Senator of the United States, Governor of the State of Texas, and Commander-in-Chief of the Texas Army, in addition to many inferior political and military offices in two Republics.

In the House of Representatives of the State capitol, there hangs a picture of Houston seated in a chair and

clothed in a brilliantly coloured blanket, or *serape,* as it is called. This depictures another essential characteristic of Sam Houston. He always endeavoured to dress in the height of fashion, but with a certain peculiar and personal idiosyncrasy. This appears even in his earlier political career. When Houston was inaugurated Governor of Tennessee, he wore a costume which is described as follows: "A tall bell-crowned, medium-brimmed, shining black beaver hat, shining black patent leather military stock or cravat incased by a standing collar, ruffled shirt, black satin vest, shining black silk pants gathered to the waistband with legs full, same size from seat to ankle, and a gorgeous red-ground, many-coloured gown or Indian hunting shirt, fastened at the waist by a huge red sash covered with fancy beadwork, with an immense silver buckle, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps with large silver buckles." In such toggery he must have been a picture wonderful to behold.

A description of Houston as he appeared at the grand San Jacinto Ball, just one year after that momentous victory of the Texans, is as follows: "Being the President-elect, he was, of course, the hero of the day, and his dress on this occasion was unique and somewhat striking. His ruffled shirt, scarlet cassimere waistcoat and suit of black silk velvet, corded with gold, was admirably adapted to set off his fine, tall figure; his boots, with short red tops, were laced and folded down in such a way as to reach but little above the ankles, and were finished at the heels with silver spurs." When Houston was a United States Senator, and performing his duty as such in the city of Washington, it was his habit to wear, in addition to the ordinary clothing of the gentlemen of those times, an immense Mexican

sombrero, as well as a blanket with red lining, such as the one shown in the portrait described above. It is not surprising that his presence on the street in the national capital naturally attracted attention.

In the State Senate of Texas is exhibited a painting of Sam Houston, which portrays him as he appeared when an exile among the Cherokee Indians. This painting reveals a third introspective view of the character of this many-sided man, which is not well known except to those who have made a study of his life.

When a young man in the adolescent period, Houston decided to abandon the civilization of Western Tennessee, where his family lived, and cast his lot with the Cherokee Indians, whose territory lay contiguous to his home. The reason for this decision is variously stated. One explanation is that his older brothers refused him permission to study Latin, and the other is that he was unwilling to clerk in a country store. It is quite probable that his older brothers exercised a tyranny over him. A simpler and more plausible explanation is that this move was doubtless that breaking out of the wild blood and longing for the free life of the wilderness which characterizes most boys, but which in the youthful Houston existed in an even greater intensity. In other words, it was the call of the wild. To use his own expression, he preferred "measuring deer tracks to measuring tape."

Whether the reasons given are correct or not, it is an historic fact that Sam Houston spent several years in all following a wild and primitive life. He was adopted in the family of one of the under chiefs of the Cherokee tribe. "Houston had many of the characteristics of the red man in his nature," says Williams in his biography; "among these were his hot blood, his

strong passions and appetites, his fondness for adventure and the untrammelled freedom of the wilderness, his solemnly childish vanity and turn for histrionic effect, . . . an eloquence of original power and impressiveness, a loftiness of spirit and the dominant quality of determination and courage." He thoroughly mastered the Cherokee language, and lived as one of his adopted people.

Samuel Houston, as he was named, was a descendant of a Scotch-Irish family from Northern Ireland. His father was an officer of the famous brigade of riflemen that Morgan led to the assistance of General Washington from the right bank of the Potomac. His mother was a pioneer woman of splendid physique, with the strength of mind and courage to equal her physical strength. Sam was introduced to this—for him—world of romance and adventure on the 2nd of March, 1793, at a place called Timber Ridge Church, near Lexington, Virginia. At the age of thirteen he journeyed with his mother, who was already a widow, and numerous brothers and sisters over the Allegheny Mountains, the entire family settling in the wilds of Western Tennessee. They constructed a rude cabin, and lived in the same primitive fashion as other pioneers.

The schooling of the youthful Houston was very limited, but in after years he overcame to some extent this lack in his early education by reading. Throughout his entire life, however, Houston was a man of few books, but these few he studied deeply. His literary gifts and his power of vigorous expression seem to have been a natural gift. And yet we ascertain that after he returned from his first exile among the Indians, he opened up a country school at the early age of eighteen. His intellectual attainments would hardly seem

suited to such a vocation, but it is quite likely that the average school pedagogue of that period was not much better qualified than Sam Houston. The school was a private one, each family paying its own tuition, of which one-third was corn, one-third in cotton and other goods, and the remaining one-third in cash.

There were few public positions which Houston did not at some time fill. He himself once said that he had performed the functions of almost every elective position, except that of President of the United States. He was as much at home seated on a store box and telling stories as he was in a parlour. Add to this a dignity of manner, an impressive physique, and a natural friendliness of disposition, and you have the secret of his political success.

"No person," says F. R. Lubbock, the War Governor of Texas, "ever met Sam Houston in the early days of the Republic without being impressed with his greatness. He was then about forty-two years of age, just the prime of life. Standing largely over six feet in height, with a massive, well-formed hand, a most remarkable foot, measuring more around the instep than in length, a large head, a piercing grey eye, a mouth and nose indicating character, of fine proportions, and as straight as a majestic Indian, he was a most perfect specimen of physical manhood. With such a presence we can well understand that upon state occasions his manner was graceful and courtly. But more to be admired than this, among his friends he was social and agreeable, with the ladies most suave and deferential, and towards the young always kind, interesting, and assuring. Often while in conversation with ladies and children he would carve a perfectly shaped ring, heart, chain, cross, or other emblem, and tender it to some of the party. He was

quite fond of whittling, keeping in his pocket soft pine or cedar and a good sharp knife for that purpose; and the making of these little presents was a pastime for himself, and by those who received them they were treasured mementoes."

Houston studied law for six months, and then was admitted to the bar of Tennessee. This was not extraordinary at that period, for "Old Hickory" was made a district attorney without knowing how to spell. A stentorian voice and the "gift of gab" signified more in the prospective lawyer than technical knowledge in those days, and Houston was abundantly supplied with both. His caustic tongue brought him many challenges to duels, although he never fought but one. He always had a ready response for the challenging party. To a friend who had challenged him, he said: "Well, I should like to know if a man can't abuse his friends, who in h—— he can abuse." This rejoinder brought a laugh, and the incident was ended. On another occasion, Houston is said to have handed the written challenge over to his secretary with the instruction to number it fourteen and file it away. He then turned to the messenger and informed him that this affair must be held in abeyance until the other thirteen had been disposed of.

Houston enlisted in the Army of the United States, in 1813, to serve against England. His principal fighting was in the conflict with the Creek Indians. After the massacre at Fort Mims, Houston's regiment joined General Jackson in his campaign to crush that recalcitrant nation. He greatly distinguished himself for personal feats of bravery at To-ho-pe-ka, a bend on the Tallaposa River. This battle was one of the most desperate and most hotly contested engagements ever fought by the Indians against white troops. He was wounded several

times in that victorious engagement, nearly losing his life as a result of these wounds. He gained the good will of Jackson, however, and ever afterwards retained that general's friendship and confidence. He was promoted to a lieutenancy for gallantry, and remained in this service five years.

Toward the close of his period of enlistment Houston was appointed a sub-agent of the Cherokees, because of his knowledge of their character and language, and at the direct suggestion of General Jackson. Going to Washington with a delegation of this tribe, he was rebuked by the Secretary of War because of appearing before that official garbed like a wild Indian. This led to his resignation. Whether this incident is true or not, it would be entirely characteristic of the man in his youthful days to do just such a thing. We know that on other occasions, when pleading for the red man, he did clothe himself in their garments.

The characteristics and personal habits of the youthful Houston were not altogether without fault. While a candidate for a second term as Governor of Tennessee he abandoned the woman who had been his wife for only a few weeks, resigned the Governorship, and again sought asylum with the Cherokee Indians. The cause for this trouble was never made public by either of the principals. The best explanation appears to be that when he discovered his wife did not reciprocate his own affection, his sensitive nature was wounded and his pride revolted. It is to his credit that he never would allow an unkind or slighting remark to be made about her in his presence. She afterwards secured a divorce from him and married again.

During his second and last sojourn with the Cherokees the Indians commonly designated this white man as the

"Big Drunk," because of his convivial habits. These relapses occurred during periods of great depression to which he was subject; possibly, in part, from a sense of degradation. At this time the tribe of Cherokees he joined lived in Western Arkansas. He was formally admitted into the tribe as the adopted son of the chief, Oo-loo-tee-kah, or John Jolly, and resumed his Indian name of Co-lon-neh, or the Raven. He dressed in Indian clothes, and wore his hair in a queue down his back after the manner of the tribe. He also married after the Indian fashion a Cherokee girl. The period of this self-exile lasted more than a year.

Houston ever remained a friend of the red men, and always retained wonderful influence with them. His communications to them are almost as picturesque as their own writings. Here is a little example from a letter sent with a Texan commission to Red Bear in 1842:

"My Brothers: . . . My red brothers, who know me, will tell you that my counsel has always been for peace; that I have eaten bread and drank water with the red men. They listened to my voice and were not troubled. . . . Bad men make trouble; they cannot be at peace, but when the water is clear they will disturb it, and make it muddy. . . . Let the war-whoops be heard no more upon the prairies. Let songs of joy be heard upon our hills. In our valleys let there be laughter, and in our wigwams let the voices of our women and children be heard. Let trouble be taken away far from us; and when our warriors meet together, let them smoke the pipe of peace and be happy.

"Your brother,

"Sam Houston."

It was not possible for a man like Houston, supremely conscious of his own abilities, to remain content for any considerable time in the seclusion of the wilderness, with no companions but the half-civilized aborigines. A visit to Washington, and his cordial reception there, turned the tide. The greatest and most notable part of the career of Sam Houston was subsequent to his second voluntary exile. It is quite natural to believe, as has been testified to, that Houston had in his mind the idea and possibility of a new Republic in which he would have a leading place. Like many other restless and ambitious spirits, he doubtless dreamed of wresting this expansive empire from turbulent Mexico. His first trip there was as a government commissioner to arrange treaties with the Comanches and other nomadic Indian tribes. This was in 1832, and on this trip he first met Austin and others who afterwards became prominent. At the request of James Bowie he made a trip to San Antonio to have a "talk" with some of the Comanche chiefs.

Under date of February 13, 1833, Houston wrote to President Jackson: "I have travelled nearly five hundred miles across Texas, and am now enabled to judge pretty correctly of the soil and the resources of the country. And I have no hesitation in pronouncing it the finest country, to its extent, upon the globe; for the greater portion of it is richer and more healthy, in my opinion, than West Tennessee. There can be no doubt but the country east of the Rio Grande would sustain a population of ten millions of souls. My opinion is, that Texas will, by her members in convention, on the first of April, declare all that country as Texas proper, and form a State Constitution. I expect to be present at the convention, and will apprise you of the course adopted so

soon as its members have taken a final action. It is probable I may make Texas my abiding place; in adopting this course, I will *never forget* the country of my birth."

From this time he did make this "richer and more healthy country than West Tennessee . . . his abiding place." He soon afterwards returned to Nacogdoches, and, in a convention summoned to demand organization as a separate territory, held at San Felipe on the 1st of April, 1833, Houston was a delegate from that municipality. Because of his political experience, Houston occupied a prominent place in its deliberations. He was chairman of the committee to frame a constitution. Thus we find his lot cast with Texas. We also find that he was among the first to openly advocate the independence of the territory. Austin was far more conservative on this subject.

The greater part of Texas at this time was still in the primitive condition in which La Salle discovered it when he disembarked on the shores of Matagorda Bay. These regions were inhabited only by marauding tribes of aborigines who knew no restraint. Among them were a few white hunters and trappers scarcely less primordial in their habits than the savages themselves. Texas at that time contained only a small white population of the general character of pioneers. It is only natural that a man of such an imposing figure as Houston, and one who had already enjoyed political prominence in a State of the United States, commanded consideration.

Houston had not been in Texas long until he was made commander-in-chief of the Texan army. He issued a proclamation calling for recruits. He is said at this period to have read with eagerness Cæsar's *Com-*

mentaries for the military lessons to be learned therein. His active military experience prior to that time had been limited, but he was resourceful, and must have had some military talent. It is doubtful that he can be called a military genius, however, any more than he can be placed on a pedestal with our greatest statesmen. His great retreat before the Mexicans, immediately preceding the Battle of San Jacinto, almost wholly disintegrated his army. But the armies were made up of independent-minded pioneers who enlisted for no particular term, and there was little discipline. Each soldier appeared and vanished as he pleased. After this battle he was taken to New Orleans for medical treatment. His wound had not received proper attention, and mortification had set in before he arrived there. His recovery was slow and painful. A score of pieces of bone were removed from the wound.

When Houston was first suggested for the presidency of Texas he professed a great unwillingness to be a candidate. It was doubtless only a little discreet coyness. He was inaugurated on the 22nd of October, 1836, and delivered an extemporaneous inaugural address. He displayed on this occasion one of his histrionic effects, of which there were many during his career. Removing his sword with a dramatic movement, and pausing for a moment, as if struggling with his emotions, he extended it to the presiding officer with these words: "It now, sir, becomes my duty to make a presentation of this sword, the emblem of my past office. I have worn it with some humble pretensions in the defence of my country, and should the danger of my country again call for my services, I expect to resume it, and respond to that call, if needful, with my blood and my life."

The responsibilities of the meteoric Republic thus in-

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PRESIDENT JACKSON

terjected among the nations were onerous. With little actual money in prospect, it was absolutely necessary to maintain an army for defence against invasion, to equip a navy to patrol the coast, and to guard against hostile Indians, in addition to the ordinary functions of the government. Signing the resolution recognizing the independence of Texas was the last official act of President Andrew Jackson, the friend of Houston. This placed the Republic on a little better basis, and officials breathed a little more freely.

"We now occupy the proud attitude of a sovereign and independent Republic," said Houston in a message to Congress, after recognition by the United States, "which will impose upon us the obligation of evincing to the world that we are worthy to be free. This will only be accomplished by wise legislation, the maintenance of our integrity, and the faithful and just redemption of our plighted faith wherever it has been pledged. Nothing can be better calculated to advance our interests and character than the establishment of a liberal and disinterested policy, enlighted by patriotism, and guided by wisdom."

The Constitution of Texas prohibited a second consecutive term, and Mirabeau Lamar was elected to succeed Houston. At the end of his term, however, the financial condition was so hopeless that the voters rallied to their first president and he was again elected. The voters were all either Houstonites or Anti-Houstonites. By his measures of economy, Houston established greater claim to the name of statesman during his second term than he did during his previous administration. It was difficult for him to restrain the people from declaring war against Mexico, because of the latter's aggressions. During the three years of this term all bills were paid

from revenues, and there was a small balance in the treasury ready to be transferred to his successor.

While President, Houston's life was a singular mixture of frontier primitiveness and ceremonial dignity. His home was in a log cabin of only two rooms, which, we are told, would not always have been approved by a sanitary inspector. On ceremonial occasions he could assume all the airs of state, and is reported to have worn a sort of velvet robe which was certainly in great contrast to his primitive surroundings. He had not yet abandoned his convivial habits, and did not, in fact, until his second marriage in 1840. At the age of forty-seven he took a bride of twenty-one, but they lived happily and her influence almost transformed his personal character. During his second term he established a better house, and relegated many of his reckless habits. Among these were both drinking and swearing. He also united with the Baptist Church. A little later he dramatically said in the United States Senate: "I am a disciple of the advocates of temperance. I needed the discipline of the advocates of temperance, and I embraced it, sir. I would enforce the example upon every American heart that influences or is influenced by filial affection, conjugal love, or parental tenderness."

During all of his public career, Houston was constantly a friend of the United States; he was desirous for the annexation of Texas to the greater Republic on her border. But his patience was at one time nearly exhausted over the procrastination, as an incident related by an intimate friend illustrates. It also reveals another disconformity of this eccentric man, for, when he wished to be emphatic, he always referred to himself in the third person. Late in February, says this friend, "He (Houston) came into my room, booted, spurred, whip

in hand. Said he, 'Saxe Weimar (his saddle horse) is at the door saddled. I have come to leave Houston's last words with you. If the Congress of the United States shall not by the fourth of March pass some measure of annexation which Texas can with honour accede to, Houston will take the stump against annexation for all time to come.' Without another word, embracing after his fashion, he mounted and left." But this contingency did not arise.

After the annexation Houston was made a Senator of the United States, and served a number of years in that body. He took his seat on the 30th of March, 1846. This was in the days of Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Thomas N. Benton, and many other giants. Houston naturally became conspicuous. A contemporaneous writer (1848) speaks of him in Washington as follows: "He (Houston) was large of frame, of stately carriage and dignified demeanour, and had a lion-like countenance, capable of expressing the fiercest passions. His dress was peculiar, but it was becoming to his style. The conspicuous features of it were a military cap, and a short military cloak of fine blue broadcloth with a blood-red lining. Afterward I occasionally met him when he wore a vast and picturesque sombrero and a Mexican blanket—a sort of ornamented bed-quilt—with a slit in the middle, through which the wearer's head is thrust, leaving the blanket to hang in graceful folds around the body." During the debates he continually whittled cypress shingles of which he always kept a supply. He did not keep his light under a bushel, but made his first speech two weeks after he entered that august body. As a member of the Committee of Military Affairs during the Mexican War he was consulted a great deal because of his knowledge of that country. In speeches he was always allied with

the anti-slavery party, generally following the lead of Benton. He said he knew neither North nor South. He knew only the Union. After the defeat of Benton, Houston was the sole representative of the old Union Democracy from the South. This attitude finally cost Houston his seat in the Senate, for he was defeated for re-election in 1857. He was generally known in Washington as "Old San Jacinto."

In 1859 Houston was elected Governor of the State of Texas in a candidacy with the then Governor, in an election in which he ran as an independent candidate. "The Constitution and the Union embrace the principles by which I will be governed if elected," was his platform publicly enunciated. The all-absorbing question before the country at that time was slavery. Texas was a hotbed of secessionists, and Houston made an active campaign. No other man with his views could have won. He met attacks upon himself with scathing vituperation. The election of Houston was a victory for the conservatives. He assumed the office December 2nd, 1859. He refused to deliver his inaugural address before the joint assembly, according to all precedents, but delivered it from the portico of the capitol to a large audience gathered on the steps and lawn below. "Texas," said he, "will maintain the Constitution and stand by the Union. It is all that can save us as a nation. Destroy it and anarchy awaits us." The election of Lincoln to the Presidency in the following year precipitated a climax to the struggle.

South Carolina seceded on the 20th day of December, 1860, and within a month a number of the Southern States had followed her example. In Texas it was a point of honour with a great many to have the State withdraw before Lincoln was inaugurated, and thus avoid

the necessity of submitting even for a day to "Black Republican rule." Houston was doing all that was possible to prevent his State from severing its ties. He said of some of the agitators: "I know some of them, who are making the most of the fuss, who would not make good negroes if they were blacked."

In the presidential election of 1860, the vote of Texas had been strongly in favour of the secession candidate. In the election the votes were three to one against Houston, but this man of iron will did not wholly despair. He was outspoken in his condemnation of the secessionists. He refused to convene the Legislature, or to call a convention for fear that it would declare in favour of secession. He was, however, practically compelled to summon an extra session of the Legislature to meet on the 21st day of January, 1861. At the meeting of this body he still endeavoured to prevent a declaration for secession, but without avail. He, nevertheless, declared that he would stand by his State, whatever its decision might be.

In his message transmitting the South Carolina Resolutions, a very lengthy document, Governor Houston declared his "unqualified protest against and dissent from the principles enunciated in the resolutions." "In becoming a State of the Union," said he, "Texas agreed 'not to enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation, and not, without the consent of Congress, to keep troops or ships of war, enter into any agreement or compact with any other State or foreign power.' All these rights belonged to Texas as a nation. She ceased to possess them as a State." Secession won by an immense vote. Houston was summoned to appear before the convention which had been called, and swear allegiance to the Confederate States, but he refused.

"Sam Houston! Sam Houston! Sam Houston!" called out the presiding officer of the convention—but there was no response. The old Governor sat in his office whittling his pine stick. Thereupon this body declared the office of Governor vacant, and ordered the Lieutenant-Governor to assume the duties of the executive.

Houston issued an address of protest to the people, but made no attempt to retain the office by force. "I love Texas," he declared, "too well to bring civil strife and bloodshed upon her. To avert this calamity, I shall make no endeavour to maintain my authority as chief executive of the State, except by the peaceful exercise of my functions. When I can no longer do this I shall calmly withdraw from the scene, leaving the government in the hands of those who have usurped its authority, but still claiming that I am its chief executive." He then entered his formula: "I protest in the name of the people of Texas against all the acts and doings of this convention, and declare them null and void. I solemnly protest against the act of its members, who are bound by no oath themselves in declaring my office vacant, because I refuse to appear before it and take the oath prescribed."

Gathering up his personal effects, General Houston returned to his home in Huntsville. His eldest son, Sam Houston, Jr., entered the Confederate service, for which his father fitted him with arms and equipment. Although Houston had had many opportunities to amass wealth, his means were small. He owned a double log cabin and some land near Huntsville. He was accused of plotting to set up Texas again as an independent Republic. But this charge was false. His health soon began to fail very perceptibly, for old age was telling upon his rugged

MONUMENT OVER SAM HOUSTON'S GRAVE, HUNTSVILLE

constitution. He suffered painful and wasting illnesses. He became melancholy and despondent. Sorrow for the miseries of his country, poverty in his own household, a broken down constitution, saddened his last days as he approached the veil that separates time from eternity.

The last speech of the old warrior was delivered in Houston on the 18th of March, 1863, and he was listened to with respectful attention. When Vicksburg fell he realized that the Confederacy was doomed. On the 26th of July, 1863, he passed away. A widow and eight children survived him. He was placed at rest in the cemetery of his home town.

The will of Sam Houston is characteristic of the man. With regard to the education of his sons, this final testament reads:

"My will is that my sons should receive solid and useful education and that no portion of their time be devoted to the study of abstract science. I greatly desire that they may possess a thorough knowledge of the English language, with a good knowledge of the Latin language. I request that they be instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and next to these that they be rendered thorough in a knowledge of geography and history. I wish my sons to be taught an entire contempt for novels and light reading, as well as for the morals and manners with whom they may be associated or instructed."

CHAPTER XVII

LIFE IN THE EARLY DAYS

Do you enjoy romance and tragedy? If so, you will luxuriate in the early annals of Texas. There is scarcely a foot of soil in Texas which could not relate its tale of heroic deed or daring adventure. When the Americans began to settle in that State, the greater part of it was nothing more than one vast wilderness. The Spanish imprint was confined to a small area. This "call of the wild" drew men of roving dispositions and devotees of adventure in large numbers. These men delighted in the wild woods and the free prairie, and gloried in all the primeval scenes of nature. The deer, the turkey, the buffalo, the wild horses, and the painted savages as well —all possessed charms for these restless spirits. Some of them were enticed by the very troubles that repelled others.

With the exception of the efforts of the *empresarios,* there was no colonizing. The immigrants came in by twos and threes. The individual, unable longer to endure the hardships of the civilization which had encroached upon him, moved out to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of the wilderness. At first he consisted of himself, his dog and his gun. A little later he probably consisted of himself, several dogs, one wife and many children. Still later a neighbour or two of precisely the same definition was added to the above-named concomitants.

After the establishment of the Republic, and following its merging with the United States, the frontier of Texas was ever a scene of disturbance. The cartographers of that period indicate all that expansive region west of San Antonio as the "Range of the Comanche Indians." This is practically the only information vouchsafed. We can scarcely realize what these early settlers were compelled to endure while attempting to subdue the wilderness. A man might start out in the morning to get his horses or oxen. Upon his failure to return a search would be made, and his body found filled with arrows and scalped. A man might leave home in the morning filled with happiness, and return in the evening only to stumble upon the bloody corpse of his wife, instead of finding a savoury supper prepared by her loving hands.

Augustine and Thaddeus Douglas, of fifteen and thirteen years respectively, were sent out on the range by their father to secure the oxen, as their father was preparing to flee before the advancing hosts of Santa Anna, a short time prior to San Jacinto. Returning in the afternoon, the flaming cabin surrounded by painted warriors met the horrified gaze of the boys. They concealed themselves in the chaparral, and succeeded in escaping the savages after many exciting adventures, for they were unarmed. They were captured and kept prisoners by the Mexican troops until after their sanguinary defeat. These boys eventually grew up to manhood and became good citizens of the State.

In addition to the numerous bands of hostile Indians, who roamed almost at will from the demarking line of New Mexico to the coastal region of Texas, there were hundreds of horse thieves, desperadoes, gamblers, and fugitives from justice in general who had escaped from other States. Out here on the limitless prairies the

very vastness of the territory seemed to assure protection. If pursued too hotly from the Texan side, they would flee across the Rio Grande into Mexican territory; and likewise Mexican desperadoes would cross to the eastern side to protect themselves from Mexican justice.

It was indeed a puissant hand that was needed here to overawe this class of lawless citizens. It was for the purpose of protecting the settlers from the forays of the Indians and white outlaws, as well as for punishing Mexicans, that there came into existence a band of scouts, or bushwhackers, if you want to term them such, who were employed by the Texas Government and known as the Texas Rangers. To affiliate with this band it was absolutely necessary for a man to possess courage, to be a splendid rider and an unerring shot, and to have a horse worth at least one hundred dollars. For the utilization of all of these qualifications the ranger was remunerated with the munificent sum of one dollar per day. Many of them did not enjoy this pay very long, for they were quickly laid low by the bullet of some hostile white or red or brown man whom they were pursuing and endeavouring to bring to justice.

The ranger was usually clothed in buckskin and wore a broad-brimmed hat. For his accoutrement three or four revolvers and as many bowie knives were thrust through his belt, and a short rifle was thrown across his arm. The wide hat protected the ranger from the piercing sun in the long hikes across the prairie. The leggings of buckskin or cowskin shielded his ankles from the thorny bush and cactus. The large clanking spurs instilled new life into a tardy pony when occasion demanded. But the most important part of his equipment, outside of his own personal courage, was a horse of great speed and endurance, for upon this animal depended not

only his own effectiveness, but his safety as well. With such an animal a ranger has been known to cover eighty miles of rough prairie between sunrise and sunset.

The rangers carried no tents, and seldom employed baggage wagons. Frequently they were obliged to subsist solely on game. At night they enwrapped themselves in their blankets anywhere within the lines of their sentinels. They were always ready for the chase of the redskins at a moment's notice. Exciting enough was such a life for any devotee of romance and adventure. They attired themselves practically as they chose, and they elected their own officers. Returning from a long chase running into weeks or months, the men would enter the settlements almost in tatters. Men and officers were on terms of perfect equality, calling each other by their Christian or nick-names.

"All ready, boys? Go ahead!" This was usually the only order from the commander. Once the engagement began, each man fought quite independently of the others.

The rangers came into existence along about 1840 in the neighbourhood of San Antonio, which was then almost on the extreme frontier. The conditions were anything but encouraging for one who wished to settle in the country and enjoy a peaceful life. It was almost impossible to keep good horses. Realizing the necessity of an armed and active force to hold these desperadoes in check, General Houston commissioned John Coffee Hays, who is better known in history as Jack Hays, to raise a company of kindred spirits to follow the horse thieves and Indians anywhere he wished and to shoot them on the spot if necessary. At that time he was a young surveyor, and practically unknown.

Hays was very particular as to the type of men whom he enlisted in his company, and for that reason he prob-

ably collected the most efficient set of Indian fighters that Texas ever produced. It was not long until a few feet of soft earth or a few bones bleaching beneath the sun out on the prairie marked the spot where had terminated the earthly career of some outlaw. Under Hays the Texas Rangers achieved a name and a reputation which was world-wide. The very name of Hays and his rangers became a terror to evildoers. The red man of the plains felt the weight of his mailed hand, and learned to dread an encounter with him and his men. When the tables were turned, and these men were taken prisoners by the Mexicans, they drew the black beans, which doomed them to military execution within a few minutes, with absolute composure even if their hearts may have thumped a little wildly.

One of the greatest encounters between rangers and Indians was that commonly designated as the Bird Creek Battle, in 1839. Thirty-one rangers under Captain Bird encountered a force of hostiles near Fort Griffin, not far from a small stream, since called Bird's Creek, and in the vicinity of the present town of Belton. The rangers pursued the fleeing and scattering Indians for some distance. While camping with lessened precaution, they were almost surrounded by the wily savages, who had received reinforcements. The rangers made a sudden dash for a ravine, where there was also a spring. The Indians sent up "signal smokes," which were answered from several directions. Very quickly other bands of Indians approached the Texans, until three hundred painted savages, led by the noted chief, Buffalo Hump, encompassed the little band of intrepid rangers. The odds were fearful, but the rangers were cool, determined, and undaunted. Few shots were wasted. Charge after charge of the Indians was met by a hail of leaden missiles.

At length one of the rangers vowed that he would kill the chief, who led his men in the encircling charges, and he succeeded in the attempt after a few futile shots. This dénouement demoralized the savages, and they finally withdrew. Half a hundred Indians journeyed to the happy hunting grounds, while the captain and four of his rangers were killed.

The experiences that one reads in a number of books of reminiscences that have been published, and which may still be heard from a few of the later pioneers who survive, nearly surpass belief. They seem almost to transcend the power of human endurance. The rangers reached their maximum in numbers during the Mexican War. Captain Walker's company assisted General Taylor in his operations around Brownsville. "Jack" Hays himself mustered into the service three regiments of Texas Rangers, all of which did effective service during that conflict. They were employed to disperse the guerillas, who everywhere harassed the Americans in their lines of communications, and they fully demonstrated their ability to cope with that class of belligerents.

The Texas Rangers became the terror of the Mexican guerillas. Years of fierce border warfare had inured them to every hardship and prepared them for every eventuality. They remembered the wrongs which they themselves had suffered at the hands of Mexican bandits, and the deadly strife in which their friends had succumbed. Now the tables were turned, and many of them welcomed the opportunity for vengeance. Texas furnished more troops to aid the United States than she had brought into the field to achieve her own independence a decade earlier. It was a higher percentage in proportion to the population than any other State of the United States.

One of the most noted of the Texas Rangers and border fighters was William A. Wallace, who is generally known as "Big Foot" Wallace. He was a man more than six feet in height, large of frame, and a thorough Texan in every way. He migrated to Texas in the year following independence, as a young man of twenty years, and lived to pass his eightieth birthday. Because of the death of a relative in the Fannin massacre, he had taken an oath to go to Texas and spend his life in killing Mexicans. He settled near Austin, which was then on the extreme frontier. He loved the wild woods; he gloried in all the primeval scenes of nature. No sooner had Wallace heard of the organization of the rangers than he journeyed to San Antonio and applied to Captain Hays for admission. He was welcomed as one of the company.

Many horse thieves were caught and some were executed by Wallace's company, and a number of skirmishes with Indians occurred. He was a member of the unfortunate expedition against Mier, where he was captured. Twenty-two months' confinement in the horrible Mexican prisons and the suffering of many indignities did not mollify his sentiments towards the Mexicans. As a result he welcomed the outbreak of the Mexican War and enrolled with one of the bands of Texas Rangers, in which he did splendid service. Wallace died in 1899, and by an act of the Legislature was buried in the State cemetery at Austin,—the city in which he had dug the first well, and where he had pursued the last herd of buffalo that ever sank a hoof on that site. In this cemetery will be found the graves of scores of the men who did things and made for themselves names in the history of the Republic and State of Texas.

Wallace carried the mail from San Antonio to El

"BIG FOOT" WALLACE

Paso for a long time. As late as 1854 there was not a settlement from Medina county to El Paso, a distance of hundreds of miles. Mails were first despatched once a month. At a later period a stage was run a little more frequently. It cost a hundred dollars to go from San Antonio to El Paso. For five hundred miles no change of teams was made. The average daily travel was about fifty miles. It was not easy work for the driver and guards, and many a brave boy was lost. On several occasions Wallace's party was attacked by the Indians with serious losses, and again Mexican bandits would waylay them. The marauding savages through that western country were generally the bloodthirsty Apaches, who created so much trouble for the United States in later years. At times there was scarcely a trip in which some one, either guard or passenger, was not killed. When "Big Foot" Wallace quit the mail service, he was commissioned by Governor P. H. Bell to collect a company of rangers for frontier defence.

The hardest fight that Wallace and his men experienced during their service was on the Todos Santos (All Saints) Creek, at a place called the Black Hills, sixteen miles from the present town of Cotulla, in La Salle County. There were eighty Indians opposed to only nineteen rangers, and one of the latter was so sick that he was forced to lie on a blanket under a mesquite tree during the combat. It was hot and dry weather, and the rangers had been three days without water. The time was in August, 1854, and the rangers were fighting to obtain possession of a water-hole which was in the hands of the Comanches. Captain Wallace knew where all the water-holes were, and had conducted his men over the hot and desolate hills and valleys, through prickly pear and catclaw bushes, to this

watering place. He discovered the Indians there before him, and a desperate battle ensued for an hour or more. The Indians were finally driven away, leaving twenty-two of their number dead on the ground, among whom was the chief. Captain Wallace had killed him with a large rifle which once belonged to Colonel James Bowie. The mesquite tree behind which Wallace stood during the fight was struck by many bullets. More than one Indian had fallen under his fire. Several of the rangers were wounded, some of them severely, and they were carried on stretchers to Fort Inge. Not one of the rangers was killed.

The life of the early Texans is also well illustrated by the career of Edward D. Westfall, who entered Texas about the time of its admission as a State. Although a bright man for those days, Westfall loved the solitude and the freedom of the wilds like many another of his kind. He quickly deserted the habitations of civilized men, and built a cabin on the banks of the Leona River. He became a noted man on the frontier as an Indian fighter and a trailer for soldiers and rangers. Raids from hostile Indians were numerous throughout that territory in those days, and the experiences of Westfall would fill a book in themselves. He was a dead shot, and the Indians learned to know and fear him. As the country began to be peopled and domestic stock was introduced in greater numbers, Westfall finally sought some neighbours as a protection for himself and his stock from the marauding bands of Indians. He proceeded to San Antonio, and offered one hundred acres of land to any one who would accompany him. Several accepted and went with him, but the majority of them soon tired of the experience and quickly returned.

At one time a Frenchman, named Louie, came out and

wanted to live with Westfall. They intended to go to Fort Inge to secure the Frenchman's personal property, but postponed the trip until nightfall, as there were indications of Indians. The savages were nearer than Westfall himself dreamed, for they were then in ambush for him. After killing one Indian, Westfall was himself wounded. The Frenchman acquitted himself well, but he was struck with a fatal bullet. Although the Indians fled, Westfall remained in his cabin absolutely helpless for several days without any help reaching him. He then dragged himself and patiently made his way to the fort. It seems marvellous that such venturesome men survive even the allotted time for man, but Westfall, like his friend and boon companion, "Big Foot" Wallace, lived several years beyond the usual three score and ten and died a natural death.

The little forts scattered about the country at different times were temporary affairs. A traveller in describing Fort Inge (1856) says: "As is usually the case with our nominal Indian forts, there were no structures for defence, the only thing suggesting these being a stockade of mesquite trunks, surrounding the stables, which were open thatched sheds. There were, perhaps, a dozen buildings, of various sizes, as officers' quarters, barracks, bakery, hospital, guard-room and others. The buildings were all rough and temporary, some of the officers' lodgings being mere *jacals* of sticks and mud. But all were whitewashed, and neatly kept, by taste and discipline."

Many were the trials of the early settlers, and harrowing were their experiences. In the vicinity of the town of Gonzales there lived in the pioneer days one Michael Putnam, and another settler named Lockhart. They were industrious and thrifty men, and each had a growing family. Life ahead loomed bright and cheerful.

One bright day, however, four of their children from eight to thirteen years of age, who had gone along the river to gather pecans, were discovered by a band of wandering Comanches. With a wild shout these savages seized the children and dashed away. One can imagine the consternation in the two households when the children failed to return in the evening. A bonnet or two and little Jimmy Lockhart's hat were found, while horse tracks were numerous. A posse of neighbours was soon organized and pursuit made. Day after day the chase was maintained, and the tracks of the children were occasionally identified at the camping places. At last the quest had to be abandoned because they were entering too far into the Indian country for a small force. Another and larger expedition was quickly gathered. The children were located in an Indian camp, and an attack followed. Though greatly outnumbered, the white men struggled with a desperation almost amounting to frenzy. But valour was obliged to yield to numbers. The settlers withdrew after several of their number had been killed.

Matilda Lockhart was given up a couple of years afterwards in accordance with a treaty. James Putnam was recovered a few years later by his parents, but his eldest sister had by this time been espoused by a chief and would not abandon her adopted people. More than thirty years afterward, however, a middle-aged white woman was ransomed by an Indian agent. She was so young when captured by the Indians that she did not even remember her name. James Putnam learned of her, however, identifying her by a scar on her arm caused by a burn. This is just one of the tragedies of pioneer life that sometimes overtook the hardy early settlers of Texas.

Near where the Sunset Route crosses the Colorado,

there lived in 1837 a family named Lions, who belonged to Austin's Colony. In the morning Mr. Lions and his son Warren, a lad of thirteen, went out to milk the cows. A party of Comanche Indians were lying in wait and, after killing and scalping the father, took the boy captive. The years passed with nothing but vague and unreliable rumours of the captive boy. Every one gave him up for lost except the mother. During the Mexican War a party of Comanches appeared in San Antonio on a trading expedition. It leaked out that one of the warriors was an American. An interview through an interpreter removed all doubt. Friends resolved to take him home to his waiting mother if possible. But this was not easy, for the boy had grown to be a man enamoured of the savage life. He already had two Indian wives. At last he was induced to go for a visit, but he faithfully promised to return to his dusky spouses. He finally consented to join a band of rangers to fight Mexicans in Southwest Texas, and was thus weaned from his Indian habits and reconciled to civilization. Before his service ended he participated in several engagements with the Indians, and proved himself a valuable ranger because of his intimate knowledge of the Indian character and habits.

In what is now Limestone County, on a line between Dallas and Houston, in the early thirties, was Parker's Fort. This fruited and thickly-populated region was then a wilderness. The Fort was merely a number of cabins engirded by a stockade. At the corners were block-houses, and the outer walls were perforated with loopholes. It was built, like many others, for the purpose of being occupied by the settlers when threatened by Indians. The patriarch of the settlement was Elder John Parker, and his relatives were the most numerous. Early

in the morning of a bright day in May, 1836, while most of the men were at work in their fields, several hundred Comanches and Kiowas suddenly appeared on the prairie. They claimed to be friendly, but as soon as they learned the men were away, their butchering began. The women and few men left fled and endeavoured to escape. Some did make their way to safety, but many fell. Others were borne away as captives.

Among the captives was a little girl of seven summers, named Cynthia Ann Parker, and her brother John. Many efforts were made by soldiers to trace these children. It was not until almost a quarter of a century later, after an Indian defeat at Peace River, that they were located. Cynthia Ann was then the wife of the chief to whom she had borne several children. She had forgotten the English language, and it was some time before she was reconciled to civilized life. The State extended her a pension of one hundred dollars a year. Her son became the famous Comanche Chief Quanah Parker, who was respected by whites as well as Indians. He visited his mother at her home. He died in 1911 and was buried by the side of his mother in Oklahoma. Her brother John escaped from the Indians and fled to Mexico, but later returned to Texas and served in the Confederate armies during the war between the States.

The American settlers in Texas were generally men inured to pioneer life. They were splendid shots, and entered the country of their adoption equipped and ready to endure hardships and to defend themselves. There were a few exceptions in the way of European colonies. Although a number of German settlements were established, there is a record of only one English colony. This was engineered in 1832 by Dr. Beck, a native of England. After many hardships this colony of fifty-nine

men, women and children reached their concession a little below the present town of Del Rio. With much ceremony the streets and plazas of the village of Dolores (sorrows) were platted, and humble cabins were erected. A brush wall was constructed for protection against marauding Indians. But the drought arrived, the settlement was raided by the copper savages, and it gradually vanished. Some of the colonists returned to their native land, while others took up new abodes in other settlements already established.

One party of sixteen souls from Dolores started for San Patricio. On the way a band of Comanches overtook them and killed all the men. Two women, Mrs. Horn and Mrs. Harris, and some children were kept as captives. It was many months before they were ransomed from the Indians by some traders and restored to civilization. Their sufferings will not bear description. It is simply an instance of the experiences of the colonists who came to Texas. The fate of the children was never known. Many another incipient town, with even fairer prospects, shared the fate of this "City of the Sorrows." Even the sites of Tenoxtitlan and Nashville, once flourishing settlements, are scarcely known to-day.

In 1830 the celebrated James Bowie became a citizen of San Antonio and married the daughter of Don Veramendi, the Vice-Governor. On the second of November, 1831, he and his brother Rezin P. Bowie, and seven other Americans and two negro servants started to hunt for the San Saba silver mines. When in the neighbourhood of the old mission on the San Saba River, they were attacked by one hundred and sixty-four Tehuacana and Caddo Indians. The Bowies threw up temporary breastworks, which the Indians repeatedly and vigorously at-

tacked. Failing in these assaults, the Indians next attempted to burn them out by setting fire to the long prairie grass. The Americans, however, sternly held their ground. The fight lasted from sunrise in the morning until dark, when the savages sullenly retired, having lost nearly one-half of their number. Only one of Bowie's men was killed, and three were wounded.

Near Dawson, in Navarro County, is a monument to the Heroes of Battle Creek Fight. This fight illustrates the fact that the appearance of surveyors, out on the prairie staking off lands granted to colonies, was almost invariably a signal for a new outburst of violence towards the whites. A "big talk" had been held with the Indians, and a treaty entered into in which were these words: "Peace is never to die between the parties that make this agreement, they have shaken hands upon it, and the Great Spirit has looked down and seen their actions. He will curse all the chiefs that tell a lie before his eyes. Their women and children cannot be happy." But the ink was scarcely dry before the treaty was violated. Surveying parties had initiated their work. A party of twenty-three men were sent to survey lands in what was then Robertson County. Several hundred Indians were in that neighbourhood killing buffalo for winter meat. All went well until the surveyors began their work. The Indians warned them to desist, but the surveyors refused. An ambuscade followed and the surveyors were compelled to fight for their lives. Of the entire party only seven escaped, five of whom were seriously wounded. Many other surveying parties met with similar disaster.

In 1840 a Comanche invasion advanced to Lavaca Bay on the Gulf. The savages pillaged all the stores available and their animals were loaded with booty. Linville was sacked and Victoria burned. They shot the men and kept

women and children as prisoners. Several volunteer companies rallied to drive the marauders off. They rendezvoused at Plum Creek. In the early morning, as the Indians were packing their stolen mules, the Texans attacked. The Indians were panic-stricken, and shot several of their prisoners. The Texans were under General Felix Houston. The Indian chief, bedecked with high silk hat, fine boots, gloves, and a coat with brass buttons, pranced in front of the Americans shouting defiance. At first he also carried a large umbrella opened to the full. But he soon bit the dust. Beneath the fiery onslaught of the infuriated Texans the Indians finally fled in confusion. Many were killed before they reached safety in the cane brakes and hills. It is believed that this foray, probably the most formidable in Texas, was instigated by the Mexicans, who promised support. The Indians retired to their accustomed haunts to brood over their defeat and to plan revenge on their Mexican allies, who failed them at the critical time.

One of the successful settlements of foreigners was established by Henry Castro, who was descended from a prominent Portuguese family. After the fall of Napoleon he emigrated to the United States, but returned to France to negotiate a loan for the Republic of Texas. For his services he was granted immense tracts of land and became the founder of Castroville, a little west of San Antonio. In all he brought to Texas four hundred and eighty-five families and four hundred and fifty-seven single men in twenty-seven ships. He was a man of extraordinary ability and perseverance, or he could never have surmounted the many difficulties that arose.

The first settlers introduced by Castro arrived in San Antonio in 1843. At that time there were few settlers west of that city. Some of his immigrants were French,

and others were Germans from Alsace, at that time a part of France. The prospect of from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty acres or more of free land seemed like a godsend to the impoverished peasants of France. But they were inexperienced in frontier life. Few knew anything about firearms, and those who did possessed no guns suitable to kill game or protect from savages. They came from towns and thickly-settled districts, and knew nothing about roughing it out on the prairie or in the woods. Furthermore, they had little money.

One can only in a measure imagine the feelings of lonesomeness and disappointment when these European settlers arrived in the wilds of Western Texas. There was scarcely a trail, except that left by the surveyor. There was not even material with which to erect houses, for the mesquite was too short. Deer and smaller game were plentiful, however, so that a supply of fresh meat was easy to obtain. Many of these settlers in a short time developed into splendid hunters and effective Indian fighters. When a band of painted Comanche Indians would appear, these German and French colonists were terribly affrighted. And they had reason to be frightened. An occasional visit from rangers gave a little courage.

Henry Castro left a diary which is full of interest. From it I make a few extracts:

"July 31st, 1843.—Returned to San Antonio. Two of our rangers were taken sick with a fever.

"I have, during this excursion of seven days, seen one hundred and sixty miles of country, which can only be compared to an English park, without meeting a single settlement. No dangerous wild animals were found, but herds of deer and wild horses. With coffee, sugar, and

flour, we have lived well from the product of our hunting and fishing and always had plenty of honey.

"August 25th.—Some of my colonists who had left Galveston in the early part of July will not reach this place as soon as it was expected on account of sickness. At Santitas' ranch, forty miles from San Antonio, the Indians attacked a cart which had unfortunately remained behind the convoy. A young colonist aged nineteen by the name of Z. Rhin was killed. The driver, who was an American, made his escape. The Indians burned the cart and all its contents. The driver remained in the woods the following day, and although the Indians numbered twenty he kept them at bay with his long rifle. One of the hands of poor Rhin was found nailed to a tree. He was probably the first martyr of European emigration by Indian brutality in Western Texas.

"August 26th.—To-day five or six Comanches came within two hundred yards of the house I occupy on Soledad Street and succeeded in capturing eleven mules that were grazing in the enclosure. Alarm was given in the town and the robbers were pursued, but without any result. The mules were lost. Such acts of audacity on the part of the Indians intimidate my colonists and tend to injure my enterprise.

"Four volunteers who were sent by Captain Hays to reconnoitre on the Nueces River, ninety miles from San Antonio, were surprised while bathing in the river by a large party of Indians. Two were reported killed. The other two reported that they had undressed themselves and with horses unsaddled they were bathing in the river when they were fired upon from the bank of the river. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that seeing their comrades fall and fearful of being surrounded, they

fled, leaving their arms, clothing, saddles and bridles in possession of the Indians.

"In the month of July last Captain Hays with twelve of his company encountered near Corpus Christi seventy-five Comanche warriors. A fight ensued which I am told lasted fifty minutes, nearly hand to hand. Thirty Indians were killed and many others wounded and routed. This victory was greatly due to the use of Colt's revolvers that the Texans used for the first time in this engagement to the great astonishment of the Indians, who fought bravely."

It was necessity that taught these Alsatian colonists to defend themselves. Tragedies began to occur, for the Indians resented an invasion of their country. Four colonists went up the Medina, a few miles from Castroville, to establish a farm and ranch. The next day another colonist out hunting wild turkeys discovered the dead bodies stripped and their guns missing. They had evidently been killed while sleeping. The men were ignorant of camping rules, and had built their fire against a dead tree, which had blazed up and made a beacon light visible for a long distance. This had attracted the attention of the Indians.

At the time of the annexation of Texas the number of Indians in the State was estimated at twenty-nine thousand five hundred, of which twenty thousand were Comanches. The others in the order of numbers were Apaches, Kiowas, Caddoes, Delawares, Wacoes, Tonkawas, Lipans, Keechies, etc. The Comanche is the type that fills up our ideal of true savage life. He is the Bedouin of the prairie. From the earliest settlements this tribe was hostile to the Spaniards—looking upon them with contempt. Until 1836, the Comanches were on friendly terms with Americans. The Tonkawas us-

A COMANCHE WARRIOR

ually lived near the American settlements because of their dread of the Comanches. They sometimes committed petty thefts, but, as a rule, were not openly hostile. The tribal existence of the Tejas (or Texas), once powerful, had already been lost, but the name is preserved in one of the most brilliant stars of the American constellation.

In 1849 it was reported that one hundred and seventy-one persons had been killed, seven wounded, and twenty-five taken into captivity by the Indians, and they had also stolen six thousand horses. Jurisdiction over these aborigines was given to the United States. During the Civil War the few who remained in Texas were comparatively quiet. Some enlisted in the Union army, and others fought with the Confederates. In order to avoid taking part in this struggle a thousand Kickapoos started through Texas for the Rio Grande. When camped at Dove Creek, they were discovered by the Texans and attacked. Both sides suffered severe losses, but the Indians reached the Mexican border. The Indians claimed that they were attacked under a flag of truce. For a number of years afterwards they would cross the border and murder outlying settlers in revenge for this fight. They were finally removed to the Indian Territory.

In the two years immediately succeeding the close of the war, one hundred and sixty-two Texans were killed in Texas by the Indians. For almost ten years there was scarcely a month in which there was not a raid on some part of the frontier. A volume might be written detailing the particulars of these raids and murders. In 1868 the Indians reached within less than a hundred miles of Austin, murdering and scalping the isolated settlers. But their raids, murders and stealing finally came to an end.

The day of the Texas Ranger is passing, but it has not yet departed. The savage Indians have disappeared from the Lone Star State, but the white and brown outlaws still necessitate the employment of a small force under this name. Scarcely a year passes that at least one does not pass to his reward while on duty. It is in the long border line with Mexico that these tragedies generally occur.

CHAPTER XVIII

RANCHES AND RANCHING

We had been journeying for a number of miles across fine grazing land, dotted with extensive herds of splendid cattle, down in Southern Texas, between Corpus Christi and Brownsville, when the conductor passed by after a halt at one of the rather infrequent stations.

"Whose ranch is this?" I asked the train official in a casual manner.

"It is the famous King Ranch," he answered, "and we have been on this ranch now for more than an hour. The next station is Kingsville, near which is the ranch-house of Mrs. King, the owner."

After passing Kingsville, the railway traversed another splendid stretch of ranching country, similar to that on the opposite side of that station, and, as the conductor again appeared, I turned to him inquiringly.

"Could you enlighten me as to whose ranch this is that we are now peragrating over?"

"This is still the King Ranch," he answered, "and will be for the next twenty or twenty-five miles."

"This seems to be a very large ranch," I answered. "Do you know how many acres there are in it?"

"Altogether the ranch comprises about a million and a quarter of acres," was the conductor's reply.

With that answer, I subsided. My own experience was so interesting that I concluded I would fathom how such figures affected others. I decided to try it on a friend,

for, after all, of what value are your friends if you cannot utilize them as a psychological study once in a while. This one was of the naturally sceptical type.

"I spent a day on a million-acre ranch down in Texas," I remarked to this friend, as I was relating to him some experiences in the Southwest.

"A million acres, is that all?" my friend replied with a rather incredulous smile.

"Well, it is all but about a hundred thousand acres or so. I used the term million just to express it in round numbers. It is about as difficult for the owner to measure her acres exactly as it is to round up all of her one hundred thousand cattle in the spring."

"One hundred thousand cattle!" said my friend with a gasp.

"Yes, so the superintendent informed me, as we were speeding over the prairie in an eighty-horse-power automobile at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. We were then travelling across a fifty thousand acre field, and——"

"Fifty thousand acre field! That is almost inconceivable!"

"Yes, but the superintendent incidentally mentioned that there was another field of eighty thousand acres on the ranch."

"Is it all grazing land?"

"No, I saw five tractors at work overturning the pristine sod at the rate of sixty acres a day. With a night shift this amount can be doubled, for a tractor does not require any rest, and a headlight takes the place of daylight."

Now, where I live, back in good old Ohio, the farmer who possesses a half section, three hundred and twenty acres, of good land is considered very well-to-do indeed,

TRACTOR AT WORK ON THE PRAIRIE

and the man who owns a quarter of a section of good land is looked upon as a very prosperous farmer. In round numbers, this ranch of a million acres plus is half again as extensive as the State of Rhode Island. It is pre-eminently a domain, if there is such a thing in our agriculture.

There have been greater land holdings in Texas, and in Mexico and Argentina to-day there are haciendas that surpass it in amplitude of horizontal surface, but none of them is developed or have the value of this. There is in Mexico, or was before the long revolution of 1910-15, a hacienda of seven million acres in the State of Chihuahua, but it was undeveloped land consisting of both hill and dale. It did not produce as much as the King Ranch. It seems almost inconceivable that such an immense tract of land should be the property of one family, and it is probably a fact that this is the largest ranch owned by an individual in the entire United States. But Texas is a land of big things, and there are many things in that commonwealth that are different from the rest of the United States.

Ranching in Texas is not without its romance. If one goes back into the incipient days of that industry, he will discover many incidents which are as truly romantic and fully as exciting as anything that can be found in our early history. The western part of Texas would be described by many as a great desert, and yet before the coming of the white man it was the peaceful abode of millions of buffalo, deer, antelope, and other game animals. The plains were carpeted with rich and nutritious grasses a large part of the year, and the hills were grown up to shrubs and trees. The grazing creatures ranged over a vast territory, migrating north in summer and ambling south in winter, always seeking the

best feeding-grounds to which instinct infallibly directed them.

When the white man came upon the scene, his primary effort was directed to annihilating all of these animals whether they were needed for food or not. He slaughtered to the right and to the left. The Indians killed only for food, or raiment, and thus conserved their food supply. The buffalo yielded his hide to the Caucasian, which was made into a robe, while the carcass became repast for the vultures. He destroyed most of the deer and the antelope. He became more savage in some respects than the uncivilized red man—at least he had less consideration for others. The last buffalo of the great Southwestern herd disappeared about 1876, and it was not long afterwards that the Indians were hustled off to the reservations. There was no longer food left on the plains for them.

There were many wild ponies on the plains of Texas. Mr. Duval, in his *Early Times in Texas,* says: "Once, too, at the distance of half a mile we saw a large drove of mustangs, but they were much wilder than the deer, for when several of us attempted to approach them, they circled around us out of range of our rifles, every now and then stopping a moment, stamping and snorting, until at last one of them that seemed to be the leader of the drove, started off at full speed, and the rest following, in a short time nothing but a cloud of dust indicated the direction they had taken. Some years subsequent to this, a company of rangers to which I belonged, when in pursuit of Indians in the country between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers, met with a drove of mustangs so large that it took us fully an hour to pass it, although they were travelling at a rapid rate in a direction nearly opposite to the one we were going. As far as the eye could

extend on a dead level prairie, nothing was visible except a dense mass of horses, and the trampling of their hoofs sounded like the roar of the surf on a rocky coast. Most persons probably would be inclined to doubt this 'horse story,' and to consider it one to be told to the 'horse marines' alone; yet it is literally true, and many are still living who were with me at the time, who can testify that my statement is in no manner exaggerated."

Kimball writes of his experiences in the Panhandle as follows: "At sundown a drove of mustangs, or wild horses of the prairie, paid us a flying visit. They were first seen ascending a hill at the distance of half a mile, and as they were coming towards us were taken for Indians. When seen on a distant hill, standing with their raised heads toward a person, and forming a line as is their custom, it is almost impossible to take them for anything but mounted men. Having satisfied their curiosity, they wheeled with almost the regularity of a cavalry company and galloped off, their long thick manes waving in the air and their tails nearly sweeping the ground. They are beautiful animals, always in excellent condition, and although smaller than our American horses, are still very compact, and will bear much fatigue."

Soon after the vanishing of the buffalo came the cattlemen, who spread all over the plains from Dakota to Texas. Texas proved to be one of the best sections of this great grazing domain. It was indeed a golden land. It seemed as if there was fodder enough for all the cattle in the world. It was not long until vast herds of cattle were roaming over the former stamping-ground of the buffalo. They multiplied and spread like locusts, and the cattlemen became rich. Even the horses were to be had at that time for the catching. The cattlemen were

democratic in manner, warm-hearted, brave and free-handed. Sometimes they were hard drinking fellows—but always they were dead shots. It was, indeed, a condition of primitive society. There were no restrictions, save those set by a primitive conscience and a neighbour's six-shooter. Neither the land nor the grass cost the cattleman anything at this time, and he was king within his little principality, the boundaries of which were established by the precedent of prior occupation.

Free grass was one of the perquisites of the frontier, whether the domain belonged to individuals, to the school fund, or was part of the public domain. A man might possess one hundred thousand head of cattle, and not have the legal title to a square foot of land. His rights upon this range he enforced with blood and iron if necessary. Stories of sudden riches began to lure others into the cattle country, and finally the cattle became so numerous that conflicts arose. These newcomers were just as brave as their predecessors, and they were just as audacious. Some of them came from distant lands across the Atlantic. The building of the transcontinental railroads stimulated immigration. With immigration came the private ownership of land.

When the newcomers, who had secured a legal title to land, began to circumscribe it with wire fences, they came into collision with those free lances who had been occupying it for a decade or more. The squatter declared that there was not sufficient elbow room for all. Then came an era of wire cutting, and the result was often determined by the one who was the surest shot. Many men lay down in the burning sun never to rise again. This was because they disregarded absolutely the range boundaries that had been established by an honourable custom among the cattlemen. In the end, however,

those men who had consulted learned lawyers, who, in turn, peered into bulky books with calfskin bindings, won out, and the free lance on the prairie was compelled to migrate farther toward the declining sun or go out of business. If Mr. Smith, the original pioneer, was killed, his son took up the fight, or a Mr. Brown, or some one else entered into the controversy with a paper which proved him to possess the legal title to this controverted land.

Thus it was that barbed wire had such an important part in the development of Texas. It first transformed the open country of the West into a series of pastures. Sometimes the only water holes in extensive arid areas were fenced in. School lands were enclosed as well as private property without the consent of the owners in the greediness of the cattle lords. The refusal of the cattle kings to "pay for the children's grass" aroused deep feeling. In West Texas, the entire country was divided between the free grass and the pasture men—the former representing free grass for the many and the latter free grass for the few. Outbreaks of violence were many, and a perfect mania for fence-cutting arose.

"I hold in my hand a map copied from one made by a grass commissioner of the land board, which shows twenty counties of the Panhandle in one block, wired in, every acre of them, in pastures built generally by corporations. Inside of those pastures are millions of acres of unrented and unsold school land, which are appropriated in defiance of law." These are the words of a speaker in 1886. In the end, wire fencing prevailed, but it was limited to lands actually owned or legally leased. The State was compelled to give its preference to the actual homesteader, who was granted from a quarter to an entire section, instead of leasing the public lands

to the cattlemen. Such was the influence of public opinion. The construction of fences also had a potent influence on the development of the stock, for with it began the disappearance of the old Texan long-horn, which looks much better in a picture than the sleek white-faced Hereford.

Before the days of the railroads in Western Texas, cattle drives were important events. Regular trails were plainly visible across the prairie both east and west. To the east the cattle were driven to St. Louis or Kansas City, and to the west they trudged as far as California. It necessitated the employment of four or five men for every hundred of cattle. Some were old frontier men in the Western drives, and others were youths working their way to the coast. The cattle travelled slowly, as they were compelled to forage for their living, and it required from five to six months to reach the Pacific coast. A few wagons loaded with stores, cooking utensils, camp equipment, and ammunition followed the cattle. There were always losses on these trips, but the profit was ample. Hostile bands of Indians sometimes created havoc. But the drivers were equipped with a government rifle, and at least a couple of repeating revolvers for protection. The trails were always lined with the bleaching bones of cattle and horses that had perished by the way, and the graves of the drivers were not infrequent. Some of them died from natural causes, but by far the greater number met an untimely end.

There is as much change in the character of the cattle that one will see grazing upon the prairie as there is among the cattlemen themselves. A few years ago the long-horned steers, which are so well known, roamed over the prairie on an allowance of about ten acres to each animal. To-day you would have to make a strenu-

ous search to find a single good specimen of the long-horn Texas steer. Year after year there has been a continual evolution. The ranchers have bred up their cattle, knowing that a steer of a better grade will consume no more of the grass than a long-horn, and will produce three or four times as much meat. One witnesses this in travelling across the broad ranges of Texas in the cattle that will be seen near the railroads; and again in the stockyards at Fort Worth, if one will glance over the cattle which may be seen in the pens. The cattle become fatter, heavier, slower, and more profitable year by year.

There is an association, with headquarters at Fort Worth, which is known as The Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas, to which all the leading cattlemen of Texas belong. This organization devotes its attention to everything that is needed by the cattle industry. It will fight the beef trust, contest with the railroads over rates, maintain a lobby at Washington if necessary, initiate measures to prevent the stealing of cattle, and accomplish everything it can to elevate the cattle industry to a loftier standard. It maintains inspectors at shipping and market points to insure that no man disposes of cattle bearing another man's brand.

In the former days the unit of area was the Spanish league of forty-four hundred acres, and a man always spoke of his possessions as so many leagues. This method will still be found in Argentina, Mexico and other countries of large ranches which have inherited the Spanish computation system. In Texas the English system of measurement has succeeded the old Spanish method. The largest ranch in Texas, and doubtless in the United States as well, is the one known as the X I T ranch, owned by the Farwell Brothers of Chicago. These

men undertook the contract to erect the State capitol in Austin, and received their compensation in land. The State alienated to them a little more than five counties in the northwest part of the Panhandle, amounting to about three million acres in all. X I T is said to have been so named because it reached into ten counties in Texas, but this is a mistake for it does not cover so many. Many blocks of considerable size have already been disposed of, but the bulk of it is still owned by the original syndicate.

Another great estate is that known as the Kennedy Ranch down near the Gulf coast. This was established by the Captain Kennedy, who accompanied Richard King to Texas. The Kennedy, or La Parra, ranch includes about eight hundred thousand acres. Several thousand cattle are shipped to market each year from this ranch. The Slaughter Ranch, which comprises a half million or more acres out on the Staked Plain, was gathered together by Colonel Slaughter, who was a son of a captain of scouts in General Houston's army. He entered the cattle business in the early '50s by bringing less than one hundred head of Louisiana cattle into Northwestern Texas. To-day he breeds nothing but Hereford and Durham cattle, and is classed among the millionaires of the country, and is one of the cattle kings of Texas.

In Armstrong County, up in the Panhandle district, will also be found another interesting ranch owned by Charles Goodnight. The principal interest in the Goodnight ranch lies in one of his pastures, which has almost the appearance of a zoo. In addition to being a successful cattle producer, Mr. Goodnight fully believes that he has unravelled the problem of preserving the vanishing bison. Grazing on these pastures one will see a herd of

shaggy beeves. On the back of each of these is a very noticeable hump, which is reminiscent of the buffalo that once wandered so freely over the plains of the Panhandle. Mr. Goodnight has a herd of one hundred and sixty buffalo; but these others, of which I write, are not buffalo, and neither are they cattle. They are hybrids developed from breeding together bison and cattle, and ranging from one-quarter to three-quarters buffalo, which he has termed cattalo. The three-quarters buffalo resemble strongly the animal of the plains; those one-fourth buffalo look more like the domestic cattle. In the last stage, the animal does not much resemble the bison, but it has the desired characteristics.

The process of developing by choosing the best individuals to propagate this new animal is still going on. In them Mr. Goodnight believes that he has solved the problem of cheap beef. The cattalo is a hybrid which follows its buffalo ancestors in that it is free from disease, does not fear the blizzard of the plains, and waxes fat on lean pastures where the ordinary steer would starve. The claim is made that it has the best qualities of both ancestors, for in nutriment quality it is not inferior to that of cattle. It will cut one hundred and fifty pounds more of meat to the animal than a steer. These animals have been developed by several inbreedings until a stage has been reached where it is believed a new animal has been developed, which will prove extremely valuable. There are now more than thirty cattalo on the ranch. Those bred from Hereford cows have the white face of that stock. It is claimed that these cattalo will flourish in some of the arid sections of the West and Southwest, for they require less food, less salt, and less water, and are more immune from disease. They are also fully as docile as cattle. If the prediction of the breeders

comes true, large areas of land, which will barely nourish cattle, may prove extremely profitable as grazing land for the cattalo.

When General Zachary Taylor was preparing an advance upon Mexico, in the spring of 1846, he sent an aide up the Mississippi River to engage some steamboat men to assist in transporting his troops. He secured Captain Mifflin Kennedy, who commanded a packet, and Richard King, a Mississippi pilot. These two, one as commander and the other as pilot, had charge of the transport which kept Taylor in touch with his base. After the war Captain King for some time ran a steamship line from Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande River, up to Brownsville and Matamoras. The vessels were small, side-wheel steamers, but in those days the river was deeper, and permitted uninterrupted navigation during the entire year.

King and Kennedy acquired a wide stretch of mesquite and cactus land, which was fairly alive with deer and wild turkey, and peopled only by a few Mexicans. It had been a part of that strip of doubtful territory between the Nueces and Rio Grande, on account of which, in part at least, the Mexican War was fought. It was inhabited by a sort of rag-tag lot of characters, who were not altogether the most desirable citizens. On this prairie they laid out Santa Gertrudis Ranch. A steer for every ten acres was the best that could be maintained, and they soon had their full quota. The partnership was later dissolved, and Mr. King retained Santa Gertrudis. Captain Kennedy established the La Parra Ranch adjoining, and the holdings of the two men stretched for a long distance along this Gulf coast. Captain King was more than a mere navigator; he had a good eye for a business opportunity. He foresaw the unlimited possibilities in the

future for the great empire which constituted the State of Texas.

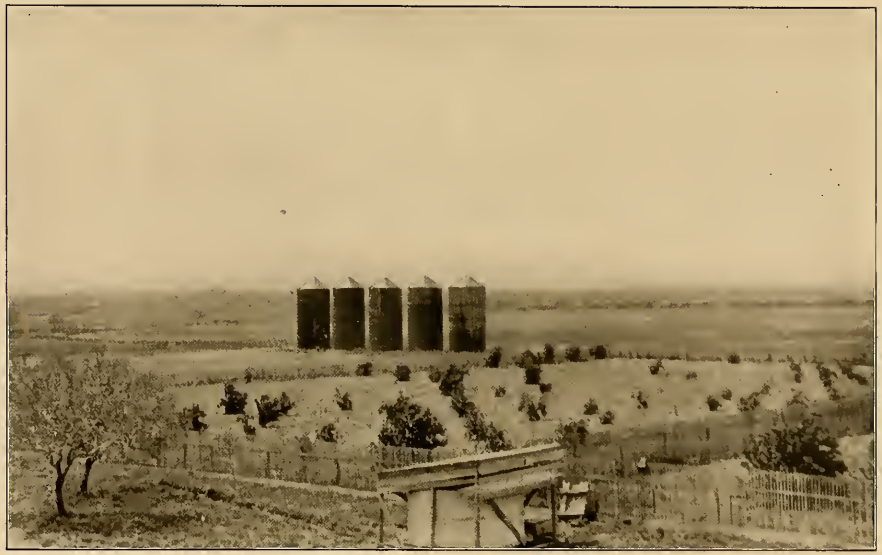
In those days, sixty years ago and more, land was very cheap, and two or three acres could be purchased for a single dollar. It was probably all that the land was worth at that time, for business conditions were very unsettled, there were no railroads, and it was some distance even to a Gulf port. Steamers in those days were few and uncertain on that highway. The transportation of cattle and sheep upon modern lines had not been even dreamed of; hence, although the prairie lands might furnish feed for countless numbers of cattle, there either was no available market for the animals, or the price was unprofitable. Goodly sized farms could be purchased for what to-day would be considered a mere bagatelle. Thus it was that Captain King, living frugally, invested every spare dollar in more land, and evolved the immense ranch which he left as a heritage to his widow, the present owner. He saved money to buy more land to save money to buy more land, and so on *ad libitum*.

The King Ranch is smaller to-day than it was a few years ago, for a couple of hundred thousands of acres have been alienated to smaller ranchers and farmers now living in that vicinity, and as townsites for towns which have been established on the lands. The probabilities are that still further sales will follow, until this million-acre ranch will be but a memory. Eighty thousand acres were given to the railroad company and never missed. The railroad in turn built a splendid hotel and division headquarters at Kingsville. Kleberg County is one of those subdivisions that you will not find on your old map, for it was not created until 1913, being carved out of Nueces County. This county is nearly all on

this ranch, and an equal extent overflows into what is left of Nueces.

Through a letter of introduction to Mr. Richard Kleberg, son-in-law of Mrs. King, and the manager of the ranch, I was enabled to visit Santa Gertrudis Ranch, as it is known at home, and explore an institution where extensive farming has been reduced to a business. There is as much system in the methods pursued as there is in the average manufacturing or mercantile enterprise. Upon reaching Kingsville, a modern little city on the ranch, I telephoned to the ranch, and in a short time an automobile arrived to carry me out to the ranch house. I was conducted over various parts of the ranch, and afforded every facility to observe ranch life, and to learn how such an immense tract of land is administered. I did not see the entire ranch, even though we travelled at a high speed in a high-powered car across some of the immense fields. The sections that were not seen, however, were simply repetitions of what was shown me, as the ranch life centres near the ranch house, which is known as Santa Gertrudis. The only way that one could view the entire estate in a few days would be from an aeroplane, and the estate, although equipped with every other modern appliance, did not seem to possess one of these latest contrivances.

Hundreds of miles of barb wire have been utilized in enclosing the entire King Ranch. Few of the fields are small, and some of them are of enormous size. One field, called the "little pasture," contains several thousand acres. In one enclosure you may find only Jerseys for the dairy; in another will be shorthorns. But most of the cattle that I saw are Herefords. Their monotonous white faces stare at you from every direction. In one field will be calves (everything up to one year); in another will be



SILOS ON THE KING MILLION-ACRE RANCH

two-year-olds. Most of the cattle are disposed of and transported to other places, where they are fattened for the markets. In motoring over this marvellous ranch we followed fine turf roads. The land is as level as a barn floor, and was carpeted with a thick setting of grass, for it was virgin prairie land.

In the centre of the fields not a fence would be in sight, and the vision of unbroken sod was blotted only by the horizon. Daisies and poppies, Texas blue bonnets and Indian blankets, yellow, purple and lavender flowers of species unknown to me, dotted the ground in great clusters. It made a variegated bloom of constantly changing hue. At a distance in one direction they would form a purple carpet, and in another direction the colour would be yellow or pink. The spring wild flowers were then in full bloom, and an unusual quantity of rain had brought them out in greater profusion than is customary. Later the prairie will be sere and brown. Windmills were outlined on the horizon here and there, and herds of sleek cattle were browsing among the spring flowers. A rabbit would frequently be aroused, and an occasional coyote might be seen loping off in the distance. Coursing after a rabbit or coyote, hunting armadillos, shooting quail or duck, are among the diversions that are followed down here on Santa Gertrudis.

A field of fifty thousand acres, if perfectly square, would make an enclosure almost nine miles across in either direction. It would constitute a fair-sized county by itself. These figures may convey a little conception of the vastness of this ranch. Twenty thousand calves are branded each year. In addition there are several thousand sheep and goats, as well as hundreds of horses and mules, that feed upon these pastures. The weather is so moderate that they run out all year, and it is an

exceptional season indeed when it is necessary to feed the stock. The salt breeze, because of the nearness to the Gulf, makes it unnecessary to give salt to the cattle. The cowboys that one sees on this ranch are not of the kind usually portrayed in moving pictures; they do not utilize their time in riding bucking ponies for amusement, and they do not even carry revolvers. They politely tip their hats when a visitor departs, instead of endeavouring to have some sport with an Eastern "greenhorn."

The management of this great ranch is now endeavouring to intensify its value. To accomplish this they are not only improving the quality of the stock, but preparing to feed the animals whenever the pasturage becomes scarce. The rainfall is considerable, but is not evenly distributed. To insure against this they are putting more land under cultivation, and erecting great silos in which to keep the feed. These range in capacity from two to three hundred tons. They are scattered about the horizon in batteries of three and five, looming out of the flatness like immense turrets. When the plans are completed there will be at least fifty of these immense food reservoirs.

"We have three hundred Mexican refugees at work here clearing up the brush," said the superintendent. "They come to us half starved, having been driven out of Mexico by the political troubles. We would not see them starve, nor could we take them in as paupers. I never turn one away. If you have a loaf of bread, it is your duty to share it. So I give them work here, and it is sometimes touching to see the gratitude of these poor Mexicans. They work faithfully, too, and I am glad to be able to give them something to do." Much of this ranch is still covered with the mesquite, that low bush or tree so common in Texas. It was in clearing up the

MEXICAN REFUGEES CLEARING MESQUITE

mesquite that these refugees were engaged. They cut it up into firewood. Ten thousand acres of the mesquite range had already been cleared up in this way at the time of my visit, and the work was still being pushed to clear several thousand acres more.

It was interesting to watch these poor Mexicans at work. Men, and sometimes women, were busily cutting down the small trees, chopping off limbs, burning brush, and grubbing out the stumps. Some lived in tents, while others had built improvised houses out of the brush. No one knows better how to do this than the Mexicans. All of these refugees seemed contented and happy—happy no doubt that they had found a land where revolutions are unknown, and because they were able to earn an honest living, so that bread for the morrow was assured.

Mrs. King is an interesting old lady of very modest tastes. She dresses plainly and lives modestly. So do the rest of the family. Hospitality is open and generous. Charity for those less fortunate is also a prevailing trait. The town of Kingsville, now only ten years old, is a model little city. All of it is built on land that once belonged to the King Ranch. And every deed contains a clause that intoxicating liquor shall never be permitted to be sold. This one fact reveals a glimpse of the character of the owner of this wonderful ranch, and also gives a little insight into the reason why Kingsville is a model little city.

A splendid new home, worthy to be the residence of a prince, has just been completed at Santa Gertrudis. It is just three miles from Kingsville. For years Mrs. King had longed for a new home, one that should represent her ideals. When the old ranch house burned a few years ago, the opportunity for the realization of her

dreams came. Now, at the age of past four score, this rich and aged woman is able to see fully realized this magnificent home. Many architects worked on the plans at different periods, famous artists and decorators were called into service. These men came from offices in far-away cities out to the broad plains, to design a home and decorations that would befit the scene. The Spanish and Moorish are the predominating architectural effects, and it is indeed a magnificent home that has been erected here on the open prairie on an elevation slightly above the general level of the land, which renders it conspicuous for many miles in every direction. It crowns the only hill in the region, and thus dominates the country. Coming toward it from far off across the prairie, it looks almost like some phantom castle floating in the glassy translucence of a mirage. Close to it, it loses much of this fairy resemblance because of its great size, but it is still glaringly white. In this manor house hospitality is of the Southern type, and on a broad and big basis. The visitor is welcomed at the long family table. Remote as this ranch seems, the world comes to it, at least as much as the family care for.

The exterior of Santa Gertrudis is comparatively plain and has little carving or gingerbread effect on it, for such were the architects' instructions. It is the plainer mission effect that was sought after. Great porches are built on each side, and on one side is a terrace a hundred feet long. The entire cost of this ranch house, which might better be termed a palace, for it will compare favourably with many of the palaces of nobility, was in excess of a quarter of a million of dollars. There are eighteen bedrooms, each of which is connected with a bath. The reception-rooms are massive, and the dining-room is large enough for a banquet hall. Every room in the house is

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE RANCH HOUSE ON THE KING MILLION-ACRE RANCH

fitted with a fireplace, and also with steam heat; a vacuum cleaner has been installed in every room, as well as an intercommunicating room telephone; there is an automatic electric elevator, and every electric contrivance for cooking, warming, dishwashing, etc., that inventive genius has been able to supply. It seems that nothing has been omitted which can make this a delightful place to live. There may be other ranch houses just as exquisite, but I have never visited one.

Down near Corpus Christi there is a ranch which is noted among the many ranches of Texas, not for its size, but for its business development. This is the Taft Ranch, which contains a trifle more than one hundred thousand acres. In comparison with some on which you could mobilize the entire Austro-German armies, and still have plenty of elbow room, it is only a patch of ground. The man who owns two or three cow counties would sneer at the Taft Ranch, and yet this ranch of one hundred thousand acres probably has greater money value than many land aggregations five or six times as extensive in area. Way back in the seventies three men, named respectively Coleman, Fulton and Mathes, discovered a peninsula bounded by Copono Bay on one side and Corpus Christi and Nueces Bays on the other side, containing about half-a-million acres. They purchased some of the land from the owners, paying as much as a pony for a square league at times. The rest they preempted, and proceeded to assert ownership by stringing a fence along the north, or landward side. They bought cattle in the North and drove them south. They erected a rendering plant on the Gulf, for this was the only means of communication, and sometimes slaughtered cattle for the hides and tallow only. Mathes finally took a portion of the land and withdrew.

The other remaining partners formed the Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company and sold stock. In this way David Sinton, of Cincinnati, and Joseph F. Green obtained the ownership. The ranch is a corporation, and it has now been thoroughly commercialized. A few years ago it was double the present area, but much of it has been sold to smaller farmers. Within five years twelve thousand acres of the rich pristine hog wallow have been broken up with the plough and cultivated in cotton and feed crops. A constantly increasing influx of cheap Mexican labour has made it possible to expand this work very rapidly. About twenty-five thousand acres are given up to cattle, and this is divided into pasture fields ranging from one thousand to ten thousand acres. In this way cattle of different ages and different breeds are kept separate. Silos dot the landscape and are an insurance against short grass in a drought. Corn, Kafir and cane sorghum are grown for this silage. Everything has been done after a scientific fashion, from the making of roads to the building of towns. This makes it the biggest experiment station in the biggest State of the biggest Republic in the world.

From Portland, on the coast, to Taft, there is a pike of fifteen miles as unswerving as an engineer could project it. There is not the semblance of a curve. It is the kind of a road that brings cheer to the heart of an automobilist. As the land all lies low, and the Gulf Coast rains frequently come in cloudbursts, it was necessary to dig drainage canals and ditches to carry off the overflow. Most of the land lies in San Patricio county, which recalls the settlement of Irishmen established here, who named it San Patricio. In addition to farming, this corporation owns and operates a machine shop, drug store, two banks, two hotels, a power and light plant, a

waterworks department, a garage, several cotton gins—and this enumeration is not complete. They have their own packing plant, where every kind of meat packing is done and put out under the company's own label. All of these enterprises are kept absolutely distinct, and each one is expected to show its own profit. There is even a hospital in which every employé, Mexican or American, is entitled to treatment. Modern schools for the two races are maintained in each of the towns. In fact, there seems to be nothing in the way of intensive development of the land or public welfare that has been overlooked.

CHAPTER XIX

PIONEERING IN GOVERNMENT AFFAIRS

"Isn't it splendid to think that in two or three hundred years, when the West has been civilized and the Desert reclaimed as your pioneer forefathers civilized and reclaimed the East, when wealth and culture have come, a man's social standing will be determined by his relation to us and people will be proud of what we are doing? After all, Mr. Holmes, the only difference between the East and the West seems to be that you have ancestors and that we are going to be ancestors. You look back to what has been; we look forward to what will be. You are proud and take rank because of what your forefathers did; we are proud and take rank because of what we are doing. And we are doing exactly what they did! Honestly now, which would you rather—worship an ancestor or be an ancestor worshipped?"

This bit of philosophy from the lips of Barbara Worth is quite illustrative of Texas. Every man has a chance, no matter what his past has been. The Texans care not especially what a man has been, or what his fathers were before him; they accept him for what he is, and value him for what he can do. This characteristic of the Texans explains in a manner the innovations that have been introduced both in the State and the municipal governments. In that respect they are doing exactly what our forefathers did after landing on the western shore of the Atlantic. They flung traditions to the winds.

The Texans refuse to be hampered by antiquated standards; they will not blindly follow tradition. The fact that cities have proceeded along in fixed grooves for many years, or so many centuries that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, has little potency with this virile State. Texas is willing to break with the old and pioneer a little after its own fashion. Whether we approve all that has been attempted or not, we can not do otherwise than admire the originality and the cleverness of some of the innovations.

One of the great problems that Texas was compelled to disentangle was that of the railroads, which had been so eagerly sought and lavishly encouraged. The position of the State was unique, as mentioned elsewhere, in that the public lands were vested in the State and not the National Government. The people of Texas feverishly demanded communication, and willingly made generous donations of money, land and bonds to hasten their construction. The State appropriated ten thousand two hundred and forty acres of land for every mile of railroad constructed and opened to traffic, until the public domain was exhausted. Much of this land was rich and valuable, and all of it was serviceable to the railroads in financing their projects. The total acreage granted to railroads was a domain equal to the State of New York. The impetus afforded to railway construction was extraordinary, and outside capital gravitated to Texas like water. With the exhaustion of the public unappropriated lands in 1882, this period of unprecedented activity ceased.

Immediately following the period of railroad construction there arose an era of over-capitalization. The subject is well presented in an extract from an address by the late Ex-Governor Hogg. "In prosecuting the

East Line case," said Mr. Hogg, "I proved by the railway officials that this railway line from Jefferson to Greenville cost its owners $7,000 per mile to build it; that they got from the State 10,240 acres of land to the mile; that they sold this land for more than enough to pay for building the road; that they issued $12,000 in bonds and stocks to the mile on the road, and that they ran it many years and maintained it in fine condition; that in 1880 they sold it to other parties for $9,000 in cash per mile, which included the stocks and bonds. The new purchasers immediately placed stocks and bonds on the road for $35,000 to the mile, thus making a clear profit upon the face of the transaction of about four million dollars. At once the new management cut down the train and track service, reduced wages of the employés, raised traffic rates out of reason, and within six or seven years ran down the road from a good one to such a reckless state that no one could get an accident ticket over it."

In order to pay dividends to their stockholders the purchasers of the railroads at inflated prices began an era of extortionate rates, and inadequate service arose. The Huntington and Gould interests, which controlled the majority of the railways of the State, entered into a pool. By its terms competition and the construction of competing lines were throttled. In many instances it cost more to ship freight originating within the State than from distant points outside. Rates were shoved up and dragged down almost at will. The lands owned by the railroads were not disposed of to settlers, as had been the intention of the State authorities, but were retained for the values to rise. It is no wonder that great unrest arose. Farmers were organized into societies for the purpose of co-operation. The question soon assumed

political importance and entered into State campaigns.

The radical element at last came into control. A clause in the Constitution placed adequate power in the possession of the State. The provision reads as follows: "The Legislature shall pass laws to regulate freight and passenger tariffs, to correct abuses, and prevent unjust discrimination and extortion in the rates . . . and enforce the same by adequate penalties, and to further accomplishment of these objects and purposes may provide and establish all requisite means and agencies invested with such powers as may be deemed adequate and advisable." As a result Texas was one of the first, if not the primary State, to impose radical restriction upon her railroads.

The first step taken by the State in its effort to control the railroads was the establishment of a railroad commission. This commission was authorized to regulate freight rates, as well as to pass upon issues of stock and compel the railroads to obey existing laws for their regulation. Through its operation rates have been reduced, stock issues and bonds lessened, and the railroads compelled to maintain general offices within the State. Each issue of bonds must now be affirmed by the attorney general, and they must be registered in the office of the comptroller. When these requirements have been complied with, however, the validity of the issue cannot be called into question. Railroads must hold one annual meeting of directors within the State after giving thirty days' notice thereof. The commission consists of three elective members, and all of its meetings are open and informal. Many other States have looked inquiringly toward Texas in her pioneering against railroad oppression and aggression, and have copied their laws to a greater or lesser degree from those of this State.

Way up in the Black Waxy land, in Lamar County, lies a little city of which few have heard, that claims a distinction all its own within the Union. This is Paris. Nothing more than a hustling county-seat town, this little place named after a great original brought upon itself well-deserved notoriety by establishing the first really important municipal abattoir in the United States. Many foreign cities have adopted this practical improvement. I have myself visited the great municipal slaughter houses of Buenos Aires, the metropolis of the Southern Hemisphere, which are well worthy of imitation. But North Americans have been slow to adopt this very practical institution. And yet, whoever has visited the average slaughter house of a butcher has been amazed and almost sickened at the horrible odours emanating from the decaying offal, and the presence of the millions of flies that are bred there. Nevertheless the meat which we eat must pass through it. Hence it is that department heads from many cities have journeyed here to this little Texas city to study and observe the workings of its abattoir, and some other municipalities are preparing to follow her splendid example.

It is not large, this city abattoir, for it cost only ten thousand dollars. It may not compensate in dollars and cents, but its returns are chiefly sanitary and hygienic. It may not exercise much influence in reducing the high cost of living; but you feel that the meat emanating from it is fit to eat, since it has been inspected both before and after butchering in accordance with the standards established by the Government. The average butcher would not consider himself able to erect such a model house in which to slaughter his animals, but here the smallest merchant can enjoy for a small cost all the advantages generally afforded to millionaire packers. For

a small sum he is accorded both live and dead inspection, four full days of refrigeration, and delivery to his shops.

It is now proposed to extend this service to farmers so that they will prefer to butcher the animals intended for their own consumption at the abattoir rather than at home. In this way they will be assured that they are eating healthy meat, and they can do their own butchering in summer as well as winter, by the aid of the freezing establishment. The benefits to be derived are obvious and need little comment. Private enterprise might provide the same advantages, but it generally does not. A city could well afford to lose a few dollars yearly on such an enterprise if it should prove necessary.

The Galveston Plan of city government has attracted almost unprecedented attention all over the United States. The gist of the whole Plan is to inject business methods into city government to replace the haphazard system that has arisen in most of our municipalities through the manipulation of politics. If any city needed a rehabilitation, it was Galveston after the disaster of 1900. The city was at that time practically bankrupt. It had defaulted in the payment of interest on its bonded indebtedness. Scrip was being employed to pay current bills, and it was subject to a big discount. The city hall, fire and engine houses, waterworks station, and other public buildings were in ruins; the lights were down, and the street pavements were in a deplorable condition, many having been washed away.

Many disgusted taxpayers refused to pay their taxes because of the factional strife and dissension prevailing in the City Council. The city had been in control of a vicious political ring. It was indeed a grave situation that confronted the city. The actual destruction of prop-

erty and the necessity to provide against the recurrence of a similar disaster necessitated the raising and expenditure of enormous sums of money. It sometimes needs a crisis, however, to bring forward the best that there is in a city as well as in an individual. This proved to be the turning point for Galveston, for the citizens cast aside tradition, bade adieu to the past, moved out of the old ruts, and evolved a new system for city government.

There existed in Galveston at that time an organization known as the "Galveston Deep Water Committee," which accomplished great things for that city. To it was due, more than any other influence, the commission plan of government. To this body of patriotic men the individual seemed very small, but the community loomed large. The members of this committee decided that there was an imperative necessity that the charter of the city be thoroughly overhauled along broader and better lines. It also felt the need in this crisis of having an efficient city government, in order to stimulate and encourage the people and invite the necessary capital into the city.

The committee held nightly meetings for a month in discussing civic affairs before the commission idea was suggested. A tentative charter was then drawn up by a sub-committee appointed for that purpose, which conformed as near as possible to the organization of a great business corporation, providing the duties and sharply defining the responsibilities of the heads of the various departments. This bill was presented to the Legislature of Texas, and was passed only after a long and bitter fight. As it did not receive a two-thirds vote on final passage, the charter did not go into operation until ninety days after the adjournment of the Legislature. By it the commission was given "control and supervision over all the departments of such city," with the power to appoint

and discharge all other employés employed in municipal service. It was just one year from the time of the great storm before the city government passed into the hands of the Board of City Commissioners.

The new charter became effective September 18, 1901. This did not entirely quiet the opposition, since the original charter provided that three of the members of the commission of five should be appointed by the Governor. This provision was attacked as being unconstitutional, because it deprived the people of the right of self-government. The commission exercised both civil and criminal jurisdiction. Months of litigation followed in both the civil and the criminal courts. The new charter was finally upheld by the highest civil court, but was declared unconstitutional by the criminal court of last resort in passing upon the validity of an arrest, because part of the members were appointive. This anomalous result was due to the peculiar jurisdiction of the courts in Texas. Each court is supreme in its own sphere, but the decision practically invalidated the commission government. To avoid all sources of trouble the Galveston Plan was altered to provide for the election of all the members of the City Commission, and in this way the Plan stands to-day. The amended charter was approved in 1903. As a result, the original board appointed by the Governor was overwhelmingly elected by the people. By the election, however, the will of the people was represented and the Commission became competent in the exercise of the criminal as well as civil authority.

Under the Galveston Plan the City Commission is practically a board of directors, who are elected at large by the qualified voters of the entire city every two years. It most nearly resembles that followed by Congress for the District of Columbia. Up to this time the Com-

mission has been composed of five practical business men, who recognize the fact that business methods and practical economy should be employed in transacting the complicated affairs of a great municipal corporation rather than politics. The president and his four members sit around a long table and administer the municipal affairs. These five men constitute the "Board of Commissioners of the City of Galveston." The city is not divided into wards, which was instrumental in getting rid of the petty ward politician who is responsible for so much evil in politics. There is, of course, no assurance that some one, at some time in the future, who is not a practical business man, should not secure a place on this Commission.

"Has the Plan entirely eliminated politics?" I asked the Mayor.

"No," he answered, "it has not, but it has accomplished a great deal in that direction."

The Galveston Plan does not contain any unqualified guarantee that the people at some time may not become negligent and permit the powers of corruption to obtain control. It is not an infallible panacea for all municipal disorders. The Plan will not run itself. The people must remain wide awake; they must continue to demand the very highest class of public servants, and must be willing to pay a reasonable price. It has, however, eliminated many of the evils of city government, and has thrown a number of safeguards around the municipal administration which are very meritorious. It has simplified the working of municipal government, has rendered it more direct, and has limited the number of those directly charged with the management of city affairs. Above all, it has centralized responsibility. The people know whom to hold responsible for failure. If there is

mismanagement of a department, the blame can promptly be laid at the door of the commissioner in charge of that department.

This recognition of personal responsibility has undoubtedly caused each commissioner to take more of a personal interest and greater pride in the proper management of his department. He realizes that he must be responsible for the defects in his administration as well as the merits. Of the five commissioners one is the mayor-president, who exercises the rights, powers and duties conferred upon the office of Mayor by the Constitution of Texas. He does not, however, possess any veto power, for a majority vote of the Commission always prevails. The commissioners among themselves designate which one shall fill the various commissions. One of them is known as Commissioner of Finance and Revenue; another as Commissioner of Waterworks and Sewerage; a third is Commissioner of Streets and Public Property, and the fourth is Police and Fire Commissioner. The duties of these various commissioners are fairly well defined by the titles of their offices.

The city charter provides that the Commission shall meet in regular session at least once every week. At these meetings very little oratory is indulged in. One thing that interested me is the fact that this Commission never exceeds in expenditures the budget that it prepared at the beginning of the fiscal year. Any commissioner may be removed from office for misconduct, drunkenness, or incompetency by a District Judge.

Practically all of the large and many of the smaller cities of Texas have now adopted the principles of the Galveston Plan, but most of them have made certain modifications which they believe are improvements. So one hears of the "Houston Plan," the "Fort Worth

Plan," and others as well. Whatever the unsatisfactory results may have been in a few cities, it is generally conceded that in Galveston it accomplished wonders. The men chosen to administer the municipal affairs have entered upon their task with energy, business efficiency, and public honesty. They set an example for the citizens and officials of every municipality in the United States.

THE END

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